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ENGLAND AND EUROPE IN OCTOBER 1830.

THOSE who conceived that the close of the French war was the close of the convulsions of Europe, were false prophets. That war closed nothing but the career of Napoleon—a mighty man, and a ferocious master of power ; but only a man after all, and perishing by the common course of all conquerors and kings. The impulses of nations are of a higher birth ; they continue long after their apparent authors have passed away ; and Europe will have yet to feel through all her depths, and for many a year, the blows given to her solid frame by the French Revolution.

The first session of the British Parliament will have opened while these observations are passing through the press ; and its deliberations will be probably among the most interesting and characteristic that have occurred since the war. The Duke of Wellington will grasp power with all the activity and keenness of his ambition ; and the struggle will be between him and the new generation whom the people have returned on exclusively popular principles. In commanding the whole enormous patronage of Government, he commands a political strength with which no party can compete on the old terms of party ; while the contest lay between Whig and Tory, both dubious of their success, and both wavering in their original creed, the Minister was sure to be triumphant. With place open for the reception of every fugitive, he must have found his ranks recruited with all that could be faithful in party duplicity, and active in zeal that laboured for its hire. No man knows better that in the Commissariat lies the strength of the army, and that the well-fed always have fortune on their side. Opposition starving in its trenches, must soon have been thinned of every man who preferred good quarters to barren Quixotism ; and excepting a few leaders, who dared not go over, through mere shame, or had been too keenly lacerated to be able to suppress their recollections, the Minister must have had, in a short period, the whole muster-roll of the enemy.

But he has now to contend with adversaries of another species. A new class and character of hostility is starting up in his front ; and the question will be brought to decision, not between the obsolete and for-

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mal parties of the House, but between the Treasury Bench and the delegates of the people—that people itself assuming a new character, and commissioning its representatives to Parliament with a voice of authority, and a jealous and rigid determination to see that their duty is done, unexampled in British history.

This spirit we applaud. To this spirit we look for the support of the liberties, the invaluable liberties of England; and by this spirit alone will the decaying vitality of the Constitution be restored. We are well known to be no Republicans, to see nothing good in the changes wrought by popular passion, by the vulgar artifice of vulgar haranguers, by the itinerant inflammation of beggar patriotism. But we see in this public feeling no republicanism, no appeal to the atheist, to the democrat, to the baseness of the plunderer, or the fury of the assassin. We see in it but the natural expression of honourable minds, disdaining to look upon injustice and extortion, however sanctioned by time; sick of the venality of public men; insulted by the open spoil which the sinecurist commits upon the honest gains of society; doubtful of the necessity of that strangling burthen of taxes which makes industry as poor as idleness; more than doubtful of their appropriation; and utterly shrinking from the view of their fatal effect on the freedom of England. With the extravagance of political mountebanks we have no connection. But not the wild hater of all government, nor the sullen conspirator against the peace of mankind, are the appellants here; but the father of the industrious family, the man of secluded piety, the man of accomplished literature, the man of genius, honesty, and virtue, are those who now feel themselves compelled to come from their willing obscurity into the front rank of public care, to raise up their voices till now never heard beyond the study or the fireside, and demand that the British Parliament shall at last throw off its fetters, scorn the indolence, meanness, and venality of party, and know no impulse but its duty, no patronage but that of public gratitude, and no party but its country. Those feelings are so just, that they have become universal, and so universal, that they have become irresistible. The minister must yield to them, or he instantly descends from his power. But from that power he will not descend, while it is to be secured by the most eager retention, or even by the most signal sacrifices. It is now announced, that, unable to oppose the current, he will suffer himself to be borne along it. So much the better. Every sacrifice wrested from his ambition, or rendered up as the price of his safety, will be so much gained. The nation will be made strong as the power of purchase is made weak; and the candidates for public distinction will be compelled at last to discover, that the most prudent choice, not less than the most manly, generous, and principled, is to side with the country.

It is rumoured that the Premier intends to propose, among his earliest measures, the extension of suffrage to Manchester, Birmingham, and other of the great towns. So far has been long demanded, and it will be wise in him to concede. But the rights of representation are but a barren victory. If Manchester returned fifty members instead of two, it would not extinguish the sinecures, clear the government of obnoxious patronage, destroy, down to the roots, the whole boroughmongering system; rend away every superfluous expense of the public service; reduce the enormous salaries of the ministers, the household, the feeders on the civil list; expunge the annuities to ministerial aunts, cousins,

and connections of more dubious kinds, on the pension list; and thus, by disburthening the nation of unnecessary taxes, enable the Englishman to live by the labour of his hands. If these things may be done by the change in the elective franchise of the manufacturing towns, it will be only by a circuitous process. But England has no time to wait. What must be done at last, cannot be done too speedily. The truth is, that the nation is disgusted with the insolent extravagance of the public expenditure. It hears on all hands the most zealous declarations of economy, diminution of salaries, and withdrawal of taxes;—but it finds itself practically unrelieved of a single tax. It sees a Chancellor of the Exchequer start up, and sweep away an impost; yet by some unaccountable fatality, it never feels that it is a shilling the richer. The tax-gatherer makes his appearance armed with increasing demands; the necessities of life increase in price as they decrease in excellence; every thing that man eats, drinks, or wears, loads him with an additional tax; and in spite of the oratorical economy of the government, he is poorer every day that he rises from his pillow.

There must be something wrong where industry cannot make a man rich, nor prudence keep him so; and this wrong the Representatives of the British people must set right, or the people will have formidable reason to complain. The public expenditure *must* be diminished. Vigorous and honest economy *must* supersede the kind of economy that leaves the nation poor; and public men, whether soldiers or civilians, must learn that lucre is not to be the sole stimulant of the Official mind.

But, to come to detail. Sir James Graham has stated, in the hearing of the House, and the country, that one hundred and fifteen of the Privy Council live on the public money: and they have no great reason to complain of the penury of their treatment, for the aggregate sum is upwards of £600,000! This must be inquired into, in all its bearings. We must hear no more of the defence of hereditary sinecures. No man has a right to receive public money without public work; and the simple ground of having an ancestor in the way to commit a public plunder, and availing himself of his opportunity, must not stop the course of justice. The sinecures must go. Many of those are in the law courts, and act as encumbrances on the course of justice, by increasing the expenses of every step in obtaining it. The sinecure clerkships held by noble lords, the prothonotaryships; the Pells, the hundred other unintelligible titles for pensioning individuals who know no more of the duty than the man in the moon, must be abolished.

Doctors' Commons will make a fine subject for revision; the heavy sinecures of the Prerogative Courts, the registrarships, the notaryships—will richly reward investigation. We must demand some account of that £10,000 a year which was claimed by the late primate. The sinecures of all kinds must go.

Then come the extravagancies of actual office. Sir James Graham must look to the public boards. Why should each have half-a-dozen commissioners at enormous salaries, when a couple actually do all the duty? Why are we to have a dozen boards, all inflicting so heavy an expense? Next, why is a secretary of state to receive the inordinate salary of six thousand pounds a year? Is the rank nothing, the honour of the office nothing, the actual power nothing, the opportunity of being a benefactor to one's country and mankind nothing, unless it can be recompensed with a salary that would maintain a hundred families of

the English yeomanry? Three such salaries as Sir Robert Peel enjoys at this day, would relieve the parish of St. Giles of poor-rates. Let it not then be said, that the extinction of those salaries would make no saving. The salaries of the ten men who sit ciphers round his Grace of Wellington's cabinet-table, would pay the poor-rates of Marylebone twice over. Would this be no relief to the people, or would it not be instantaneously felt by the people? We must see the salary system altogether revised, and cut down Sir Robert to the stinted allowance of his own twenty thousand a year.

Next come the public branches of service. The enormous multitude of the standing army ought to have been reduced long since. England's true force is the Navy. An army is more unnecessary to her than to any country on the globe.

The only ground for maintaining any army is defence. But what enemy could invade England, without her having notice in full time for the amplest preparation? Fleets must be gathered, flotillas must be formed, sea-fights must be fought, months and years must be passed, before, by mere possibility, an enemy's soldier could set foot upon her shore. Yet what is the sum which we are at this moment paying for a standing army? Seven millions of pounds sterling a year! and this overwhelming sum we have been paying for fifteen years of the most profound peace; with the Crown every Session declaring the most perfect harmony among European sovereigns! We have thus paid one hundred millions of pounds sterling for parade.

If we are to be answered, "Oh, all this is gone by; 'tis true we were fools for keeping up this enormous waste of men and money during fifteen years of peace; yet we now cannot help ourselves, for the whole world seems to be thinking of war, and England must have an army ready."

To this the obvious reply is, that England's true force is her Navy; that if there shall arise any necessity for her sending an army to the Continent—the very last thing that can be required—she will always have time to raise one; that six months will be enough at any time: and that the saving of their present expense for any six months before, would give the nation three millions of pounds in hand to raise them, and that the saving for a year would give us seven millions, which would raise and equip an army of *five hundred thousand men*! It is to be further remembered, that England *cannot* be taken by surprise while she has the Sea round her. However, we will allow that one necessity for a standing army exists now, which did not exist two years ago; Ireland is the name that solves the riddle. Ireland is in a state which will yet require twice the standing army of England. Ireland is in that happy condition which every one predicted, but his Majesty's ministers, and for which we have to thank the "healing measure" of his Majesty's ministers. But of this more anon. We cannot *now* reduce the army. Ireland wants it; and the Horse Guards' administration, glorious in their staff, their epaulettes, their feathers, and their forage-money, will still have something heroic to do.

Now, to give the Englishman some idea of what he has to meet in the shape of the tax-gatherer, we shall give him a list of the national expenses for a single year.

The Budget of last Session thus gives the account from the 5th of April, 1829, to the 5th of April, 1830:—

Army.....	£7,769,178
Navy.....	5,878,794
Ordnance.....	1,728,908
Miscellaneous.....	2,067,973
Civil List.....	2,200,000!
Naval and Military Pensions	585,740

£20,230,593

Such are what may be called the government expenses of the country, of which those for the Navy are the only ones which the nation is content to pay. The naval and military pensions are, of course, included as matters of actual debt and duty. But what is to be said of a Civil List of two millions two hundred thousand pounds sterling? Of this only 30,000*l.* goes to the Judges, and all the rest, enormous as it is, goes in salaries to Ambassadors, who are little better than bloated sinecurists, at from two to 12,000*l.* a year down; to Officers of the Household, of whose use we must beg leave to doubt, until we shall know what is the use of Lord Maryborough riding about in green and gold, with a salary of 3,000*l.* a year and a fine house, for his trouble in galloping after the king's dogs; or what is the use of the equerries, gentlemen of the bed-chamber, lords in waiting, grooms of the stole, gold keys, white rods, and all the trumpery of the palace. Yet for those fine things, is yearly tost to the winds a million and a half of money. On the lace and coxcombry of those silly and slavish people goes in a year as much money as would build three bridges over the Thames, or dig a canal from London to Portsmouth. Let Sir James Graham look to this. He will find the Civil List an incomparable field for the exercise of his patriotic labours.

As to the King's personal expenditure no man in this country will desire to see him curtailed of a single shilling that can make him happier, fitter to exercise the duties of his high station, or more able to enjoy his sovereignty. We desire to see the King what a King of England should be—opulent, splendid, and on a par with any sovereign living. But the Civil List has consumers who have nothing to do with the King or his comforts; and to the Civil List we again invite the eye of every honest member of the first parliament of his Majesty William the Fourth.

The interest of the national debt must be paid. The nation is pledged to it by the bond of public faith, so that the matter admits of no question. No nation ever profited by an act of knavery; and the attempt to sponge the debt would have the nature of both knavery and folly. It must be religiously paid. Yet the sum is terrible. The interest, *exclusive* of the Sinking Fund, is 27,053,000*l.* The interest on the Exchequer Bills is 850,000*l.*: the whole yearly sum of the government taxation amounting to the overwhelming sum of 48,133,593*l.* But to this must be added the enormous local taxation, and then we may well ask how an Englishman can live?

On a general view of English Finance, we find the statement as follows:

The national debt.....	£800,000,000
The (average) sinking-fund	2,300,000
The public taxation, amounting in the whole to about	50,000,000
The local taxation, viz. poor-rates, tythes, church-rates, highway-rates, county-rates, &c.	20,000,000

The whole annually amounting to—.....	£ 70,000,000
Of which Ireland, having no poor-rates, pays about.....	7,000,000
Scotland, having neither poor-rates nor tythes, pays about	7,000,000
England thus pays	56,000,000
which, among her twelve millions of people, is equal to five pounds a head.	

The taxation of America, estimating her population at twelve millions, is *nine shillings and three-pence* a head!!!

It is then in the government taxation and the local taxation that the reforms must be made. They amount to forty millions! The interest of the debt must be untouched; but on the two classes of taxation there can be no doubt that a vast reduction might be made. By reducing the enormous expenses of ambassadors, commissioners, public servants, sinecurists, &c., it is unquestionable that ten millions a year might be taken off the burthens of the country; of which a portion might be remitted at once, and the rest applied to the diminution of the national debt—thus permanently relieving the country of a weight which severely oppresses even the mighty strength of England.

Court financiers will pretend to doubt that we can be thus relieved. The Chancellor of the Exchequer would never recover from his astonishment if he were told that the operation was about to be tried. But it *must* be tried. If the unhappy tamperings which have excited the insolence of the popish demagogues only to more hazardous insolence, compel us to keep up an army to the war establishment in Ireland, yet much may be done on this side of the water. We must have a supervision of the pension-list, and of the salaries of the household; we must know the use of those *seventy* places which the Queen has to give away. We must be told the use of that troop of idle people who hang on the court employments; from Lord Chamberlain, and Master of the Horse, down to a private of the band of gentlemen pensioners, or of that well-fed regiment, of which George Colman, junior, is the banner-bearer. Every beef-eater of them all must be brought into inquiry. The whole court-lumber of the tribe who fill Windsor, Kew, Hampton-court, the Pavilion, and St. James's, with their sinecure importance, must shew, for what national purpose they draw the national money. For the King and Queen we have loyal respect. For the due decorums of Royalty we have every consideration. But we have yet to learn the national necessity of a Lord Steward, or a Master of the Robes, or a Master of the Buck-hounds, or any of the Maryborough generation, or a Ranger of this or that park, which means no more than a fine house and demesne, with a pension, besides, at the expense of the people.

We allow that none of these things may be new, but they may all be useless, and we who must pay for them have a perfect right to know why they are to be paid for? The time for those extravagancies is gone by. We honour the King as the head of the state, and we value him as an estimable and popular monarch; but the man who will do him the best service, and will give him a popularity, worth all the triumphal arches of Brighton, will divest his government of all frippery, strike away all the costly absurdities of the court, reduce the public expense within the bounds of actual utility, and give him the high honour of being a patriot as well as a king. The sinecures, the mock places, the undeserved pensions, the bed-chamber tribe, the noble rever-

sionaries—all must go ; and then an Englishman may be able to live in his country.

From England we glance at the sister country.—The Emerald Isle of the two grand pacificators, the Duke of Wellington, and Daniel O'Connell, by the grace of the Pope, chief nuncio of the Catholic empire in that fortunate and pacific realm. Must we repeat our predictions of the result of the virtuous measure which those two great statesmen generated between them in the month of April, 1829? The measure of Catholic Emancipation will conciliate the Papists, said the Duke.—It will not conciliate a man of them, said the Protestant, but it will turn petitioners into threateners, subjects into rebels, and Papists into the tyrants of Ireland.—It will satisfy all the Popish demands, said the Duke.—It will satisfy nothing, said the Protestant ; but it will stimulate every thing. It will tell the Papist that the more he asks the more he will get ; the more he riots, the more certain he is of bringing the country to his terms ; and the more he defies the wrath of the cabinet, or insults the feelings of the country, the more he may rely on carrying his favourite Repeal of the Union.—He will do nothing, said the Duke, but steal into Parliament, make a foolish speech once a session, and be forgotten. He will demand a Parliament for himself, said the Protestant, and he will have it ; he will rouse the Papist population into fury until you have no resource but violence. He will have a separate legislature, which will give him a separate kingdom.—He has pledged himself to respect the King and the Church, said the Duke. He will value his pledges just as if he had been in the cabinet of 1829, said the Protestant. He will overthrow the Church. He will extinguish the British connection. He will persecute the Protestant ; and when he has frightened every man of loyalty or fortune from the island, and cut asunder every bond of interest, affection, or patriotism, he will have his choice of an alliance with republican France or despotic Spain. And this result will not delay. Before two years are over you will see the beginning of the business, and the first demand will be the Repeal of the Union!

We were wondered at for saying this ; and now, in the first year after the sublime measure that was to reconcile every body, Ireland sees the summons to a Catholic Parliament—sees the proclamation of a Lord-Lieutenant declaring its meetings traitorous—a proclamation from the Popish leaders, calling for a general levy by the name of Volunteers, with their badges of the old time, when Ireland in arms boasted that she had terrified England into all kinds of concessions, and with the motto "*Resurgam*" on their caps. These are to be the Regenerators—these *resurrection-men* are to carry the measure ; by what means, we are in no doubt whatever. And at this moment Ireland is in the most likely condition of any spot on earth, except Belgium or Paris, to reap the benefit of the new school of volunteer legislation. *Nous verrons*. Now, to other lands.

France is convulsed with faction. The populace are masters ; the Legislature is a burlesque ; the King is a cipher. The mob, in their sovereign will, command the realm. The first fruits of the reign of peace are a levy of 110,000 soldiers. The National Guards are to be increased from one million to three. The ministry are quarrelling with each other. The parliament is unpopular. The generals are sending in their resignations. The priests are refusing to pray for the King. The English who made the chief revenue of the hotels and shops of Paris are flying the country. Trade of every kind is at a stand. Insolvency is making its rapid way through the manufactories and warehouses.

The bank is drawing in its discounts: and while night after night some levy of the mob threatens to throw the whole government into the Seine, and the National Guard are compelled to be under arms by 50,000 at a time, no man can tell at what moment there may not be an explosion which will wrap France in ruin.

Belgium has accomplished its separation from Holland: another triumph of the populace. Prince Frederic of Orange has been beaten at the head of an army, by waiters at taverns, hair-dressers, fiddlers, and tailors; and to make the matter worse, all of them Flemings besides. Neither the Dutch cannon nor the Dutch eloquence, could make the Burghers of Brussels give them any thing in return, but potsherds, pikes, quick lime, and showers of oil of vitriol from windows, roofs, and chimney-tops. The Dutch, after three days of this salutation, measured back their steps, and now the Prince of Orange is walking about the streets of Antwerp, "guarded only by the love of the citizens," who will, in all probability, soon send him back to his royal father, as an encumbrance to liberty.

Prussia is in terror. A squabble between four tailors, a week or two since, brought out the whole garrison of Berlin. The princes rode at the head of the troops through the streets, and the turbulent tailors were ordered to keep their hands from public quarrel in future. But the tailors *will* quarrel again; and before they have done, may provide the military monarch with a costume of the French republican pattern.

Austria is in terror. She is sending jailers to Italy by the hundred thousand. All her Italian fortresses, prisons, palaces, and galleys, every spot which can keep out an enemy, or keep in a subject, are undergoing a thorough repair. Her time will come. We shall see the Archdukes in arms, and the black eagle with fifty heads instead of two.

Russia is in terror. The Czar never sets foot in St. Petersburg, without recollecting his adventures in Moscow; rebellion is "scotched but not killed." Poland's memory is not extinguished yet. "Kosciusko" is still a watchword. But unless the Czar be grasped by his own courtiers as his father was, or be overwhelmed by a general rising of the troops, as his brother Alexander had so nearly been, he may be safer from immediate disturbance than any continental king. But he will have no objection to see the dogs of war let slip in Europe. Turkey is still before him: a fortnight's march would seat him in Constantinople. He would now find no messenger of Metternich to check his Cossacks; no brother of that patient Scot, Lord Aberdeen, to say to his cuirassiers, thus far shall ye go and no farther; no Frenchman to grimace him out of his conquest, and deprive the new Attila of the plunder, living and dead, of the Seraglio. These are stirring times. At this hour there is not a Sovereign of Europe, from the solemn Emperor of Austria, to the expatriated Duke of Brunswick, who is not in hourly dread of some formidable change in his diadem. One exception alone there is, and we say it in no flattery—the King of England! William the Fourth has done more to make the people interested about him than any King of Europe! From the day on which he ascended the throne, he had shewn so good-natured, and unsophisticated a wish to do every thing to please the nation, that he has perfectly succeeded; and let whatever change come, he is secure. His Queen is conducting herself like an English gentlewoman of the highest order; and both the royal persons may rely upon it, that they have taken the true way at once to do their duty, and to establish their throne!

MY FIRST LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

THE old proverb says, "Once a man—twice a child." I have no objection to urge against the truth of the maxim—none to the sage Sancho who in his wisdom indited it; but I must frankly confess that, if this rule in mortal man's existence be invariable, some villain destiny has brought the two extremes (the two childhoods) of *my* particular life together, and I am afraid, intends to defraud me entirely of the middle term: for (shall I confess it?) I am at forty in some respects as great a child as I was at ten. Wordsworth has very truly said, after Dryden,* that

"The child is father to the man;"

and it is only to be regretted that the child-father cannot keep the man his son under more subjection in his riper years. Indeed, it would be well for us if our pursuits as men were as innocent as our pursuits as children—our crimes would then be as venial, and their punishment as merciful.

I love childish shows—those "trivial, fond records"—and my Lord Mayor's Show usually finds me a gaping observer of the wonder of the 9th of November. But, out alas! if there is one honour more than another which illustrates the short-livedness of all honours, it is this preparatory pageant to a whole year of honour. There is something more or less melancholy in all grandeur, and more or less ridiculous in the most serious exhibition of it: if these sad deductions of sad experience are remarkable in one solemnity more than another, it is in "My Lord Mayor's Show." The whole design of the pageant is so incongruous, from the mixture of barbaric pomp (its men in armour) with modern refinement (its men in broad cloth)—so cheerless, from the season and its sure circumstances of fog, frost, or drenching rain, under one or more of which it yearly takes place, that, instead of being a gratification to the eye, or pleasing to our sense of the outward glory of public homage, it passes before us like the mockery and not the majesty of pomp, which should have somewhat of the poetry of pageantry, or else it is duller than a twice-told tale. Yet for this brief glory, good men, and therefore good citizens, have struggled "through evil report and good report," and having enjoyed it, have sat down contented for the rest of their lives. There are much worse ambitions; and it is well, perhaps, that this is so short-lived: the best governors of Rome were her consuls for a year.

My first "Lord Mayor's Show" occurred in that happy period of life, boyhood, when we are soonest "pleased with a feather." To be sure, a dense and thoroughly English fog, one "native and to the manner born,"—one of unadulterated Essex home-manufacture, did, both on its going forth and on its return, make "darkness visible," obscured the glories of the day, and, accompanied with a sleety sort of drizzle, rendered the paths of honour as slippery as the sledge at Schaffhausen. But what to me, then, were these accidental drawbacks upon the great occasion! True, I had seen what I went out to see as "through a glass darkly;" but that which I saw not, my imagination exhibited—all the rest was "leather and prunella." The obscured

* "The priest continues what the nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man."

glories of that day still "haunt me like a vision;" and I have assisted at no Lord Mayor's Show since, without an undefinable sense of something to be seen which I had somehow not seen.

I shall not soon forget that first illusion, which, if I had not studied the programme, I might now suspect I had not beheld with these eyes, but, in its stead, a gayer sort of funeral. Yet that foreknowing of the *dram. pers.* of that dullest of all the dolorous dramas represented on this stage, the world; that bitter fruit of knowledge, which I had intended as an olive of preparation to the wine of delight, did too well inform me that I had seen the veritable Lord Mayor's Show of November's sober seriousness, and not the Lord Mayor's pageant of my April imagination. It was an epoch in my life; for it was the first of its many deceits in which I was undeceived. The show of my preconceiving was indeed a sight to have seen; but I saw the real Simon Pure, and felt that all glory here is but "a naught, a thought, a pageant, and a dream." First impressions are last impressions.

It was, of course, a dull, dirty November day. The rains which at that season usually drench one half the world, leaving the other half parching with thirst, had first washed the city, and then left it one weltering kennel of mud. However, on the morning of the day big with the fate of Watson or of Staines (I forget which), the clouds contented themselves with a sleety sort of drizzle, a kind of confectionery rain, which, under pretence of powdering you all over with a sort of candy of ice, soaked your broadcloth through and through. At ten, the thick air, instead of melting into "thin air," grew "palpable to feeling as to sight:" it was sullenly stationary at eleven, and there was not the sixteenth of a hope that it would clear off. The "clink of hammers accomplishing the knights" (who needed it), and "closing their rivets up," gave note of preparation. In a few minutes more a foggy, half-suffocated cry was heard, "a wandering voice," from one end of Milk-street to the other—"They come! they come!" "Where? where?" was the response; and the glorious vision that I was to have seen passed unbeheld away, with all its banners, bannerets, bandy drummers, footmen, knights, coaches, carts, common-councilmen, tumbrels, and common stage-waggon, through an admiring mob, equally imperceptible. The darkness swallowed all.

Having by some mysterious instinct, with which nature, when she located that people of Britain called cockneys, on the northern shore of the Thames, must have abundantly gifted them, found their unseen way to Blackfriars, the Right Honourable and his retinue took water, and felt out their way by the piles standing along the shore, to Westminster, where landing "all well," the common-serjeant, with an instinct natural to a lawyer, made Westminster Hall, and led "the splendid annual" within its legal gates. Certain mummeries being gone through, as well as the official labours of a hearty refection, the "corporate capacity" of London paddled its way patiently from Westminster, clearing the small craft with a nautical skill never sufficiently to be wondered at and admired; and miraculously weathered Blackfriars-bridge, in total safety, thanks to the skill of the pilot at the helm of city-admiralty affairs, to whom the dark dangers of both shores were as familiar as posts and corners to a blind man.

Here the day, as if it relented in its spiteful intention of damping the general joy and the corporate glory, smiled a momentary smile;

and the fog dissipating, within the circumference of fifty yards, it was perceived that the brave pageant was again marshalled; and Solomon, in all his glory, for some moments seemed something less than Staines. It was but in mockery of the hopes of man; for ere the word "forward!" could be given, the Sun, who had been struggling in vain to get a glance into the city, all at once gave it up as hopeless, and retired to Thetis' lap, in the afternoon, instead of the evening.

And now all was "dark as Erebus, and black as night." Genius, what a gift is thine! Some more enlightened citizen, darkling without, but bright within, suggested the bare possibility of procuring a dozen or two of links, and like a gallant soldier adventuring with a forlorn hope, himself led the way to the nearest oilman's. The "ineffectual fire" was procured; and never was it more necessary, for thicker rolled the fog, dimmer and more dubious grew the way, and more and more like night became the day. "Forward!" was again the cry, and the procession moved through the mud and mob, in a manner truly moving.

And first came, beating out the way, to keep the press at peace, the city peace-officers, breaking it all the way they went. After these followed a number of matronly old gentlemen called bachelors, in blue gowns, and in woollen night-caps of blue and white, carrying themselves under the weight of years and beer with great difficulty, but their flagging banners with more. Three times the word to halt ran along the line; but these venerables were either so deaf that they did not hear the command, or hearing it, mistook its tenor, and thought it but superfluous idleness to bid those to halt who already halted. Next to these "most potent, grave, and reverend" seniors, came the under city-marshal on horseback—an attendant picking out the way for him. Then a band of musicians, when their asthmas would permit them, playing very pathetically (as if in mockery of those who could see nothing) "See, the conquering hero comes!" Two trumpeters now tried to rend the air, and between them a kettle-drum sounded, as if muffled, for both catgut and parchment had relaxed under the moist fingers of the morn, and their mimic thunder was now mute.

After these came a juvenile as an ancient herald, bare-headed; and then a standard-bearer, in half-armour, which was no doubt exceedingly sparkling and burnished in the morning, but now, like Satan, had lost its "original brightness," and looked "like glory for awhile obscured." Certain half-famished squires dogged his heels, their upper halves perspiring to parboiling under the warmth of flannel-lined armour, but their lower man sitting as cold in their saddles as Charles at Charing-cross. Next came an ancient knight in a suit of scale-armour, looking like an amphibious fish on horseback, and just as wet as one; and two other trumpeters, exploding something like the choke-damp of mines out of their trumpets, in "strains it was a misery to hear." And now, another knight, in the iron armour of King Harry, came toppling along, to shew the admiring age how much the strength of man was decreased since the days of sack and Shakspeare: for now he bent on this side, and now on the other, like a reed shaken by the wind. You might have thought him the most courteous of knights, and these deviations from the perpendicular but knightly recognitions of the damsels he would have tilted for, if need were, in the listed field. His

trumpeters tore the air to tatters about him, and he passed away, like the shadow of the strength and the youth of chivalry.

Eureka! eureka! The crushing car of the Juggernaut of the show now rolled along, kneading the mud under its golden wheels. The mobility darted inquiring looks in at the open windows, which the mace-bearer and sword-bearer completely filled, and saw they could not see the Mayor for the mist, which enveloped him as with an extra civic garment. Up went a shout, however, that seemed to stagger the state-coach; for it swaggered from the left to the right of Bridge-street, as if undecided on which side to spill its right-honourable contents: but the mace-bearer shifting his seat a little, she righted with a heavy lurch, as a broad-bottomed Dutch brig adjusts herself in a gale. Next came the retiring Mayor, some distance in the rear, and in much seeming hurry to overtake his successor, as if he felt he was too late even for the late Lord Mayor.

It was now no very easy task to tell an alderman's coach from his coal-waggon, save by the polite difference between the oaths of the driver of one and the other. The elder aldermen were, however, distinguishable by their asthmas, the younger by their sneezing. After these came the ominous-browed Recorder; then the Sheriffs, brilliant and benighted; then that love and loathing of good and bad apprentices—the kindly, veteran Chamberlain; then the Remembrancer; and the Foreign Ambassadors, wondering every one, save him of Holland, at the climate. Then the Judges, enveloped in wig and darkness; and, after them, several understood persons of distinction, who could by no means be distinguished. By the time that the head and tail of the procession had wound round St. Paul's, like the serpent round the Laocoon, and had reached Cheapside, the last link was burnt out; and the finery of the first footmen was as dingy and undiscernible as the fluttering rags of the merry bootless and shoeless boys who shouted before them, as if they would have drowned the clamour of Bow-bells with their "most sweet voices."

Such was "my first Lord Mayor's Show," and "let it be the last:" the undeceiving of all my imaginations of it I have not yet forgiven in the Lord Mayors' Shows of other years. The general impression that it was a melancholy sight, has ever since affected me; and I am not singular in this feeling; for an ingenious friend of mine, who has illustrated Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," among the other heads into which he divides that hydra-like volume, has one which he calls "the Lord Mayor's Show Melancholy," a mental phantasma, which visits his imagination yearly on the ninth of November, at which time he is impressed with the constant passing and repassing of a dim and half-perceivable show of much-supposed splendour, which gropes its way through the Bæotian fog and Stygian darkness; and then turning about, *hey presto!* there repasses a long-continued line of mourning-coaches, as if to shew the serious vanity and ultimate end of all human splendour.

C. W.

* We give insertion to this article, one of the posthumous papers of Mr. Hazlitt, to show that we do not consider ourselves implicated in the above complaint of; and that we have no right to any share of the indignation so whimsically lavished upon our testimony.—Ed.

A CHAPTER ON EDITORS: BY THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

EDITORS are (to use an approved Scotch phrase—for what that is Scotch is not approved?) a “sort of *tittle-tattle*”—difficult to deal with, dangerous to discuss. “A capital subject for an article, great scope, complete novelty, and ground never touched upon!” Very true; for what Editor would insert an article against himself? Certainly none that did not feel himself free from and superior to the common foibles of his tribe.* What might, therefore, be taken for a satire in manuscript, turns to a compliment in print—the exception in this, as in other cases, proves the rule—an inference which we have endeavoured to express in our motto.

With one exception, then, Editors in general partake of the usual infirmity of human nature, and of persons placed in high and honorary situations. Like other individuals raised to authority, they are chosen to fill a certain post for qualities useful or ornamental to the *reading public*; but they soon fancy that the situation has been invented for their own honour and profit, and sink the use in the abuse. Kings are not the only servants of the public who imagine that they are the *state*. Editors are but men, and easily “lay the flattering unction to their souls” that they *are* the Magazine, the Newspaper, or the Review they conduct. They have got a little power in their hands, and they wish to employ that power (as all power is employed) to increase the sense of self-importance; they borrow a certain dignity from their situation as arbiters and judges of taste and elegance, and they are determined to keep it to the detriment of their employers and of every one else. They are dreadfully afraid there should be any thing behind the Editor’s chair, greater than the Editor’s chair. That is a scandal to be prevented at all risks. The publication they are entrusted with for the amusement and edification of the town, they convert, in theory and practice, into a stalking-horse of their own vanity, whims, and prejudices. They cannot write a whole work themselves, but they take care that the whole is such as they might have written: it is to have the Editor’s mark, like the broad R, on every page, or the N. N. at the Tuilleries; it is to bear the same image and superscription—every line is to be upon oath; nothing is to be differently conceived or better expressed than the Editor could have done it. The whole begins in vanity, and ends too often in dulness and insipidity.

It is utterly impossible to persuade an Editor that he is nobody. As Mr. Horne Tooke said, on his trial for a libel before Lord Kenyon, “There are two parties in this cause — myself and the jury; the judge and the crier of the court attend in their respective places;” so in every periodical miscellany, there are two essential parties—the writers and the public; the Editor and the printer’s-devil are merely the mechanical instruments to bring them together. There is a secret consciousness of this on the part of the Conductor of the Literary Diligence, that his place is one for shew and form rather than use; and as he cannot maintain his pretended superiority by what he

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does himself, he thinks to arrive at the same end by hindering others from doing their best. The "dog-in-the-manger" principle comes into full play. If an article has nothing to recommend it, is one of no mark or likelihood, it goes in; there is no offence in it. If it is likely to strike, to draw attention, to make a noise, then every syllable is scanned, every objection is weighed: if grave, it is too grave; if witty, it is too witty. One way or other, it might be better; and while this nice point is pending, it gives place, as a matter of course, to something that there is no question about.

The responsibility, the delicacy, the nervous apprehension of the Editor, naturally increase with the probable effect and popularity of the contributions on which he has to pass judgment; and the nearer an effusion approaches to perfection, the more fatal is a single flaw, or its falling short of that superhuman standard by a hair's-breadth difference, to its final reception. If people are likely to ask, "Who wrote a certain paper in the last number of ———?" the Editor is bound, as a point of honour, to baulk that impertinent curiosity on the part of the public. He would have it understood that all the articles are equally good, and may be equally his own. If he inserts a paper of more than the allowed average merit, his next care is to spoil by revising it. The sting, with the honey, is sure to be left out. If there is any thing that pleased you in the writing, you look in vain for it in the proof. What might electrify the reader, startles the Editor. With a paternal regard for the interests of the public, he takes care that their tastes should not be pampered, and their expectations raised too high, by a succession of fine passages, of which it is impossible to continue a supply. He interposes between the town and their vicious appetite for the piquant and high-seasoned, as we forbid children to indulge in sweetmeats. The trite and superficial are always to be had *to order*, and present a beautiful uniformity of appearance. There is no unexpected relief, no unwelcome inequality of style, to disorder the nerves or perplex the understanding: the reader may read, and smile, and sleep, without meeting a single idea to break his repose!

Some Editors, moreover, have a way of altering the first paragraph: they have then exercised their privileges, and let you alone for the rest of the chapter. This is like paying "a pepper-corn rent," or making one's bow on entering a room: it is being let off cheap. Others add a pointless conclusion of their own: it is like signing their names to the article. Some have a passion for sticking in the word *however* at every opportunity, in order to impede the march of the style; and others are contented and take great pains (with Lindley Murray's Grammar lying open before them) to alter "if it is" into "if it be." An Editor abhors an ellipsis. If you fling your thoughts into continued passages, they set to work to cut them up into short paragraphs: if you make frequent breaks, they turn the tables on you that way, and throw the whole composition into masses. Any thing to preserve the form and appearance of power, to make the work their own by mental stratagem, to stamp it by some fiction of criticism with their personal identity, to enable them to run away with the credit, and look upon themselves as the master-spirits of the work and of the age! If there is any point they do not understand, they are sure to meddle with it, and mar the sense; for it piques their self-love, and they think they are bound *ex-officio* to know better than the writer. Thus they substitute (at a venture, and merely for the sake of altering) one epithet for another, when perhaps

the same word has occurred just before, and produces a cruel tautology, never considering the trouble you have taken to compare the context and vary the phraseology.

Editors have no misplaced confidence in the powers of their contributors: they think by the supposition they must be in the right from a single supercilious glance,—and you in the wrong, after poring over a subject for a month. There are Editors who, if you insert the name of a popular actor or artist, strike it out, and, in virtue of their authority, insert a favourite of their own,—as a dexterous attorney substitutes the name of a friend in a will. Some Editors will let you praise nobody; others will let you blame nobody. The first excites their jealousy of contemporary merit: the last excites their fears, and they do not like to make enemies. Some insist upon giving no opinion at all, and observe an *unarmed neutrality* as to all parties and persons;—it is no wonder the world think very little of them in return. Some Editors stand upon their characters for this; others for that. Some pique themselves upon being genteel and well-dressed; others on being moral and immaculate, and do not perceive that the public never trouble their heads about the matter. We only know one Editor who openly discards all regard to character and decency, and who thrives by the dissolution of partnership, if indeed the articles were ever drawn up. We shall not mention names, as we would not advertise a work that “ought to lie on no gentleman’s table.” Some Editors drink tea with a set of *blue stockings* and literary ladies: not a whisper, not a breath that might blow away those fine cobwebs of the brain—

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Nor those fine threads which oft we woven see
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All this is bad enough; but the worst is, that Editors, besides their own failings, have *friends* who aggravate and take advantage of them. These self-styled friends are the night-shade and hemlock clinging to the work, preventing its growth and circulation, and dropping a

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slumberous poison from its jaundiced leaves. They form a *cordon*, an opake mass round the Editor, and persuade him that they are the support, the prop, and pillar of his reputation. They get between him and the public, and shut out the light, and set aside common-sense. They pretend anxiety for the interest of some established organ of opinion, while all they want is to make it the organ of their dogmas, prejudices, or party. They want to be the Magazine or the Review—to wield that power covertly, to warp that influence to their own purposes. If they cannot do this, they care not if it sinks or swims. They pre-judge every question—fly-blow every writer who is not of their own set. A friend of theirs has three articles in the last number of —; they strain every nerve and make pressing instances to throw a slur on a popular contribution by another hand, in order that he may write a fourth in the next number. The short articles which are read by the vulgar, are cut down to make room for the long ones, which are read by nobody but the writers and their friends. If an opinion is expressed contrary to the shibboleth of the party, it is represented as an outrage on decency and public opinion, when in truth the public are delighted with the candour and boldness displayed. They would convert a valuable and spirited journal into a dull pamphleteer, stuffed with their own lucubrations on certain heavy topics. The self-importance of these people is in proportion to their insignificance; and what they cannot do by an appeal to argument or sound policy, they effect by importunity and insinuation. They keep the Editor in continual alarm as to what will be said of him by the public, when in fact the public will think (in nine cases out of ten) just what he tells them.

These people create much of the mischief. An Editor should have no friends—his only prompter should be the number of copies of the work that sell. It is superfluous to strike off a large impression of a work for those few squeamish persons who prefer lead to tinsel. Principle and good manners are barriers that are, in our estimate, inviolable: the rest is open to popular suffrage, and is not to be pre-judged by a *coterie* with closed doors. Another difficulty lies here. An Editor should, in one sense, be a respectable man—a distinguished character; otherwise, he cannot lend his name and sanction to the work. The conductor of a periodical production which is to circulate widely and give the tone to taste and opinion, ought to be of high standing, should have connections with society, should belong to some literary institution, should be courted by the great, be run after by the obscure. But “here’s the rub”—that one so graced and gifted can neither have his time nor thoughts to himself. Our obligations are mutual; and those who owe much to others, become the slaves of their good opinion and good word. He who dines out loses his free agency. He may improve in politeness; he falls off in the pith and pungency of his style. A poem is dedicated to the son of the Muses:—can the critic do otherwise than praise it? A tragedy is brought out by a noble friend and patron:—the severe rules of the drama must yield in some measure to the amenities of private life. On the contrary, Mr. — is a *garretteer*—a person that nobody knows; his work has nothing but the *contents* to recommend it; it sinks into obscurity, or addresses itself to the *canaille*. An Editor, then, should be an abstraction—a being in the clouds—a mind without a body—reason without passion.—But where find such a one?

ADVENTURES IN COLOMBIA—REPUBLICAN PERFDY.

THE day had been sultry ; but the oppressive heat began now to subside before the cool and refreshing sea-breeze, as it rippled the current of the Orinoco river, upon the wide and transparent surface of which was reflected the starry canopy above. Not a cloud dimmed the brightness of the firmament. On such a night all nature seemed invited to repose. Man, whilst contemplating its placid beauties, might forego the indulgence of every baneful passion, and even ambition enjoy a short respite from the fever of her restlessness.

Such at least were the thoughts of Edward Winton, as he gazed on the scene I have just described from a raised platform which overhung the river, and supported six *long-nines*, intended as a defensive battery to protect the town of San Tomas de Angostura, which rose with a gradual ascent immediately in its rear ; and as he rested his arm against one of the guns, his heart beat in unison with the calmness of the scene. He forgot for a moment all his worldly speculations, and the calculating merchant became absorbed in the reflective man.

Edward Winton was born at ———, in the west of England, of respectable parents. His father had amassed a handsome property by mercantile pursuits, and which (though possessed of ample means to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*) he still continued to follow, with the sole intention of initiating his son into the mysteries of commerce. After acquiring a competent preparatory knowledge of pounds, shillings, and pence, from a pedagogue in his native town, young Edward was duly inducted into his father's counting-house, where his constant assiduity and laudable perseverance in accomplishing himself in the useful and profitable art of buying and selling, so endeared him to the old man's affections, that he fitted out a vessel with a valuable cargo for the Brazils, which, with letters of recommendation to one of the principal houses at Rio Janeiro, he presented to his son ; and thus young Ned, at the early age of fifteen, found himself a trader upon his own account. Neither did he deceive the confidence his father reposed in him, or swerve from his former conduct. He arrived, after a prosperous voyage, at the place of his destination, and by the aid of those to whom he had been addressed, disposed of his merchandize to considerable advantage. The encouragement which he felt at this first success induced him to settle at Rio Janeiro ; and he continued to receive, at stated intervals, large consignments from his father, by the help of which, and his own industry, he rapidly accumulated an independent fortune. Several years' residence added to his prosperity and renown ; and the wealthy Englishman was courted by the highest, and respected by all classes of the Brazilian people. His fame even reached the court, and the then reigning sovereign, Don John of Portugal, condescended to intimate his intention of favouring Mr. Winton with a visit at a villa which the latter possessed a few miles distant from the capital, and which had been fitted up in the true English style—splendour and comfort combined. Edward Winton would have willingly dispensed with the honour which the Portuguese monarch designed to pay him ; but there was no visible means of avoiding it, and he yielded to necessity, comforting himself with the anticipated satisfaction of displaying to royalty the magnificence of a British merchant. On the eve preceding the royal visit, he

departed for his country residence, in order to superintend the requisite preparations ; the next day, when the " *Illustrissimo Senhor*" and suite made their appearance, he stood at his door ready to receive and welcome them with all the genuine warmth of English hospitality.

It is to be regretted that an observance of the common rules of decorum prohibits me from relating how the monarch returned this hospitable reception. The subject is of too gross and degrading a nature to admit of even a hint at it. The world, therefore, must be spared the opportunity of seeing how far a creature appointed to preside over society, may forget what is due to it ; and how utterly low, vulgar, and despicable it is possible for a monarch to become. Perhaps, after all, such a violation of decency as that to which I allude—an act of the grossest indelicacy committed in the most sumptuous apartment of his entertainer—would fail to excite credibility, except in those to whom the dirty habits of Don John are known. I shall merely add, therefore, that scandal with her hundred tongues gave as many different versions of the occurrence ; and on Winton's return to the metropolis, he found himself the butt at which ridicule aimed its shafts. He had not philosophy enough to join in a laugh at his own expense, but took it so much to heart that he neglected his commercial pursuits, and confined himself to the privacy of his own house. From this state of uneasiness he was relieved by a letter from England, acquainting him with his father's illness, and advising his immediate return to that country. He embraced the excuse with avidity ; and having, with as little delay as possible, completed the necessary arrangements for his voyage, he bade a final adieu to a land which furnished him with many grateful and pleasing recollections, counterbalanced only by the reminiscence of one painful event.

He shortly after embarked for Jamaica ; here he became acquainted with Simon Bolivar, whom he assisted with considerable advances of money, and ultimately accompanied to the Spanish main ; and we find him now leaning upon a cannon, one hour after sunset, on a platform in front of the town of San Tomas de Angostura, enjoying the cool evening breeze, contemplating the majestic appearance of the Orinoco river, the grandeur of the surrounding scenery, and indulging in the reflection with which I first introduced him to the reader's notice.

The political horizon of Venezuela at this period, wore a lowering aspect, and Edward Winton might have been excused for indulging reveries of a less pleasing nature ; he had thrown nearly his whole fortune into the scale, and the balance appeared to preponderate against him. The Spanish General Morillo had just proved victor in the battle of Calaboza, and Bolivar had retired upon San Fernando, on the Apuré ; in fact, the republican commander and his army owed their momentary safety to the cavalry of the redoubtable Paez, who had with distinguished courage protected the retreat. The renown which the latter chieftain obtained by this brilliant achievement was wormwood to Bolivar, whose envious disposition could ill brook a rival in fame. This man's character, altogether, appears to have been most woefully mistaken by Europeans in general ; he has been deemed unassuming, unambitious, an adept in military tactics ; in short, he has been held up (by his partizans) to the estimation of the world as a second Washington. Those who best know him, however, are fully aware of the absurdity of the comparison ; these

well knew the patriot leader to be arrogant in his deportment, ambitious in his disposition, despotic in his principles, and a very tyro in military attainments. Whilst I expose his defects let me not be wilfully blind to his merits. Justice demands the confession that he possesses, in an eminent degree, a knowledge of human nature, and the best means of making it subservient to his purposes, combined with an unwearied perseverance. Neither is he by any means deficient in personal courage; on the reverse, he has in several instances rendered himself amenable to the accusation of rashness. Enjoying the advantages of a liberal education, he speaks French with the fluency of a native; in English, he is likewise a tolerable proficient, but whether from diffidence, dislike, or some political motive, after the arrival of the British, who had volunteered to aid the republican cause, he could never be induced to converse in that language, and on some occasions, even pleaded ignorance of it, though I have reason to know, that he could both understand and speak it with facility. Simon Bolivar, when it suits his convenience, can evince the urbanity of a gentleman; so can he, also, the sternness of a despot. The following anecdote which I have heard related, may in some degree serve to illustrate his character. At the time of the terrible earthquake, which laid Caraccas (his native city) in ruins, the patriot troops, under his command, were in possession of that capital and the whole province. The priests in the Spanish interest took advantage of this dreadful calamity, to announce from the pulpit that the Almighty had sent the awful visitation as a mark of his divine wrath, and to punish the inhabitants for having swerved from the allegiance which they owed their legitimate sovereign, thundering their anathemas with true Catholic orthodoxy against the rebel chiefs (as they termed them), and calling upon the people to propitiate the angry deity, by an immediate return to their duty, and by a sacrifice of the leaders who had seduced them. The effect which this exordium had upon the minds of an illiterate and bigoted populace may be easily imagined. A counter revolution was effected, the fortress of La Guayra was yielded to the Spanish party, and Bolivar with his small garrison expelled from the city. The priesthood had accomplished its object, but its triumph was not doomed to be of long duration, and the hydra was strangled ere it had time to concentrate its strength. The republican general, who had collected reinforcements from the other provinces, returned three months afterwards, made a reconquest of the forts, and again took up his residence amid the ruins of the town. The reverendissimo padres who had excited the revolt, were all seized, and with scarcely time to say a *Pater-noster*, or an *Ave Maria*, were gibbeted on the heights overlooking La Guayra, which Bolivar facetiously called "cleansing the church from the rubbish which the earthquake had deposited."

To revive the hopes of the republican army, which had been greatly depressed by the defeat it had sustained at Calabozza, news arrived that the first English expedition (which had been raised under the *delusive promises* of the Venezuelan agent, Luis Lopez Mendez, at London) was on its way to the Orinoco. Report exaggerated its numbers, which had this advantage, that whilst it elevated the drooping spirits of the patriot troops, it had quite an opposite effect upon those of Spain; the movements of the Spanish commander were paralyzed; he neglected to profit by the victory he had gained, and thus allowed time to his opponents

to organize a new force, which was employed with better success on the next hostile rencontre, which took place at Ortiz—(this, however, was subsequent to the events which I have to detail in my present narrative). Bolivar, on receiving the above intelligence, left his army under the charge of General Soublette, at San Fernando, and hurried down to Angostura, with the ostensible view of meeting the expected succours, but his real object was of a far different nature; to explain which, I must make the reader acquainted with the position of the other forces of the republic, whose operations were not under his (Bolivar's) immediate control, though nominally subject to his authority as "Supreme Chief," a title which he rather owed to his own assumption and by sufferance, than to any legal act so constituting him. Those troops, embodied in the provinces of Cumana and Barcelona, were designated as the "Army of the East;" one division of which was commanded by the gallant Marino, the other by the intrepid Piar. The first of these generals was a young man of most amiable manners. His mother was a Caraccanian; he was himself (I believe) a native of the island of Margarita; but his paternal grandfather was of the Milesian family of the O'Briens, and nearly related to the present Marquis of Thomond; he had, in early youth, emigrated to Spain, and was incorporated with the Irish Legion in the service of that country. Here his military talents obtained him the notice of the sovereign, by whom he was created Marquis de Marino, and was shortly afterwards appointed to a command at Trinidad: here he realized a considerable fortune, and by his marriage came into possession of a large estate on the Spanish Main. He had two children—a daughter, and the hero of my present sketch, who at his decease drew lots for the property. The father's, situate at Trinidad and its neighbouring island (Chicachicara), fell to the share of the sister, whilst the brother took possession of his mother's portion, which was equally valuable. The strongest affection existed between the brother and sister; and during the revolution, whenever the rainy season caused a temporary cessation of hostilities, they never failed to visit each other, alike insensible to the danger of the navigation, or the dread of interception from the Spanish gun-boats, which constantly hovered about the coast. Santiago Marino in his complexion has not the slightest tinge of his American descent: it is the fairest I have ever beheld; his large blue eyes, beaming with benignity, illumine a set of the most expressive features. If the face be really the index of the heart, *his* must be a pure and noble one: certain is it, that he possesses none of that ferocity of disposition so prevalent amongst those of his countrymen, whom the scum of the revolutionary cauldron has elevated into rank and power. Brave to a fault, his courage has ever been tempered by humanity. Prodigal of his own life when necessary, he is a niggard of the lives of those under him; no act of useless severity has ever stained the bright annals of his political career, and even when called upon by imperative justice to inflict punishment, his feeling heart has yearned (against his better judgment) to pardon the criminal. One amongst many instances of the clemency of his disposition I will relate. In the latter end of the year 1818, his head-quarters were stationed at Maturin, a small town in the province of Cumana; news was received that some stores for the use of the troops had arrived at a small port some miles down the river, but that the boats were too heavily laden to approach nearer; six men, under the command of a sergeant, were sent therefore with some mules

to bring the cargo to head-quarters. The sergeant (an old Spaniard) embraced the opportunity thus afforded him to desert, and seduced three of the party to accompany him; they would have joined the enemy had not their attempt been rendered abortive by the Indians (sworn foes to the Spaniards), who seized, and brought them bound to Maturin. The crime demanded an example; the four men were tried by a court-martial; the evidence against them was conclusive; they were condemned to death. When the president waited upon the general with the sentence of the court, I shall never forget the agitation he evinced; he repeatedly inquired if no extenuating circumstances could be found; and when informed that three had yielded to the seductive influence of their superior, he instantly pardoned them. The guilt of the latter was of too flagrant a nature to be overlooked, he signed the order for his execution, and wept. The man was shot; and three days elapsed ere Marino recovered his wonted serenity of mind! Such traits are so rarely to be met with in the sanguinary history of the Colombian Republic, that I may be pardoned for dwelling upon its record with satisfaction. May Bolivar, Paez, Arismendi, and others, too numerous to mention, profit by the lesson of mercy so frequently taught them by their youthful compatriot!* They will then gain the affection of the people subjected to their sway, and merit the approbation of other nations. I much fear, however, that the hearts of these chieftains *sont trop endurcis* (as the French term it), to either sympathize with the one, or respect the opinion of the others!

It may be readily imagined that, with such a disposition to conciliate affection, Marino was universally beloved; he had imbibed a knowledge of European tactics, which, combined with a strict attention to the minutiae of discipline, enabled him to defeat the enemy on almost every occasion that he came in contact with him. The fame which thus accrued to him excited the jealousy of Bolivar, who, as I have before said, could ill brook a competitor; and, notwithstanding the fact that the youthful general had in one or two instances rendered him important services, and once indeed preserved his life when threatened by a disaffected soldiery, who resisted an assumption of power considered as usurped, still unmindful of the obligation so strongly contracted, he suffered envy to predominate over gratitude, and took every opportunity of evincing the baneful feeling with which his heart rankled. Marino had to contend with much party prejudice, his conduct was subjected to a constant *espionage*, and his minutest action reported to his disadvantage; supported, however, by the "*mens conscia recti*," and the devoted attachment of his immediate followers, he continued to perform his duty as a citizen soldier of the republic, equally regardless of private malice as unawed by menace. Piar, whose intrepid valour and brilliant successes had liberated the province of Guyana from the tread of the despot, was now associated with Marino in the task of obtaining the same result in the provinces of Cumana and Barcelona; repeated victories had already crowned their united efforts. Montaverde (the Spanish general) retreated before them, and cooped up within the walls of the capital of either province (as occasion suited) seldom dared adventure a sortie, which, when attempted, invariably proved destructive to their

* Marino, though holding the rank of captain-general, was then only twenty-seven years of age!

respective garrisons. Such was the state of affairs in the eastern provinces of Venezuela at the latter end of the year 1817. How different had been the operations of the "great army" (as it was called) under the personal command of the "Supreme Chief!" Continual defeat, and a succession of disasters—the almost total want of every necessary munition—to which may be added a woeful laxity of discipline—altogether combined to create a feeling of despondency, which must necessarily have proved fatal to the cause of liberty, had not the reported near arrival of the English auxiliaries acted as a stimulant to revive the drooping spirits of the patriot troops, at the same time that it furnished Bolivar with an excuse to absent himself for a while from the scene of his reverses. He longed to pluck from the brows of Marino and Piar the laurels which they had gained in the east; and the first moment of his arrival at Angostura was occupied in the attempt to tarnish the reputation of these two generals. He sought to obtain possession of their persons either by stratagem or force. With Marino his efforts proved unavailing: the young chief was not to be lured by the first, and evinced a disposition to resist any aggression of the other. He had been fortunate enough to discover, and render abortive, a plan which had been laid for his assassination. Two officers of his personal staff had been tampered with by Bermudez,* and offered high rank in the republican army as the price of their crime. These men, however, spurned the proposal with indignation, and lost no time in acquainting Marino with his danger, who, in consequence, took steps to avoid it. Thus placed upon his guard, when he received Bolivar's mandate to meet him at Angostura, for the avowed purpose of holding a conference on political affairs, he replied to the summons, by the messenger who had brought it, "that he would have the honour of waiting upon his excellency, but he feared his suite might be deemed too numerous, and suitable accommodation inconvenient to be found, since his troops, to the amount of two thousand men, had unanimously volunteered to accompany him." As it may be easily surmised, the visit was dispensed with by Bolivar, who sent General Urdanetta to propose terms, which were eventually acceded to. Piar, less fortunate, and perhaps more confiding than his companion in arms, fell into the snare laid for his destruction. Some confidential emissaries of the "Supreme Chief," who had been despatched for the purpose, contrived to seize his person in the night; and so sudden and unexpected was his apprehension, that the ill-fated general was bound, and embarked in the gun-boat destined to convey him to Angostura, ere he had time to make an appeal to his own party, who would otherwise doubtless have attempted a rescue.

We will now return to Edward Winton, whom we left indulging his reveries on the platform. The raised position on which he stood gave him a panoramic view of the "Almeida," or public promenade, which extended for some distance along the banks of the river, until it was intersected by a deep ditch or moat, which had been dug to act as a drain to

* At a subsequent period, the author was present at an interview which took place at a small village in the province of Cumana, between Marino and Bermudez; and, being aware of the circumstance above related, could not help (by his looks) testifying some surprise at the apparent cordiality with which the latter general threw himself into the arms of the former, as likewise at the friendly warmth of his expressions. Marino, who had noticed this astonishment, embraced an opportunity of whispering, *Las palabras sont talientes, pero, el curazon es siempre frio.*—"His words are warm, but his heart is ever cold."

the Orinoco during its periodical overflowings, and which, at those periods, conveyed the superabundant waters to a swamp in the rear of the town, which then assumed the appearance of a tolerably extensive lake. At the period I allude to it was partially dry, though there was still depth of water enough at its source to admit boats to the shelter of its projecting banks. A small rude flight of steps cut in the hard clay, facilitated an ascent to the summit. Two rows of trees lined the walk on either side, whilst the action of the breeze upon their redundant foliage gave an agreeable freshness to the place. Here, since the hour of sunset, the inhabitants of San Tomas de Angostura had been enjoying "*el fresco*." They had now began, however, leisurely to return to their houses; and, ere the expiration of half an hour, all was solitude. Not a sound was heard, save, at intervals, the discordant voice of some old and decrepid negress, chaunting the "*fandango*" to the rumbling accompaniment of a calabash loaded with pebbles, and to which her youthful compatriots of both sexes beat time with their naked feet, and performed the evolutions of that lascivious dance.

Edward Winton, roused (if I may so term it) from his visionary contemplations by the very silence that reigned around him, advanced slowly in the direction of the avenue which I have described. He had proceeded nearly half its distance, when his attention was attracted by the splash of oars. He cast his eye on the broad expanse of water on his left, and perceived an armed flechera rapidly approaching the bank he was perambulating. Anxious to obtain intelligence, he accelerated his pace, and arrived just at the moment she anchored in the little creek or inlet before mentioned. She was of the larger size of gun-boats; her bow was armed with a long twelve-pounder, upon a swivel; her sails were furled; at her mast-head was displayed a commodore's pennant; and at her stern, in the beams of the moon, floated the tri-coloured flag of Venezuela. She appeared to be manned with a strong guard of soldiers: yet not a sound beyond a whisper was emitted by her crew. The mystery which this unusual silence betokened surprised Winton, who concealed himself behind the shelter of a neighbouring tree, from whence he could descry the movements of the stranger. The first person who ascended the acclivity was a thick-set man of low stature, whose countenance betrayed the worst passions of human nature. He was instantly recognized by Winton as the sanguinary Dias*—the bloodthirsty cannibal of the revolution—the heartless miscreant that could revel in the excruciating pangs of his fellow-creature, and even drink the blood of the victim to his remorseless vengeance! Winton intuitively shuddered as he beheld him.

Dias was quickly followed by several soldiers, two of whom aided a tall fine figure of a man to mount, who evidently required their assistance to do so, his arms appearing to be under some restraint. He was enveloped in a large "*mantilla*," or Spanish cloak, and a broad-rimmed straw hat, which he wore slouched, completely concealed his features from observation. The clasp of the "*mantilla*," however, having (probably in the effort to ascend) become loosened, enabled Winton to perceive an embroidered collar, the distinguishing mark of a general officer. The gruff, vulgar voice of the brutal commandant making the

* Dias, commandant of the gun-boats in the service of the republic. This fellow has been often heard to boast that he fed upon human flesh!

inquiry (preceded by an oath), "whether he meant to detain them there all night?" and the mild but dignified reply of the stranger, "lead on!" made him acquainted with the name as well as rank of the individual before him. It was the gallant, the unfortunate Piar! An involuntary exclamation betrayed Winton's place of concealment; and at the same instant the sabre of the ferocious Dias gleamed like a flash of lightning in his eyes, as, propelled by the Herculean arm that wielded it, it struck the protecting tree, into which it penetrated so deeply as to render it difficult to disengage it. The savage, sullen at having missed his aim, yet not daring to repeat his blow against one whom he deemed a friend of Bolivar's, declared his intention of detaining Winton a prisoner for the night; and having formed his party, they proceeded to the "Plaza." Here he left him in custody of the officer commanding the guard stationed at the government-house; and having sent a message to the governor, he received in a few minutes, through an aid-de-camp, an order to lodge his other prisoner in the "Capello,"* which he instantly obeyed. The "Plaza," or square of Angostura, was situated in the centre of the town, three sides of which were occupied by the government-house, the Palace of Congress, and the chapel, with the curate's house adjoining it; the fourth side, and facing the palace, was filled by an immense brick building, which had been erected by the Spaniards, and intended as a cathedral: the revolution, however, prevented its completion; the outward walls, of considerable height, were alone standing, and it was wholly unroofed. Its interior presented the appearance of a second Golgotha, the compartment of earth which it encompassed being literally strewn with human skulls, and other mouldering remnants of frail humanity—it having served as a charnel-house during the rigours of a late siege. Large flocks of the "zamora," or South American vulture, were constantly seen hovering over its wide aperture, and croaking, as if in pleasurable anticipation of fresh offal.

So soon as Piar's arrival had been notified to Bolivar, a military council, consisting of members devoted to the interest of the latter, was assembled to try the unhappy man upon charges equally vague as indefinite: the chief one, however, was an alleged conspiracy to subvert the existing government, and raise the people of colour to power by a total extermination of the whites.† There appears to have been no just grounds for such an imputation. Paradoxical as it may be deemed, his greatest fault was the eminent service he had rendered his country; and, like Coriolanus, he was doomed to become the victim of envy and ingratitude. When summoned before his judges to receive the sentence of his condemnation, his conduct was both firm and manly. He stooped not to repel an accusation which, he said, the whole tenor of his political life ought to prove a sufficient acquittal of. He solicited but one favour—permission to die with the full insignia of the rank which he had gained in the field of honour. His request was complied with.

The next morning, at an early hour, the garrison paraded in the square. The arrangements for the execution having been made, the

* "Capello," chapel. It is customary to lodge prisoners, the night previous to their execution, under a strong guard, in this holy sanctuary, in order that they may receive the rites of mother church, and enjoy the benefit of ghostly consolation; a small room behind the altar, with grated windows, being generally reserved for that purpose.

† Piar was himself a mulatto.

general was conducted to the wall of the unfinished cathedral, against which was placed an old wooden arm-chair: he declined the offered accommodation, and refused to be bandaged. Having declared that he died a true patriot, and expressed his wish that others might prove as sincere as himself, he gave the signal, and the next moment had ceased to exist! Thus fell the gallant Piar, lamented by all those who, free from the trammels of party spirit, could justly appreciate his native worth and talent. Bolivar, from the balcony of the Palace of Congress, witnessed the finale of the bloody drama. He pretended to be deeply affected; and, to keep up the farce, refused to admit any (except a few confidential friends) to his presence during the space of three days; at the expiration of which period he returned to San Fernando, on the Apuré, leaving behind him a printed proclamation, detailing the supposed treasonable practices of his victim, and lamenting the *dire necessity* which demanded the sacrifice! Poor Winton was not released until the morning after Bolivar's departure. The government condescended, however, to borrow his money from time to time. When he had expended his last farthing, and was induced to solicit some remuneration in return for his advances, his request was at first answered with civil excuses. On his becoming more importunate in his demands, he was treated with contemptuous neglect. He would absolutely have starved for want of the common necessities of existence, had not the British who resided at Angostura occasionally contributed to his support. He speedily grew depressed in spirits, and, I fear I must add, debased in mind. He was constantly inebriated when he could procure the means; and his body was, at length, completely emaciated by disease and excess. He died, covered with ulcers, at Angostura, in the year 1820, and was indebted to the benevolent feelings of a black washer-woman for the very shroud that enveloped his last mortal remains. The once rich and respected merchant died a wretched and neglected pauper.

G. B. H.

 THE SLEEPER.

YE waters, flow tranquilly on to the ocean,
 Each wave soft as music when sylphs are in motion;
 My fair one, way-weary, now rests by your stream—
 Flow gently, ye waters, and break not her dream!

YE winds, through the green branches tenderly sighing,
 Breathe softer than roses in Summer's lap lying,
 And still as an infant whose slumber is deep—
 Breathe gently, ye wild winds, and break not her sleep!

YE sweet birds, so lightly among the leaves springing,
 Oh! wake not my love with the gush of your singing;
 But sing as the heart does when joy is most deep—
 Oh! hush your loud warble, and break not her sleep!

C. W.

THE MALCONTENT.

It truly causes a reflecting man to sigh, and to toss the scornful nose into the air, when he reflects upon the baseness, malice, and hypocrisy of his friends and acquaintance, more particularly of such as happen to be related to him, either by blood or marriage, by consanguinity, or contract. But I wish I could describe accurately upon paper these upraisings of the feature, and interjectional mumblings. I despair, by any representation, however lively, of conveying any, the least idea, even to the most ductile mind, of those sounds and significations, whereof we possess in words no adequate and efficient type—such anomalous and absurd phrases as “Pish!”—“Heigho!” and the like, being by no means to be heard in real life, and being, moreover, noises that do in no wise interpret those fitful, yet withal placid, breathings, that a philosophical enthusiast might naturally be supposed to emit.

There are my wife’s relations, on the one hand, insisting, over their anti-Lethean potations of clipped besom and sloe-leaf, that I did mainly contribute to the domestic disquiet and infelicity of that, sooth to say, most intolerable female; that I was frequently in the habit of dismissing missiles of a specific gravity upon strange errands at her; and that I was, finally, in effect, the cause of her untimely disappearance from this planet to the world of spirits. Absurd—in the highest degree, absurd—upon my life; unkind, and uncandid, also. As though those salutary corrections I felt it my duty to bestow, were awarded in a spirit of hostility to the individual *quasi*, a substance; as though, in a word, they were any thing else than a practical illustration of a theory of abstraction in which I, a philosophical amateur, am well pleased to indulge. Do I make myself thoroughly understood? No!

Well, then, behold me, not brutally maltreating a defenceless woman, but laudably attacking untenable positions—erecting my moral and physical powers against the edifice that vanity has reared, and pulling down the unsafe premises. I must, I say, be considered therefore, not as one beating his wife, but as a belabourer of stray sophisms, or as one who cudgels vain conclusions. This is what I term the manipulation of morals, and is a thousand times more satisfactory than undefined theory or unmeaning declamation.

My own relatives, for their part, have taken up absurd notions respecting me. They make no scruple of asserting that I am given over to the adoption of immensely frequent imbibations; that I am flagrantly remiss in the narration of fact; that I am a man of no certain or definite principles (of which, by the by, they contrive to furnish examples); and that I am utterly destitute of right feeling: nay, some more charitable, have no difficulty in hinting at the fact of a perplexed and involved entanglement of my intellects, assuring themselves of a crack in the cerebellum, or a lamentable flaw in the occiput.

Let me admit that, a disciple to the doctrine of the perfectibility of human nature, I do, not seldom, rashly, perhaps, but fearlessly, state things that are not mere slavish drudges at the heels of fact—things that if not true, ought to be so: and hence the common, too common notion, that I am not scrupulously exact in the delineation of narrative reality.

It is impossible that I should ever become a drunkard—I am clear

upon that point—my habits secure me from that vicious aberration. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the indulgence, however frequent, in the use of wine, constitutes the odious character now about to be denounced. “Drink deep, or taste not.” I have clasped the legs of the table, I have spurned the impediments of staircase and bannister, and curved homewards, after the pattern of the true line of beauty, and these oh! how frequently!—What then? I have revelled in the ethereal converse of a friend—I have myself conversed, and that, too, not swinishly; I have been in heaven. Even now, “fallen on evil tongues and evil days,” may I say—

“Noctu sum in cælo clarus, atque inter Deos;
Inter mortales ambuloque interdus”—

this, I repeat, is no evidence of a drunkard.

He is one who listens to the admonitions of his friends, and heeds not what they say—pursuing his clamorous career through good report and evil report—regardless of the quality or extent of his swallowings—Champagne or cyder—Sauterne or small-beer, it matters not: he is seen, at one moment, busy in the resorts of vice; and presently is heard grovelling in the cellar, yelling amongst the barrels—struggling with an obstinate spigot, and (for such is his insanity) extracting the vinous fluid in unheard-of quantities from the cask itself! Such a character as this I heartily despise. I view him as a base and worthless member of society—a sot—a drunkard.

He must be a wretch over nice, and to a laughable extent fastidious who cavils at my principles; they are of the purest kind. They may, by the by, be more aptly termed impulses than principles—what I desire to do, is done—what I affect not, I forsake—it is my nature. Thus, there are many detestable exactions of society which the world vulgarly calls duties, to which I pay no manner of attention, for which I have, I protest, a loathing.

Let me with perfect decorum and great diffidence open, as it were an oyster, the whole shell of my morality, to the end that it may be more conveniently apparent; permit me with much deference to lift up the testaceous covering. Do you not think—to be candid—that a man may be too amiable, honest, virtuous, discreet—eh?—a *little* too refined, polished, of too much delicacy, over-politeness?—resolve me. What say you to too much scrupulosity—too great an exactness—too large a benevolence? To descend to minors, may he not be too nice in his dress, too fine, finical, too sober, steady, serious? I own, I conceive that such may be the case.

Now, with respect to our transactions with our fellow men, I hold that we should, as we are told, “do as we would be done by;” nay, I am (fancifully, think ye?) entirely of opinion that much good is literally done “*by stealth*,” however much the benevolent parties concerned may “blush to find it fame.”

It was rumoured with an earnestness, and a diligence not sufficiently to be exclaimed against, that I was destitute, in a remarkable degree, of proper feeling. I a man of no feeling! I, who have spent all my life in endeavouring to conceal (effectually at last) the most violent and uncontrollable feelings;—I, who have wept more (in secret) than would have kept a dozen crocodiles in decent mourning for their whole lives; who have a turn for that sort of thing, and whose hydraulic

experiments in that line are, as we all know, proverbial. And so, because I am not cut down from the bed-post every fortnight—because I am not discovered lying supine beneath a tearful willow, with my head upon a clod, and my feet left to cool in the meandering stream—because I desire yet a while longer to walk this common earth, and am unwilling to change this my personal presence, and, as it were, individual currency, into the flimsy equivalent of a ghost; which is, so to speak, a most ridiculous, and unfortunately not-to-be-cudgelled vapour; because, in short, I am not ghost-convertible, nor lending an ear to ghosts (my wife has appeared to me several times by way of spectral illusion!), because of these things, I am considered a mere heartless stoic. Be it so.

But wherefore did they impeach the integrity of my brain?—wherefore insinuate, that through lunar interstices that subtle jelly had evaporated.—Monstrous fable!

“By yonder blessed moon I swear—”

there is not a fissure, however small, through which the moonbeams may intrude unbidden—through which the intellectual mass may have incontinently escaped.

Shall I be tamely slain by the jawbones of these asses?—Shall these Sampsons of controversy bring the house about my ears in their blind fury? Wherefore am I deserted by them? I am cut every day fifty times like a cucumber, by people as cool as that vegetable. Well, they have “cut,” and have not “come again,” nor have I the eternity of their rounds of beef; no matter. A fierce reprisal is in store for them when it shall please God to take my excellent aunt, who has flourished for so incredible a period upon her annuity, in spite, and to the horror, and, of late, perfect incredulity of the Equitable Assurance, who, upon the worthy creature’s demise, will be constrained to amend their average tables;—when, I say, that honoured relative shall expire (she cannot last *much* longer!) then am I, by virtue of my propinquity to the deceased, installed in the possession of her goods and chattels, whatsoever and wheresoever, &c.—a blest expectancy!—let them look to it.

I derive a melancholy pleasure from a retrospection of my military career, before our service in the Peninsula, when we were all, brave as lions, in country quarters. Oh! that it might have lasted for ever! those parade days—shall I ever cease to remember them? such storming of hearts—such marryings and givings in marriage—such assignations with nursery-maids under pretext of caressing the children!—Ah! these were remarkably agreeable points—yet I have sufficient ground of complaint in the ridiculous preferences shewn by the women (poor prejudiced creatures!) to many of my brother officers, whose personal accomplishments—vanity apart—were poor compared to mine: fellows, trust me, “with Atlantean shoulders fit to bear the weight of mightiest” luggage;—with a plebeian development of calf and an intricate wilderness of whisker. These were sought after, yea, held in requisition, while I was laughed to scorn—positively sneered at—left a prey to ravenous spinsters, who were glad to cling to me as a forlorn hope, and made desperate efforts to snatch me up. There was one—record it, ye furies! who by dint of a bran new wig, and repairs done to her immemorial countenance—in short, with hair and plaister, had so morticed herself to my affections, that I should inevitably have fallen a victim, had it not been that I was providentially delivered out of her hands.

By miracle I discovered that she had been tampering with the churchwarden, who had permitted her to sophisticate the parish-register! The fiend had, in cold blood, taken off a few dozen years from her own age, and given the overplus to her grandmother, who was in reality born, I believe, somewhere about the year A.D. 1! But from these and similar annoyances were we called away to partake the glories of the war, and rear our laurels in the hotbed of slaughter.

When I was first introduced into the field a new and undefined feeling took possession of me—a feeling which was soon lost in emotions of disgustful honour and excuseable concern. Had I been brought here to be butchered? Good Heavens! was a valuable life to be thrown away? Was a probable extensive round of good offices—a career of social and reciprocal benefits, to be put an end to by a devotion to mere doubtful advantages—to problematical triumphs? Had I been lured into this scene of riotous and disorderly madmen for the express purpose of being no longer suffered to live? I had not thought of this. “The spirit-stirring drum and ear-piercing fife,” were already fearfully agitating the horse under me; so much so, that I was in momentary expectation of not being able to ascertain whether I was upon my head or my heels! Our colonel, rash fool! had adopted a notion, that to charge the enemy was no less than a duty, and straight commenced a vulgar vociferation, exhorting us to follow his example. Misguided wretch!—it never entered his head that a bullet was about to do so—a most veritable calamity, however. The major, too, than whom a more-to-be-regretted officer never lived or died, discarding prudence, was making himself fatally conspicuous in the war. Alas! those vital properties that were, a moment before, so active—aye, I may say, so rampant, within him—by a sudden poke in the regions of the stomach from one, it appeared, not in the least well-disposed towards him, were extinguished. I was paralysed! That men, professing christianity, whose lives were of the least value to any but the owner, and whose souls were thus vibrating in a perilous contingency, should demean themselves after this fashion, was astounding!

When, however, by some vague impulse driven, my too-spirited horse commenced hurrying about the ranks with all the miraculous expedition of a private bill through the House of Commons, and with me appended to it by way of rider—then that natural alarm (not fear!) took possession of me, that may be more appropriately denominated discretion; and my faculties, drawn away by an astonishing instinct from all other considerations, or outward phenomena, were concentrated with tenacious sagacity upon my own proper safety, and the most effectual and instant means of securing it; for the fact is, this involuntary and alarming celerity of movement was actually doing nothing less than making me the unwilling means of appropriating to myself all such loose, or spent, or lively balls, as were taking their otherwise inoffensive course—or which might, at all events, be better employed in dismissing the drummers and other tuneful appendages to the regiment. And though none of them, by special good fortune, did take effect upon me, yet, I contend, my presence in the field, and in all parts of it at the same instant, was a most lamentable indiscretion; attributable, I feel, to the wrong-headed obstinacy of the steed in question.

In the meantime, a figure, with his head curiously carved and otherwise grossly maltreated, raised a senseless clamour for reinforcements;

backing the request by much violent action; and I thought I could not do better than, under pretext of seconding his desperate enterprise, take advantage of a favourable moment, and retire from the scene. For, in reality, I was too much disgusted to remain—even if my life had depended upon it—and the reverse would have been the case—I could not have stopped an instant longer. Naturally too brave, too heroic, I turn away with horror from such indiscriminate slaughter—such carnage, unrelieved by generous forbearance. The mere paltry evasions of Falstaff upon a similar occasion I despised. Now, *that* man was a coward—that man was a flat impostor and poltroon—but I, who had a *bonâ fide* principle in reserve—you understand?—mine was courage, cooled by circumstances over which I had no control. And yet (but what was to be expected from a world like this?) I was dismissed the service for this very retreat—this masterly manœuvre, whereby I preserved not only my life, but the integrity of my rule of action. Let me not think of it. I threw down my commission in disgust, and retired into the privacy and secure comfort of domestic life.

Still, this kind of life, it may be readily imagined, to a man of my energy and active tendencies, was not definitely “the thing”—more especially as my pecuniary blood was oozing away after a most marvellous rate. The truth is, to be plain, my resources, about this time, were, to an inhuman degree, epitomized—abridged—cut off; my credit, as it were, a mere memory—a thing to be meditated upon and yearned after; and my wants (for my habits had been expensive) truly awful. By my soul! it is no less than a most lamentable fact, that my existence, and the probable carrying on of the concern, were become matters of intense speculation to me. I seemed to have lost all regard to my person—my diet was of the most elementary description, and frightfully scarce—nay, my meals were such as might be supposed, when placed upon it, literally to “set the table on a roar.” They unconsciously reminded the spectator (supposing him to possess a “microscopic eye”) of the philosophical fact of the infinite divisibility of matter; and bore as much resemblance to a full-grown repast, as a new-born dwarf to the Irish giant, or the vision of the Barmecide to the sober certainty of a vast alderman! I never dined (?) without a pair of magnifying glasses,—an ingenious attempt at intestine deception, which turned out vain and futile.

Is it then, I demand, surprising that my mind gave way, and the rigidity of my scruples relaxed under the pecuniary pressure alluded to? No: wild fancies possessed me—took lodgings in my brain, without giving references to any decent ideas, and, in fine, determined me upon “the last infirmity of noble mind”—marriage. Thus it stood with me: I was young—perhaps romantic; in short, too sensitive—too much the child of impulse—a mere creature of sentiment, believe it—the Rousseau of lovers—the Petrarch of passion. I married upon the most disinterested-principle. I dissipated every farthing before the ceremony, out of a chivalrous devotion to a woman I adored, that she might (you see the nobleness of the act?) be permitted to confer upon me an everlasting obligation, by making over to me, for my use, the assets in her possession; in other words, by a tacit consent to my transfer and conversion of her coin to my own peculiar purposes.

But, ah! well has it been said by the immortal bard, “Misery makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows”—for had I not been most wretched I had never loved—madly loved (for it was madness) this.

shall I say it? selfish—most selfish woman. Advices had been thrown out—base advices—before the knot was tied—the Gordian knot that one may neither untie nor cut—that property, actual effects, were appertaining and belonging to her;—obscure intimations had been rumoured, that a certain annuity was, at stated intervals, in course of payment; and a hint had been dropped of the dropping off of precarious relatives—“upon which hint I spake.”—Will it be believed, that, upon diligent and careful search after the ceremony, repeated upon several after occasions, I was confirmed in the dreadful conviction, that this entity—this being—this overplus of creation, had altogether deceived me, and had taken advantage of my trusting confidence and unsuspecting affection?—And yet such is the fact. Hymen soon extinguished his torch by poking it into the eye of Cupid. And now were explained the mystical symbols of disapproval on the part of many of my friends, wrapped up in the startling form of supposition; and now were manifested unto me the sleeve-hidden grins of the prophetic few who had foreseen this calamity. Shall I ever forget that day—when, half-conscious, all-fatal rashness! I stumbled, with a ring and a wry face, down the aisle? Shall I forget the involuntary start (oh! that *I* had started!) of the parson, or the almost imploring gaze of the philanthropic clerk? And yet these interpositions, as I verily believe them to have been—these vague renderings of a doubtful meaning, were lost upon me—and I was lost. Swallowed up by despair, what was I to do? what, but with a sagacity that the occasion called forth, accept a humble, yet, withal, not unlucrative appointment in this metropolis. It was done.

Meanwhile my home became irksome to me—truly irksome—and I fell insensibly into the vulgar and demoralizing habit of attending the tavern, for the express purpose of imbibing porter and smoking pipes. Not that I had very much reason to complain of the general arrangement of my domestic establishment; the furious assaults of my wife, made as they were in a spirit of ignorant vituperation, moved me not a jot. Her reproaches were a source of hidden, but of sincere delight to me; and I at last attained to such wondrous skill in evading the soft single rap of the obsequious poker, and in transferring the destination of the winged boot-jack, as was most curious, and, I have no doubt, instructive to behold. In spite, therefore, of occasional recrimination on my part (conducted upon the most philosophical and christian principle), and a tendency to fall into sudden fits—a strange, unaccountable affliction—during which I swung my hands and arms about in an eccentric and fatal manner—we might be said to gather an average crop of domestic bliss.

But I was wrong, decidedly wrong, in the aforesaid visitation of taverns, with the accompanying absorption of fluid; for (I speak it in confidence) during those hours of absence, a score of the most deadly drinks was in course of inflammation at the Red Lion, adjacent to my dwelling. Yes, even as Ariadne, when abandoned by Theseus, was fain to console herself with Bacchus—or in other words, took to the bottle—so did the imprudent partner of my life in like manner deport herself. But this was a pardonable weakness.

It chanced that I took to my bosom a viper—that I made the acquaintance, and cultivated the friendship of one who, having warmed himself at my fire, stung me. How frequent were his visits!—how welcome!

how pressing the hospitable earnestness that he would come again! He came again, and again. It is inconceivable, by the way, the quantity of spirit whereof this man was nightly the willing recipient. Our tastes were similar, our pursuits alike. He praised my furniture—he appreciated my drawings (clever things, done by myself!)—he admired my wife! A virtuous woman, I well knew, was a crown to her husband—a crown that must by no means be changed; besides, not really thinking mine worth sixpence, it may easily be imagined that I was not too apt to imbibe the deleterious mixture—jealousy. But circumstances transpired—a strong hint was afforded me in the nocturnal disappearance of the guilty pair. The viper succeeded in effecting his escape, in consequence of the very culpable inattention and remissness of those torpid rattle-snakes the watchmen; who were, as usual, walking in their sleep at the time. When first I woke to the maddening conviction, I was stifled with rage—quite black in the face, like Othello—and resolved to pursue, overtake, and exterminate; but upon cooler reflection it will hardly be believed how soothing a consolation was permitted to me in a sure conviction of the absence of my departed wife. Removed from me, I was better able, indeed better qualified, to judge of her merits and defects, to contrast and compare them, and to allow her such praise, or convict her of such faults, as this impartial course of investigation justified. My friends, as usual, made wry faces at my philosophy; while some hesitated not to avow that I had been seen to give way to an indecent unbending of the lower jaw, in the frequent coinage of smiles, and to have partaken too largely of that which, administered heedlessly, I admit, destroys the equilibrium, and encourages horizontal, extension and land-measurement, not to be accomplished by proxy. But worse than this; when intelligence reached me of the subterraneous appropriation of my ill-fated wife, they were callous enough to bruit it abroad that I indulged in inexplicable exuberances of spirit, dancing, singing, and quaffing, as if, not a calamity, but a deliverance were just notified unto me; whereas, I can prove, but it is hardly worth while, that the above were exhilarations caused by other—I mean by certain—joyous announcements not in the least appertaining to my wife's demise. Even my summary of her estimable qualities, spoken in solemn under-tone, was said to be a servile copy of the obituary style; as though the language of grief were not always alike!—too bad! too bad!

But why should I bear this? Heavens and earth! why do I bear this?

“Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?”

Shall I any longer permit these monsters, with heads all vacuum, and with hearts like paving-stones, to make a highway of my feelings, that they may trample over them with their most cloven hoofs? The time will come—

Hilloah! hilloah! who the devil's thundering at the door? Ha! a letter—a black seal—what do I read? My aunt dead, and left the whole of her property between the Lying-in Hospital and the Lunatic Asylum? I shall go mad, and be dependent on her bounty in the latter of these institutions. Horrid old woman! truly unprincipled, and culpably thoughtless hag! I'll go this instant and abuse, threaten, kick, and it may be, destroy, the unworthy executors!

THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND BEHAVIOUR OF MONSIEUR
TALLEYRAND, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

THE appointment of M. Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento, as ambassador of Louis Philip the First to the Court of Great Britain, has excited in his own country the expression of conflicting opinions; one portion of the public press most acrimoniously reproaching him with the ready docility of his submission to the various forms of government which have been imposed upon France during the last forty years: another applauding his adherence to each, as a proof of his wisdom and patriotism, and as but resorted to so long as the measures of successive rulers were calculated to promote the welfare of France. Perhaps the apologists and the accusers of "the Prince"—(Machiavelli, haply, possessed some insight into Futurity, as he inscribed the title of his work)—may find no contemptible materials of praise or blame; but the immunity, accorded to ambassadors in other respects, may, under actual circumstances, be extended by us to the past, public, and private life of Monsieur Talleyrand. We may adopt the prudent and grave maxim of a French senator in all trying events: and in recording some of the chances and changes of his extraordinary career premise, "For me, I have no opinion: that is my sentiment!" It has been asserted, and probably with due reflection, of the frailties of our nature, that

"On n'a pas toujours le moyen
De demeurer homme de bien;"

and if we accede to the truth of the observation, innumerable difficulties are at once removed by this comprehensive apology for the faults of man: we are at once enabled to refer to Monsieur de Talleyrand, without entering upon disquisitions as to the motives of his actions, or the propriety of his conduct. We might, in the first place, speculate long and curiously on what the feelings of Monsieur l'Ambassadeur were, when he entered London, as compared with his first and former visit to our metropolis. Now the accredited agent of a mighty empire; an object of intense interest to all classes of British society, from the strange phases his life has assumed; of a name less illustrious by the honours attached to it, than from the high reputation for diplomatic and general talent with which it is connected; influential in his own country by rank and wealth, and the power knowledge confers; and of a vigour in moral faculties that mocks the infirmities of fourscore years, and refuses to participate in the decadency of his physical powers. After having enacted, *à la rigueur*, the frivolous duties of a Parisian Abbé in his youth, as laid down by the ancient regime, and given to gallantry all that was then required of a noble aspirant to the honours of the church; after having justified in the fields of love and wit his title to the mitre of Autun; after having abandoned it for the *bonnet rouge*; and after having endured all the nominal pains of papal excommunication, and been figuratively exposed to the torments of an *auto-da-fé* in the streets of Rome, the ex-prelate felt himself obliged to fly his country; and, nearly forty years since, humbled in circumstances, as depressed in spirit, he sought safety and shelter—"from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step," indeed)—in Took's-court, Cursitor-street, Chancery-lane—a domicile which, at this day, may puzzle the geography and defy the curiosity or conjecture of the fashionable world—compared to which Macedonia itself is what Whitehall was erst to Alsatia—what Paris is to Van Dieman's Land—or what the performance of recent candidates for Par-

liamentary distinction will be to the better promises given to their constituents.

The "fair humanities" of that region of the law were insufficient to detain him longer within its limits. The part he had played, at the breaking out of the Revolution, rendered him eminently distasteful to such of his countrymen as had sought shelter in England from motives of loyalty or fear; and, it is to be presumed, that his presence was scarcely palatable to the British government of the day; alive, as it evinced itself, to the danger that threatened the country from without, and to the menacing attitude assumed by certain societies within the kingdom. These causes, probably, induced him to take his passage to the United States of America. There he found himself in the precise situation of a fair witness, recently examined by the president of one of the Parisian tribunals: "Are you married, Madam?" "No, Sir."—"Are you a widow?" "No."—"Are you a spinster?" "No, I am independent!" In fact he was independent of country, attachments, friends, and fortune. The latter he might haply have offered to the first mendicant he met, without exciting extraordinary emotions of gratitude; so he philosophically determined, in a moment of hateful leisure, to devote himself and his energies to the Republic of America, and he became a citizen of the United States.

In the Museum of Philadelphia, as I have heard it told, amongst the strange and anomalous things contained within its walls, a "pretty considerable" portion of admiration is demanded by the custos, of each coming visitor, for an oath—The oath of allegiance of Monsieur de Talleyrand, written with his own hand. The simple Philadelphians must be, however, rather indifferent connoisseurs in what is rare. If the asseveration were in the form of the *per caput hoc juro* of the young Ascanius, the value of the invocation was certainly not indifferent; but, if he preferred the terms of Homer to Virgil, haply he might adopt the celebrated wish of the Grecian, "that, if he proved unfaithful to his contract, he might be invested with horns." Whether the penalty thus voluntarily attached to the infraction of his engagement has been imposed or not, will probably be learnt from the *Morning Post*, on occasion of the presentation.

The homely and economic government of the States, however, offered to M. Talleyrand little encouragement to ambition or the desire of gain. The charge of the *Parc aux Cerfs*, alone, would have defrayed all the expenses of republican administration, and left much to spare. The glories of the earlier reign of Louis XVI. were also probably not forgotten. If in his "pride of place," as minister of foreign affairs, he qualified us as *boutiquiers*, with all our refinement, wealth, and magnificence, the sober forbearance of his new friends, in national expenditure, must have proved little suited to his taste; and he soon turned his thoughts to his native land, leaving the Philadelphian promissory-note to be protested when it should become due. The observation of Pius the Sixth, "That at Rome Heaven may be always arranged with," was equally applicable to Paris, in his case; and for the fifth time Talleyrand gave his assent to a new but existing order of things, to the modes whereof he associated himself with equal grace and ease; and while he adapted himself to the times, looked to the future in full confidence that, ere long, the times should adapt themselves to him. Cool, calculating, and unimpassioned, Monsieur Talleyrand was ambitious of greatness, more from a taste of those indulgences which greatness may allow,

when wisely dealt with, than from the show and parade that attends it. But the envy it excites, in tending to disturb his peace, was to be avoided; he determined, in so far as it was permitted him, to render his talents serviceable to his country as to himself, and thus to screen himself by a well acquired popularity from the ill effects of individual jealousy. Hateful of change, as calculated to prejudice the repose he loved, if systems have actually given way around him, it was not for want of the warning voice of one who could best calculate results; and, if he were found ever identified, as a public man, with the brighter pages of his country's history, during his eventful career, he contrived, with consummate policy, and without the compromise of his safety or his interest, that France and the world should comprehend his decided opposition to unwise measures, and his due anticipation of their disastrous consequences.

When the war with Spain commenced, and the conqueror of armies hesitated not to risk defiance to a people, the health of the late minister required his absence from Paris; and, at Valency, he became the friend and guardian of a Bourbon, and thus profited by the very vengeance of his then master, in assuring to himself the gratitude of a family who, he foresaw might be eventually summoned to replace him on the throne. The first *restoration* was also that of health and strength to the prince; and his subsequent occasional attendances at court were ever indicative of peaceful rule and public prosperity. The romantic beauties of Switzerland awoke suddenly in his mind the desire of contemplating nature in all her grandeur; and while, from the walls of Lausanne, he gazed upon the calm waters of the Lemane, Messieurs De Villele and Peyronnet were exercising Parisian patience, now by the censorship of the press, now by the abolition of the national guards. With the nomination of Prince Polignac, the secretion of the prince's bile became irregular; and the disorder augmented to such a degree as to necessitate, prior to the celebrated ordonnances, a visit to the Sardinian territories, where the almost miraculous qualities of the air of Nice enabled him to return to Paris, precisely and appropriately at the moment the will of the nation called Louis Philippe to the throne of France. It is true as it is singular, that, while his presence has been hailed with joy by each new pretender to power, no one of the fallen dared reproach him with not having foretold the consequences of their errors. In all his country's storms he ever found a shelter; and, whenever a shower of favours fell, never was he under an umbrella. But to leave politics for humaner things. When the fair and witty Madame Tallien (subsequently the wife of Ouvrard, the financier) was introduced to Monsieur de Talleyrand, in her zeal for that liberty which was soon to expire with the consulate, praising the liberal institutions of England, and speaking in rapture of its laws, the memory of her various attachments called from him the sarcastic observation "that undoubtedly the *habeas corpus* must principally have induced a preference in her mind for the British constitution." This was doing comprehensive justice to the somewhat controverted statements which *la veuve de la Grande Armée*, the virtuous and *véridique* Madame de Saint-Elme has since presumed to advance, for the instruction and improvement of an ungrateful world. If the assumption of imperial power by the First Consul of France was not unpalatable to Talleyrand, in a personal or political sense, the constitution of the court was in no slight degree repugnant to his feelings and his taste; and if he lent himself to the will of one, formidable of

power as of talent, his veneration scarcely extended itself to those the more nearly allied to the chief of the new government. "She has the head of Cromwell, on the shoulders of a pretty woman," was the description given of the ex-queen of Naples; and when it was observed to him, "Here is a princess of the blood," the laconic comment of "d'Enghien!" expressed no less his distaste of the new-born dignity than it did, as we may hope, that foul blot on the reign of Bonaparte, of which his enemies strove to render him partially responsible. It is not, however, the only instance in which the courtesy of the prince towards the fair sex was of a questionable nature; for, when a murmur of applause arose in the imperial saloon, on the presentation of Madame de Lucchesini (the lady of the ambassador of Prussia), as her elevated form, dark but commanding features, and majestic bearing, impressed the spectators, the remark, "We have something better than that in the imperial guard," proved that, in that instance at least, *Monsieur le Ministre des Affaires Etrangères* included grace and beauty within the scope of his department.

Nor was he at all more favourable to the scores of newly concocted dignitaries, who had been so suddenly required to cast aside the homely uniform of the Consular establishment, to invest themselves with the gorgeous costume of the imperial court, which sate with better grace on his own form than on his less sophisticated colleagues, who had not the precedent of the courts of the two last Louis to appeal to for instruction or example; and, as he contemplated the awkward assumption of novel dignity by the minister of justice, he could not help observing, "I know no greater ass than Maret, if it be not the Duc de Bassano." "Princes and lords are but the breath of kings," was probably then present to his mind, as it was to that of Brogniart, the celebrated architect of Bonaparte, who, on being consulted by his master as to appropriate residences for the newly created *Archi Chancelier*, *Archi Tresorier*, and other *Arches*, simply observed, "Sire, it would be much more difficult to create an architect." If the observation were dictated by the vanity of the Parisian Nash, it had the merit of spirit and of truth, and Bonaparte had equally the sense to feel that his times were more exigent than those of Cosmo di Medici, who asserted that, "with three ells of broadcloth I make a gentleman;" while, in the absence of morality in those who surrounded him, the semblance of decency was at least of value. The Regent Duke of Orleans could even, in his day, turn with contempt from the profligacy he so largely abetted, and bitterly declare that "the Court is a vile place—very vile—greatly below the national level." It was scarcely entitled to more of respect during the reign of his royal ward, when it was decided that "to be a perfect courtier one must dispense with honour and feeling." With more virtuous feeling and a better taste, Louis XVI. was obliged to accept the impure legacy bequeathed him by his grandfather, of a corrupted court—an administration *de bonis non*; while the Revolution had liberally set all classes, at once, free from the restraints of vulgar prejudice, and the slightest regard for religion and virtue, wherever they partially existed in France; and, however little practised in either, the policy if not the feeling of Napoleon dictated a reform of manners, and the re-establishment of moral observances. "Monsieur de Talleyrand must marry!" was the imperative mandate, that rather ludicrously, announced the *auspicium melioris avi*. Monsieur, as then circumstanced in domestic life, proved an obstacle to the better

intentions of the emperor, and without Monsieur they could not manage. So, as it was a matter of much indifference (at least to one party), by the aid of a priest and the Consistory of Paris, the legitimate establishment, if not the happiness, of the Prince de Benevento was beneficently augmented.

Madame de Talleyrand is said to be a native of Tranquebar, in the East Indies, and was endowed by nature with great personal charms, which, while she was yet very young, attracted the admiration of an Anglo-East Indian gentleman, named Grant, to whom she gave her hand. But that union was scarcely accomplished ere it was dissolved; and the lady, quitting her husband, went to Calcutta where, it is reported, she formed a connection with one of the members of government—a man of rank and talent; and where she obtained more consideration in public than would haply have been accorded her in a more fastidious state of society; until, having exhausted the gallantry and admiration of atrabilious nabobs, she resolved to try her fortunes in the western world, leaving *legalities* to brood over their disappointment and chagrin, at the loss of beauty, but allowing no inadequate stock of patience and resignation to console and comfort them, on the score of the privation of intelligence or mind. From birth and education all her sympathies had been directed to the shores of France, and thither she resorted, somewhat prior to the peace of Amiens, where possessing the pecuniary means of rendering herself prominent to the notice of the Parisians, her appearance excited what was termed *une sensation*. In personal charms she established herself the successful rival of Mesdames Recamier and Tallien, who could only avenge the some-time desertion of their thrones by the World of Fashion, in expressing, with humour and *humeur*, their contempt of the mendicant stock of wit with which Madame Grant had been endowed; but the declaration of “she is a fool of twenty-four carats,” or without alloy, was powerless in contradiction to the allurements of novelty. “The widow of Tranquebar” became as much the rage as in later days *robes à l’ultimatum*—the Tunisian Envoy—Mr. Henry Hunt—Sir Somebody Something, who went over with a foolish address from the “gentlemen” at the Crown and Anchor—the *Osages*, or even the Giraffe itself.

The roads to distinction in France are more various and irregular than with us; Madame Grant had, rapidly as easily, attained the summit of renown: and one who *hobbled* slowly after called to her to hold out a helping hand to aid him in his ascent; for, under the Consular Government, men of the first ability found not the path so facile as before. She hesitated for a moment; but as gold is tried by the fire, woman by gold, and man by woman, the arguments of her petitioner were irresistible: and if affection entered not into the contract of partnership, the views of the lame lover and the Indian widow were equally seconded. The sentiments of the world, as to the spiritual endowments of the lady, were manifested by “*La Belle, et la Bête*,” applied to her by her friends; while the replies of the party more particularly interested in their display, afford the due measure at which they were appreciated by him.—“How could *Madame*, with her infant want of sense, induce you to become connected?” was asked: “What would you?” was the answer; “*Madame de Stael* has so wearied me with wit, that I deemed I could never sufficiently give in to the opposite extreme.” “*Simple* we all know are possessed of *Virtues*,” was the dry and uncomplimentary response to one who deemed that he could best pay his court to Mon-

sieur, by poetically assuming the possession of virtue by Madame. The peace of Amiens however came. The long existing distaste of our nation to France and Frenchmen, suddenly gave way to admiration of Bonaparte and Talleyrand. Many that were noble and intellectual abandoned their native and foggy shores for the genial climate of France; an airing was given to long dormant Gallic vocabularies; Fox in bad French, and Erskine with no French at all, strove to launch heavy and equivocal compliments to the liberal institutions of a state verging rapidly to unmingled despotism. The blood then recently shed had paled to the *couleur de rose*; and the worsted yarn of British flattery was exchanged for the threads of *soie et or* with which French foolery led the wisest from their way. Talleyrand was too much of a lion to be neglected, nor was he indifferent to foreign praise, and his table was at the service of his English visitors. One day, however, as it has been said, neglectful of the life's history of her who was there to do its honours, or indifferent to the events by which it had been marked in another quarter of the globe, Madame found herself, as unexpectedly as awkwardly, in juxtaposition with her Calcutta admirer, whom she had formerly abandoned; but the "Speak to me of Adam" settled an affair which had promised to disturb the order of the feast; and Sir —— even dared to recal to the fugacious memory of his quondam friend circumstances more interesting haply to him than to his host.

Experience has proved that where love, "free as air," becomes submissive to human ties, it plays strange vagaries with its manacles; and that, if public decorum be promoted by the sanction of the church being accorded to otherwise illicit engagements, the leaven of discord ever embitters domestic arrangements. Gratitude is as rare, in such cases, as a white crow, a silent wit, a riotous Scotchman, or a disinterested attorney; and Madame Talleyrand was not reserved to contradict the truth of the latter axiom at least by her example. In fact, the ex-bishop and actual prince, if ever he again consulted the fathers of the church, might have satisfactorily agreed to the unwise proposition of Saint Chrysostom, "*Quid est Mulier? Nisi*"—a rule Nisi made *absolute* in the case referred to—"amicitia inimica: ineffabilis poena: necessarium malum: desiderabilis calamitas: domesticum periculum: delectabile detrimentum: mali natura boni decore depicta." The dogma of "What woman wills God wills," if not willingly coincided in, on the one side, was attempted to be forcibly illustrated on the other; until, as the story went, Madame on her return from a *soirée* found her house deserted, and the key gone—Monsieur having adopted that mode of suggesting his want of acquiescence in the deeds or sentiments of his illustrious moiety. This system of blockade was quickly followed by reprisals. The French Doctors'-Commons were resorted to, and the prince and statesman condemned, if we remember well, to assure alimony to his spouse: and they have since lived on those pleasing terms which have been but now adopted by the Netherlands and the United Provinces, after a marriage concocted nearly as suddenly, unceremoniously, and imperatively as that of the prince.

Being required, in his official capacity, to present the deputation of the small quondam republic of Geneva to his imperial master, Monsieur de Talleyrand, sensibly alive to the ridiculous, could not but be amused with the display of importance of the somewhat citizen-kings, who, allied against their will with *la grande nation*, failed not to impress upon the latter the high advantages derived by the French people from their

union with the *magnifiques seigneurs* of the borders of the Leman: compared with which the resources of Great Britain, Austria, Russia, or Italy, were mean, vile, and contemptible. "Sire, I have the honour to present you the deputies of the fifth part of the world." Bonaparte may have smiled; but it is more credible that the Genevese were scarcely discontented at the raillery of the French minister: for the equivocal compliment was not so extravagant as their vanity, which has at the present day yet further augmented with their recently acquired independence. The most humble of these legislators of the lake would regard with scorn a member of the British parliament or an Aulic councillor; and even Voltaire was doomed to feel his insignificance in presence of Genevese talent. "I have just been driving out with a whip five or six little kings, in rags, who rob my apples," was his sarcastic observation to a society of republicans who met to dine with him. Another instance of their pride may not haply be unamusing. During the troubles which prevailed within the walls of Geneva, Louis XVI. expedited Monsieur de Bauteville to the frontiers to watch their movements; or as these pseudo Swiss would have fain supposed, in the fear of their attempting the invasion of France. Whatever was the true motive, De Bauteville sat himself down philosophically at the Château de la Chatelaine, within half a mile of this tremendous state: and, with true French indifference to danger when the existence of the kingdom was threatened, erected a theatre for his private amusement; and as Seigneur of the place, according to etiquette, established himself in an arm-chair at the side of the stage. The Genevese, who, by the severity of consistorial law, were denied the pleasure of dramatic representations, flocked to those accorded by the liberality of the Frenchman; but their levelling ideas were fearfully disordered at the prominent position of their host. "Down with the arm-chair! Down with M. de Bauteville!" was the grateful response of his guests to the admission obligingly as generously afforded them by the former, who, duly appreciating their impertinence, arose, and gravely advancing to the front of the stage, observed, in giving them their legislative title, "Mighty lords! you are here on the territory of France. The first amongst you who disturbs the public peace I shall send to jail!" Their high mightinesses took the hint, silence was restored, and the fortunes of France were for that time at least happily aided by the rash firmness of the Lord de la Chatelaine.

When other and more tremendous events disturbed the peace of France subsequently to the invasion of Russia, a gentleman, well known in Paris, and who squinted most intolerably, addressed Monsieur de Talleyrand with "Well, Prince, how go affairs?" "As *you see*," was the reply: which, in appealing to the distorted vision of his catechist, graphically told his country's state. The failure of Simon's house at Paris, in 1811, subtracted, and importantly, from the resources of Monsieur de Talleyrand, he having lost, as it is asserted, no less than 1,400,000 francs by its bankruptcy. If, as it has been allowed, the prince's wit is ready money, it was an occasion on which he might have drawn largely on his humour; but with his known disposition to turn the misfortunes of life into ridicule, it does not appear that the coinage of his brain was resorted to to supply the deficit of his purse. On other occasions, however, he feared not to tax his imagination by speculations which might well astonish (referring to the quarter whence they proceeded), had we not hourly proof of the extreme ignorance of the most

enlightened men in France as to England and its concerns. Bonaparte's idea of making Sir Francis Burdett Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the hypothetical case of his having the direction of our affairs, and the other gross absurdities imputed to him at St. Helena, evinced with what effect he had lent himself to the study of the British temper and character (and he certainly had not neglected the subject), and was really about as good as Talleyrand's gravely observing, in 1814, "That Monsieur le Duc de Vilain-ton"—it would be wanton cruelty to deprive our neighbours of that cherished morsel of bad pronunciation—"aspired, as he knew, to the crown of England." If the credit given at that time to the prince of being the author of the assertion were well founded, his embassy to England may be useful to him on other than public grounds.

This was not the only error into which he was led during that troubled epoch; for, when the restoration of the Works of Art in the Louvre, which had been borrowed from other countries, was suggested, it was sneeringly observed, "That it would require, at the least, fifty thousand men, to see that they were not damaged." Blucher, however, had less confidence in the prince's judgment than the pleased Parisians, with whom the saying was repeated until the fatal day when two troops of horse were found sufficient to serve as a *cortège* to the brazen steeds of Venice, and the Apollo and Venus received their passports for the Roman and Tuscan states. In the year 1816, it was generally reported that the prince had been forbidden to appear at court, in consequence of some uncomplimentary comments on ministerial influence in elections, made to M. Pasquier, the then President of the Chamber of Deputies, at the table of the British minister. It is little likely that the hospitality of the representative of George III. should have been so liberally extended as to cause a revolution of character in M. de Talleyrand, and drive Prudence from her fast-hold. Human wit, however, is feeble: and forbearance is not ever stronger than temptation—as was exemplified at the coronation of Charles X., when the ancient observance of letting loose a number of birds was adhered to, the consequence of which ingenious ceremony was their directing their flight to the blazing chandeliers, and falling, burnt and in agony, on the heads of the court and spectators. "There is decidedly nothing wanting to our felicity," exclaimed the prince, incautiously; "see the larks which are coming down ready roasted." A look from the chief actor in that drama evinced that the humour of the prince was scarcely relished: and the *cubiculo regio præpositus* was taught to feel, that if the most difficult charge at court (as Nell Gwyn said or swore,) was that of a *maid of honour*, that of chamberlain was as sparingly allowed a *lapsus linguæ* as a *faux pas* was permitted to the *honoraria regie assecla*.

Monsieur is now, however, like true Mocha, "little, old, and dry," and experience like that which he has acquired may be rendered useful at every period of life. In his novel character as ambassador to the King of Great Britain, it is well that he can confidently rely on the integrity of his memory, his judgment, and his tact; as ordinary mortals, after having had their fidelity and attachment appealed to by thirteen different governments, might be apt to confound circumstances wholly distinct. But Monsieur, undoubtedly, provides ere he goes to breakfast, to assure himself of the exact nature of the powers that be, as of the precise quality of the duties of the day; and if we are apt, unflatteringly, to wonder at the facility with which the prince has

adapted himself to events and their results, let us remember that there was a period, in the history of our country, when a county member sate himself down to his morning's repast the long-tried friend of Protestant ascendancy, and rose up from the perusal of his newspaper and the discussion of his muffin, fully convinced of the reasonableness of Catholic emancipation; that, even now, in the legislative assemblies of Great Britain, are to be found those who argue for a question and vote against it; that expediency is sometimes, even with us, substituted for principle, and policy for law; and that the *credo quia absurdum* of holy Augustin, whatever it might be deemed in his times, is not a solecism in ours. That if France be outrageous for liberty, and Frenchmen are so careful of its preservation that haply less of it will be current ere long than they expect, the Belgians are in arms for the Pope and against Dutchmen, and the Hamburgers are thrown into convulsions at the sight of an Israelite. That Mr. Rothschild in England, and Mr. Rothschild at Vienna, are as distinct of manner as the Duke of Wellington and Prince Metternich,—that each and all have special motives of action: and that if *we* prefer morality in private, and study honesty in public life, there are others who, with Elizabeth of Orleans, may frankly as truly declare, “that *they* hate innocent pleasures.” Let us finally recollect, that *accipe, cape, rape, sunt tria verba Papæ*—whether it be the infallible Pius VIII., or the more fallible and British female Pontiff, Pope Joan.

THE UNEARTHLY ONE.

THERE is a soft, retiring light, |
 In her blue eye;
 Like some sweet star that glances far
 Through the still sky,
 Then springs into the liquid air
 Of heaven, as if its home were there.
 There is a hue upon her cheek,
 That comes and goes;
 One moment 'tis the blushing streak
 That dyes the rose,—
 A spirit breathes upon her brow,
 And she is calm and pale—as now.
 And music, softly, sweetly wild,
 Is in her tone—
 The distant voice of some sweet child
 Singing alone,
 As resting from its joyous play
 By a bright streamlet far away.
 I gaze upon her—not in love,
 For love is vain!
 The spirit to its home above
 Returns again;
 And her's has only wandered here
 To dwell awhile—and disappear!
 I gaze upon her—not in grief,
 But half in gladness;
 And feel it is a kind relief
 To my life's sadness,
 To whisper as she passes, thus—
 “Sweet Spirit, thou art not of us!”

G. B. I.

A VISIT TO TANGIERS.

(From the Journal of a Recent Traveller.)

TANGIERS is the first African town which meets the eye on entering the Straits of Gibraltar ; it is the residence of all the European Consuls for the empire of Morocco, and is considered the only part in this kingdom in which Europeans can reside with any thing like comfort or security. This town first belonged to the Romans and afterwards to the Goths, and was given up to the Mahommedans by Count Julian. It was taken, in 1471, by the Portuguese, and given to Charles II., king of England, in 1662, as a marriage portion with the Princess Catherine of Portugal. The English abandoned it in 1684, after having destroyed the mole and fortifications.

The inhabitants, amounting to about 15,000, chiefly derive their support from their traffic with the opposite coast of Spain, particularly Gibraltar, and are much more tractable than the Moors of any other part of Barbary, from their more constant intercourse with strangers. The place would by no means be a disagreeable residence, did not the Moors so strongly oppose any innovation of their old customs, or the introduction of any improvement. Such is their repugnance to derive any benefit from European example, that although the resident Consuls have repeatedly offered to pave and cleanse the principal streets at their own expense, it has not been allowed for fear of exciting a preference for European customs.*

My first visit to this place was in the *George the Fourth* steam-boat, in the year 1828. These vessels the Moors call "boxes of fire;" they eagerly inquired if such machines were used by the Grand Seigneur, and on being answered in the negative their curiosity to view its construction became greatly damped. The effect produced by an English military band, which accompanied a party of officers of the garrison of Gibraltar in this excursion, will not be easily forgotten by those who witnessed it. During the day several pieces of music were played in the balcony of the English Consul's house, a scene which had never before been witnessed in Barbary. The whole population issued from their houses, the lame, blind, and even the bed-ridden ; its real amount was perhaps never known till that hour. The sounds of the trombone and clarionet, like the wand of Harlequin, set them all in motion, and roused those who never dreamed of passing their thresholds but on their route to the grave. They could scarcely credit the musicians were human beings, and testified their joy in every sort of rude antic ; even women thronged the streets, and every place from which a sound could reach the ear. It was a music of the spheres which has ever since overwhelmed the Barbary professors in their own nothingness !

There is nothing notable in the town of Tangiers except the Alcassaba of the Bashaw and the Mosque, which is a plain neat building, kept extremely clean. Ali Bey speaks of having endowed this mosque with water, which was then kept, according to his account, in pitchers ; it however at present possesses a handsome fountain in the midst of the area, and likewise a clock, the gift of one of the European Consuls.

* There is a well at Tangiers, over which are two slight Gothic arches, said to have been built by the English. In consequence of its having been dug by Christians, the Moors declare the water (although the best in the place) is not drinkable, and only give it to their horses.

Shortly after this clock was introduced into the mosque, it stopped. The inconvenience of not knowing the exact hour of the day was acknowledged to be a great evil, but that of admitting a Christian into the sanctuary to repair it a still greater. A divan was assembled for the purpose of deciding on the propriety of getting the clock mended, or of ejecting it altogether. After various debates, in which the negative evidence of the Koran was not considered sufficient to overcome all difficulties, an ingenious Iman settled the point by asking "How the materials for building the mosque were brought together?" "On mules and asses," was of course the reply. "Then why not," said this sage, "allow an animal of a Christian to come into the mosque to perform the work we require to be done?"

Without the town is the Zoco, or market-place of Tangiers, a large open space, where all the cross roads from the interior meet. In the centre is the tomb of a celebrated saint, decorated with a number of small flags mounted on sticks. Twice a week the surrounding country here pours forth its productions of live and dead stock, which are all jumbled together in curious confusion. Veterinary surgeons may be here seen administering physic to a camel, which the patient animal kneels to receive; here a travelling dentist extracts the sufferer's tooth with an instrument resembling the picker used for a horse's feet; and here a perambulating auctioneer traverses the market with his merchandize on his back, inviting, in a voice of thunder, a fresh bid for his wares, swearing the most dreadful oaths to the truth of the offer already made.

Women attend these markets, who may be seen squatting beside their heaps of soft soap, or butter thickly mixed with goat-hair, the negociation for which they carry on beneath the impenetrable curtain of the el-haicke, and the broad brimmed straw hat, which gives them the appearance of speaking automatons; notwithstanding which they take care never to make blind bargains. Beggars and saints likewise take their stations here, whose lazar-like appearance completes the panorama of a Moorish market.

The gardens of the consuls are the next object of attraction; these, together with some caverns at Cape Spartel, which open on the ever-agitated and tremendous Atlantic, whose breakers dash into their mouths with the foam and noise of angry lions, are almost the only objects of curiosity in this neighbourhood.

During the visit of the Sultan* of Morocco, Muley Abderachman, to this place, in the spring of the year, he afforded us some specimens of his dexterous horsemanship, by racing with several of his officers along the sands of the sea-beach. At full gallop, some of the horsemen raised handfuls of sand from the earth and scattered it in the air; they likewise fired their guns at full speed, reloaded, and twirled them over their

* If stories of scandal are to be credited, many of which were current at this time at Tangiers, the sultan is most keenly alive to the charms of a fat woman. Mr. — was in the train of suitors awaiting his majesty's arrival from Fez. Admitted to an interview, he commenced the oft-conned speech; but the sultan, impatient of the discourse, frequently interrupted him by asking, "If it was true his daughters were so beautifully fat as he had heard reported?"—"No, no," replied the affrighted suitor, "I do assure your majesty that both — and — (who, by-the-by, are celebrated for their rotundity of shape) are nothing but skin and bone!" The unhappy gentleman hastened from the royal presence, bewailing the envious reports, so calculated to injure his loyalty and peace of mind, and so destructive of the success of the suit he had to prefer.

heads, and at a single check suddenly arrested the progress of their horses, by throwing them completely back upon their haunches.

The curiosity of the Moorish soldiery which attended the sultan was particularly discernible in the eagerness with which they crowded round the English officers to view their uniforms, &c. Perhaps not a single one of these troops had ever seen an European face. Under pretence of admiring the dirks of the Highland officers, they were with difficulty prevented from stealing them. That which they least comprehended was the use of the knife and fork which the dirk contains, which, from some misinterpretation (the conversation being chiefly conducted by signs), they understood were used for the purpose of cutting up and devouring their enemies when killed. They were equally surprised at the gloves, and could not at all conceive why a covering should be used for the hands. They professed themselves willing to sell their swords or daggers, or any part of their accoutrements, which were of the rudest workmanship, though the Moors are of opinion that their guns are the best in the world, and that foreign nations would be glad to imitate them. One of these was subsequently purchased of a gunsmith, which cost the unhappy mechanic a hundred severe stripes on the feet, for having dared to sell the arms of his country to an European; and the gun was obliged to be conveyed secretly on board a vessel to be taken out of the country.

The principal characteristics of the natives of Barbary are cunning and deceit; what they want in knowledge they endeavour to make up in subtlety: they are vain and imperious with the weak, and submissive and adulatory with the strong, but too often treacherous to all. They possess a proverbial dignity of deportment and gravity of countenance, which at first sight might be mistaken for the effect of inborn greatness, but which is in fact nothing more than that assumed garb—the safety of reserve—often adopted by the more polished. Without eloquence, they never want plausibility, and hide their deficiencies beneath the most artful pretences. If by any chance the less obstinate are ever made to feel or acknowledge their inferiority, it must not be taken as a mark of diffidence, but rather as a means of exciting the least unfavourable consideration of their error. When defeated or detected in any misdoings, as a last appeal, they exclaim, “You ought to forgive us, what can you expect from barbarians?” a name which they are aware attaches to them in Europe. But their ingenuity is by no means to be depreciated: it enables them in many instances to cope with their more learned neighbours.

Whilst all the world was striving to get rid of the poll-tax imposed on foreigners entering the garrison of Gibraltar, the Moors, who were most averse to its payment, soon brought their negotiations on the subject to a close. Every nation, and even the English inhabitants of Gibraltar themselves, had complained of the illiberality of this tax, but in vain; the Berberiscos therefore resolved upon having something good in return. They threatened to levy a tax of two dollars per head (instead of one real of vellon per day) on every Englishman setting foot in Barbary. The idea was certainly founded in perfect reciprocity, and could not be quarrelled with; but this threat so alarmed the good father of the invention, that the ghost of Wat Tyler himself could not have made him more uncomfortable. His wisdom was for the first time awoke to the manner in which he had exposed Englishmen to have the

same compliment returned them at every town through which they passed. Nothing was now wanting but a good reason towards "*the most favoured nations*" to exempt the Moors from the payment of the tax. As an exemption had been generally made in favour of military men, the Moors "decreed that they might all be called military men," for, said they, "we are all obliged to carry arms to serve our sultan in time of need." The hint was accepted, and the Arabs, who bring provisions to the Gibraltar market, are exonerated from the payment of the tax.*

The blacks are the only slaves that can be bought and sold in Barbary; this traffic is merely carried on for the use of the Mahommedans. Timbuctoo is the chief market, from whence they are generally brought at a very tender age. They are as great strangers in Barbary as Europeans themselves, and consent reluctantly to the ceremonies of that faith to which they are compelled to submit. The Moors are generally careful to purchase these slaves young, in order that they may not cherish any recollection of their former liberty nor make any attempt to escape. The boys are employed as servants, and often undergo that cruel mutilation which the Moors refuse to inflict on their horses; the females generally find a place in the harems of the rich, from whence (being the only privileged class) they are turned abroad to pursue any vocation they think proper.

The half-castes are of divers hues and features, and often heighten their natural ugliness by tattooing the face and body. These form a great share of the population of Barbary, and retain marks of their origin till the third and fourth generation, when physical distinction becomes greatly confounded; but as the population is always renewable from the stock from which they spring, the present race of Moors are more likely to degenerate than improve.

To the religious prejudices of the Moors may be ascribed the marked difference which exists between the African and European world; prejudices which alone form the great bane of civilization, and which have separated the Mahommedans for upwards of 1200 years from their fellow-creatures, even to the preservation of their original costume,† without the slightest alteration which intercourse or convenience might suggest; prejudices which set them at variance with every nation of the world. The descendants of Ishmael are to this hour what scripture has prophesied.‡ In the midst of civilized nations, they are not bound by any reciprocration of benefits or the common ties of amity and good will, but cherish feelings hostile to the rest of mankind, which will endure as long as the religion of Mahomet itself, till another conqueror and legis-

* This tax is now very properly abolished; it is a wonder it should have existed so long, or that men in office should have been allowed to devise taxes in order to increase their own salaries.

† The dress of the Moors, although it is contended that it is in strict accordance with the law of physics, yet appears a great anomaly. The head is shaved for the sake of coolness, and afterwards covered with a thick woollen cap, twisted round with several rolls of muslin. The dress itself would be considered hot and cumbersome even in England. The cleanliness of the Moors is equally equivocal: although strict in the observance of the five daily ablutions commanded by Mahomet, they seldom keep up a corresponding propriety by a change of linen, and sleep at night in the greater part of the dress worn by day.

‡ "And he will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren."

lator shall destroy at the point of the sword that which it enforced—the laws and maxims contained in the Alcoran !

Yet it is perhaps not so much to the Alcoran itself, as to the numerous expositions and commentaries by interested priests, who have embarrassed and confused the belief of Mussulmans, that may be ascribed much of the superstition and bigotry which at present exist, and which have clogged their minds with an endless tissue of good and evil omens. One of their great superstitions—the evil eye—so universally credited by the Mahommedans of Western Barbary, has been often spoken of without being explained. In seeking supernatural causes to which misfortunes may be attributed, they have, amongst other things, supposed that the devil has commissioned agents on earth to spread evil, who are generally ill-looking people, with glaring eyeballs. Thus a Moor, previous to entering into any conversation or transaction with a stranger, examines him well ; and should he have any reason to suspect that person gifted with the evil eye, he will have no dealings with him, however tempting the profit. The evil eye may be set on a child, and blight its fortunes through life, of which parents are so fearful, that it is sometimes attended with a loss of friendship to admire a child, as in so doing the baleful glance is often cast upon them. To shield them from the contagion, they will snatch them up and hide them in cellars. But these poisons have their antidote ; and in the remedy of the physician may be traced the origin of the disease. The priests vend amulets possessing counter charms, which people sometimes wear about their necks. Another remedy is to hold up the right hand, with outspread fingers, and exclaim, “ five to your eyes.” Children also wear a small silver hand, with extended fingers, to guard against the accidental rencontre of Satan’s agents.

Though men of business-like talent, are sometimes met with in Barbary, still their system of education is not such as to open a field for any display of genius : the chief object of a father is to teach his son the laws of the Koran ; this precious book is to supply him with food and drink, and shelter him from his enemies in time of need. The expounding of its mysteries and hyperbolical meanings is a knowledge which the Moors would not exchange for the most useful science in existence. The first ten years of a boy’s education is devoted to religious study, beyond which learning has come to a dead halt. At the age of thirteen youth are allowed to attend the mosques, where they are initiated into the rites of the Mahommedan religion—at this period they are separated from the society of female children, and even the faces of their own sisters they can never behold more !

This state of society naturally checks the growth of all social feelings, and robs life of all the endearments which spring from family love ; nor are the ties of consanguinity strengthened by this estrangement, of which many proofs, like those related by Ali Bey of Muley Solyman’s seraglio, might be cited.

It is at the early age of thirteen that the dreadful fast of the Ramazan is first essayed, which, notwithstanding the general opinion of its being a slight penance for the rich, who sleep during the day, is so much the reverse, that towards the end of the thirty days their sufferings become insupportable, especially when it falls during the summer months : for a period of at least sixteen hours per day they are not even allowed to smoke, an abstinence which renders them pale, emaciated, and sometimes

frantic. Such is the rigidity with which they observe this anniversary of the flight of the prophet from Mecca to Medina, that it is only in case of absolute danger of life, or in time of warfare, that the Imans can absolve them from its continuance, and only then on condition of its being resumed subsequently, to atone for the dereliction.

At the feast of the Bairam, which follows, the Mahommedans resort to the fields to offer up their prayers to Heaven, in no temple but that of Nature, at no altar but that of the mountains and the skies, and where all alike raise their voice to the Creator, without the mediation of a priest! This is a portion of their worship which the intolerant and bigoted would do well to bear in memory.

In the Turkish dominions this feast is celebrated with some splendour, but in Barbary the Moors merely walk about in their best dresses, and testify their joy at being again allowed to eat during the day, and to associate with their wives, by good feasting, the noisy discharge of fire-works, and the amusement of the *lab-el-barode*, or firing of powder.

The burials of the Mahommedans without coffins, the hurried manner in which they are taken to the grave (it being supposed the deceased is not called into the presence of Mahomet till covered by the earth), the death-song of the followers, the placing of the face towards Mecca, with the hand beneath the head, as well as most of their religious ceremonies, are subjects on which too many treatises have been written to need enumeration here, and which once known excite no farther interest.*

S. B.—

A MALT-ESE MELODY.

[By Charles Barclay, Esq., XXX.]

“SOBRIETY, cease to be sober,
Cease, Labour, to dig and be dirty;
Come drink—and drink deep; 'tis the tenth of October,
One thousand eight hundred and thirty!”
Oh! Horace, whose surname is Smith,
Whose stanza I've carved as you see,
The troubles and terrors we're now compassed with
Were, eighteen years since, sung by thee!
When a liquid, by millions held dear,
Becomes cheap, there is cause to repine;
For I feel that, if each man may sell his own beer,
I shall shortly be laid upon mine.
Even now, as I write it, my eye fills
With sorrow's sad essence of salt;
Revolutions in Malta are innocent trifles
To this revolution in malt!

* Monsieur Chenier, in speaking of the Moors, remarks, “They ask their dead why they would die, whether they wanted any thing in this world, and if they had not cuscousou enough?” “Their burial places are without the town. They make their graves wide at the bottom, that the corpse may have sufficient room; and never put two bodies into one grave, lest they should mistake each other's bones at the day of judgment. They also carry food, and put money and jewels into the grave, that they may appear as respectable in the other world as they had done in this. They imagine the dead are capable of pain. A Portuguese gentleman had one day ignorantly strayed among the tombs, and a Moor, after much wrangling, obliged him to go before the *cadi*. The gentleman complained of violence, and asserted he had committed no crime; but the judge informed him he was mistaken, for that the poor dead suffered when trodden on by Christian feet.”

Ten thousand, let loose from their lairs,
 Stagger forth to effect our undoing;
 And the press, predetermined to treat us as bears,
 Now issues a Treatise on Brewing.
 The poets all bless the new law,
 And swallow their purl as they wink;
 While artists, who usually drink when they draw,
 May now go and draw what they drink.
 Yet each Blue should indignantly mark
 All those who this measure have planned;
 For, strange though the issue must seem, the bright barque
 Of Landon may soon strike on land;
 Hannah More, growing less, may be passed;
 While an earthquake may ruin our Hall;
 Even Bowles, while at play, may meet rubbers at last,
 Since Porter has had such a fall!
 The world may well laugh when it wins,
 And its mirth is the knell of our crimes;
 Like the rest of the outs, we look up to the inns,
 For their signs are as signs of the times.
 Who can say where calamity stops?
 Where hope puts an end to our cares?
 Alas! we seem destined to carry our hops
 Where the kangaroos thrive upon theirs.
 How sweet wert thou, sweetwort! until
 The tempest came growling so near;
 Till ruthless Economy came with its bill,
 Like a vulture, and steeped it in beer.
 Reduction's among the court-beauties,
 Just now; and there might be a plan,
 As the Don and his Sancho are taking off duties,
 To take the Whole Duty off Man.
 The nation seems caught in the net
 Where the foes of Mendicity lurk,
 And fearing abuse, is determined to set
 The beer, like the beggars—to work.
 It at least will supply us with cuts
 To the Tale of a Tub we must learn;
 So that having long prospered and flourished on butts,
 We have now become butts in our turn.
 From eagles we sink into bats,
 And flit round a desolate home;
 While those of each firm who can roam from their vats,
 May visit thy Vatican, Rome!
 And there, growing classic, we'll move
 Great Bacchus to back us alone;
 Who, hating mean malt, may yet kindly approve
 This whine while he's drinking his own.
 Yet this we must all of us feel,
 And while we admit it we weep,
 The profession is far less select and genteel
 Since beer became vulgar and cheap.
 But "I'm ill at these numbers"—they're o'er!
 Both pathos and bathos have fled;
 The world, were I dead, would not want a Whit-more,
 For it knows that I'm not a Whit-bread! B.

THE CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE COUNTRY AT THE
OPENING OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

WE believe there never was a period at which the meeting of a new parliament was looked forward to with more intense anxiety than at the present moment ; yet never, probably, were the expectations of a people so indefinite and so opposite in their tendency. The events which have so recently taken place in a neighbouring country, and of which the consequences have spread, or are even now making progress, through every state in Europe, are looked upon in this country with enthusiasm by some, and by others with fear. By all, these events are viewed with perplexity ; and by all it is agreed, that the future welfare, almost the existence, of the nation must depend upon the measures and policy of the ensuing session. Whilst our foreign relations are daily assuming a more equivocal, if not a more dangerous position, the internal arrangements of the country are acknowledged to require great and important changes ; and it is evident to all classes of observers, that the present Administration is most profoundly ignorant, not only of the nature of these changes, but of their necessity.

The present Parliament succeeds one which, for incapacity and servility, has not been equalled within the memory of older men than ourselves. We have viewed its measures in detail, and we have traced them in their several and collective operations, and have no hesitation in declaring, that a more stupendous mass of folly and presumption has never been placed on record. In fact, we can scarcely suppose that any set of human beings could have merely blundered into such measures, so perfect does their adaptation seem to the views of the most virulent enemy of our well-being. We doubt much if the genius of any man, living or dead, could have framed a system of destruction so complete in all its parts as that of the late Parliament ; and yet, even now, with its consequences before our eyes—in our households and around our doors—and these consequences bankruptcy, poverty, and starvation—we are called upon to uphold that system, or to forfeit the character of “ liberal and intelligent men.”

So far as we have been able to discover, the leading principle of political economy—as it has been applied by the late Parliament to our commercial arrangements—is, “ the impolicy of all monopolies.” It has been asserted that we have an undoubted right in all cases—whether as individuals or as members of a community—to go to the cheapest market for our goods—that a regulation which prevents us from buying of the foreign manufacturer, in cases when we can do so cheaper than of our manufacturer at home, is impolitic and unjust—and, consequently, that it is perfectly right and wise to allow the foreigner, in all cases where he can under-sell our own merchant, the unrestricted privilege of doing so. Now we apprehend that this doctrine of the impolicy of monopolies, although perhaps true in the abstract, is not equally so in its application. There is a material difference between a national monopoly and one that is merely personal. The latter is, in most cases, beneficial to one class of the community at the immediate expense of another ; and we admit that it is bad, and ought to be relinquished ; but the former, as it diffuses its benefits over the whole face of the community, ought not to be so summarily dealt with. It is not vicious, merely because it is a monopoly, but, on the contrary—in its general reference

to the interests of the nation by whom it is enjoyed—it is highly advantageous. In our relations one with another, as members of a community, we are bound by the strong ties of mutual interests; and the privileges and protection which we thus enjoy, must be repaid by reciprocal services. If the merchant gains a profit by the consumption of the farmer, he must repay it by taking the produce of the latter. He is bound to do so; because the interests and the very existence of that society of which he is a member, can only thus be supported. But in our external relations with other states, the case is widely different. We are bound to look, not to the interests of a part of the community which may be benefited by any concessions made to those states, but to the interest of the whole—that whole consisting of our own community alone. So far as we are bound in our relations with other states, by treaty or by mutual and general advantage, we ought to perform; but we are not called upon, either in justice or in sound policy, to yield up one iota of our exclusive privileges. In most instances the country has acquired such privileges at an immense cost of blood and treasure; and in some, even by the exchange of valuable territory; and any measure of government which even endangers their continuance, ought justly to be condemned as foolish and wicked.

Yet during the late few years we have seen these valuable privileges assailed on every side. Led on by the vague theories of visionary fanatics, the legislature has embarked in a wild scheme of universal philanthropy, by which the best interests of the country have been crippled, or wantonly sacrificed, for the attainment of objects, which even the wise heads of their projectors have been unable to define. A reckless system of innovation has struck with deep and deadly effect at the root of our prosperity; and the consequences are that we have endured, and are still enduring unparalleled suffering. Yet this system is allowed to continue its progress although its evils are felt by all classes of the community, whilst not an argument is brought forward which has not been a thousand times refuted, and not a hope is held out of its final success, the futility of which is not daily more apparent.

We shall briefly glance at the distress which this system has entailed upon some of the leading interests of the country. The agricultural interest is that which, from the insular position of Great Britain, and from its dense population, ought naturally to claim the greatest encouragement from the legislature; and yet, contrary to all reason and sound policy, it has been the first to be attacked and wantonly sacrificed. It has been proved, to the satisfaction of unprejudiced persons, that in average years, we are able to raise produce fully equal to our consumption; and that, when the whole of our hitherto unproductive land is brought into cultivation, this sufficiency will be increased into abundance. Under such circumstances, it would naturally seem to be the policy of the legislature to afford full scope for the productive powers of the country, judging that the produce of the soil is *not only the source of all national wealth, but is in itself a part of that national wealth*. It has, however, been considered otherwise by the enlightened philosophy of the age. The landed interest has been stigmatized by the appellation of monopoly—the passions of the multitude have been appealed to, and even the fluctuation of prices consequent upon the inscrutable decrees of Providence have been attributed to the griping exorbitance of the

landholders. This cry has been eagerly repeated, alike by the manufacturer, the public annuitant, and the fundholder.

At this moment, when the first excitement of the measure has passed away, we are called upon to look steadily upon its consequences, and to examine whether the arguments which were advanced in its support, have or have not been confirmed. The manufacturer was led to expect not only a very material reduction in the cost of the necessities of life, but also an increase in his profits and in the extent of his commerce. The labourer was led to expect an increase of wages, accompanied with a decrease in the price of provisions. Have such expectations, we ask, been fulfilled? Have they ever been partially fulfilled, or is there the most remote hope that they will ever be so? They are allowed on all hands to have *utterly failed*. The labourer has not gained any thing, for the price of labour has declined even more than the price of corn, and in truth it was never intended by the *real agitators* of the measure that the labourer should gain. The manufacturer *intended that so much as was taken from the farmer should be added to his own profits*. Has this been the case? No—the profit of the manufacturer has been progressively declining since the measure was passed. The very parties whose selfish views were consulted have been disappointed in their expectations; and yet, to gratify this restless and unprincipled spirit of experimental legislation, a great proportion—in fact, the greatest proportion—of the moral and numerical strength of the country has been thrown into wretchedness and poverty.

It would be very easy to shew the impolicy of this measure, and its injustice to a deserving and estimable part of the community; but, with the fact of its utter failure before our eyes, we apprehend that argument is unnecessary. We shall therefore proceed to view the object of the legislature, as evinced in this and similar measures. The policy of ministers has been to throw the entire strength of the country into the hands of the manufacturing interest, to the exclusion and at the expense of every other. We were to advance this object by any sacrifice—even by the total subversion of the existing state of society. We were to monopolize the commerce of the world, and it was roundly asserted that we were able to effect this, in despite of our heavy taxation, by even-handed competition with other states which were comparatively unburthened with debt. We were to throw aside every privilege which we had formerly enjoyed—to relinquish every protection which the wisdom of our ancestors, and in many instances, the success of long and arduous warfare, had wrested from the possession of the continental powers. We were to throw open our ports to the world; and then, alone, unaided, in our naked strength, we were “to *weave and spin* against a world in arms!”

Such was the magnificent picture which was held out to the sanguine imaginations of our manufacturers; but unfortunately one material objection was overlooked. The *age of chivalry had gone by*. In these degenerate days men prefer to fight with odds; and the world was too old a soldier to quit her “points of fence,” and doff her triple mail, for the dangerous frolic of entering the ring with an armed barbarian. The note of challenge was sounded in vain, and the exhibition of our naked person appeared so formidable that the world was wary enough to keep her valuables under lock. She was sufficiently eager to share

in the advantages so prodigally offered; but to the "march of liberality" and reciprocity she was impregnable. Now we do not by any means blame the world, but we do most strongly blame our own legislature. We accuse them of rashness unequalled, except in the annals of lunacy. The wisdom of their measure is on a par with its practicability; and both are nonentities. We have opened our ports to the silks, the lace, and the gloves of France. Has France given us any thing in return for this immense advantage? No—*she has not*. Can we compete with France in these articles? No—*experience has proved that we cannot*. Our silk, lace, and glove manufacturers have been suffering and in poverty, whilst France is enjoying the most profitable part of the business in all the three branches, to the grievous loss of our manufacturing population. We have opened our ports to the corn of America. Has America given us any thing in return? No—*she has laid an additional duty upon every article of our produce—except models of our machinery, by which she hopes to profit*. She has diminished and almost shut out our commerce; and the few articles which we still send her, are in most instances sold at a sacrifice. Any prudent and wise government would have been anxious—before divesting itself of so many advantages as this country enjoyed—to secure at least equal concessions in return. It would not have left the granting of such concessions to the mere generosity, or—as that virtue has been called—"the liberal policy" of other states. It would not have trusted even to promises; or, at all events, if such promises had been made, it would have looked with the most jealous exactness to their complete fulfilment. On the part of our government this has not been done; and we do not see *now* how it ever can be done. It is too late now to make a bargain; for the very articles we would try to *sell* have been already *given away*; and, even if this were not the case, we have no hope that other nations will act so absurdly as to grant concessions, the declared object of which is to *inundate their provinces with British capital and British industry*, to the detriment, and even the annihilation of their own commerce. The boasted liberality of the new system is too much tinged with *selfishness*, and the expectations of advantage to ourselves, are too vast and magnificent to excite any nobler feeling than jealousy on the part of other states. They have been so viewed; and the tendency of all continental legislation has been to throw every obstacle in the way of their success. We appeal to all unprejudiced observers for the confirmation of this fact; and we appeal to all men of reason if this was not the only natural policy to be expected from the prudence of foreign powers. But we will not attribute the failure of the reciprocity system solely to the *passive* folly of government. We will affirm that not only have measures of caution been *neglected*, but wilfully and madly *thrown aside*, for no other end than to consummate the ideal perfection of a theory. The interests of individuals in this insane pursuit of ideal perfection, have been not only disregarded but wantonly sacrificed; and the future welfare, and even the position of Great Britain in the scale of nations endangered, and already considerably lowered. We must here beg the attention of our readers to a few plain, glaring statements, which will tend to shew the almost superhuman folly of government in its true light. When the measures of free trade were

first brought forward, and advocated in Parliament, it was stated that their object was to give increased employment to British machinery and capital. Notwithstanding the heavy burthens under which we laboured, it was asserted that we were able to produce our manufactured goods at less prices than other nations, *by the pre-eminence of our machinery alone.* It was granted that we could never compete with the foreigner by mere manual labour, because at that time the price of labour in this country was very high, and our population were in the possession of comfortable homes, and adequate subsistence. Our superiority lay solely in our skill, our industry, and, more than all, in our *machinery.* It would, on these grounds, be allowed by the most simple reasoner that, so long as we supposed our prosperity to depend upon the extension of our foreign trade, the advantages which alone could make that trade profitable, should be firmly and jealously preserved. This doctrine, however just and reasonable it may appear, did not coincide with the views of the liberal statesmen of the day. It had been the policy of our fathers to prohibit the exportation of that machinery upon which our superiority as manufacturers depended; but the new system could not brook such a blot upon its perfection. The prohibition was disannulled; and we have now been for some years *exporters of the main source of our commercial wealth.*

The consequences of this policy it is much easier to foresee than to resist. We have no hesitation in affirming that they are, in a certain degree, irremediable; and that in a few years we shall feel them in an accumulation of misery which nothing but the elasticity of our commercial strength has hitherto warded off. We shall feel them in the poverty of an unemployed and discontented population—in the diminution of the public revenue—in an increase of the pressure of taxation, arising from the decrease of ability to support them. Even now—I appeal to any merchant conversant with foreign markets—we are suffering from the consequences of this rash measure. We have now to contend with the *untaxed* labour of foreign states, who possess the raw material at as cheap, or a cheaper rate than ourselves—are aided by *British machinery, and protected by their own legislature.* America is manufacturing largely, and the trade with her is now in most instances attended with severe losses. The best markets throughout Europe are daily becoming better supplied with home manufactured goods; and, consequently, less profitable to the British merchant. Whilst the exportation of our cotton yarns is increasing, that of finished goods—the most profitable to the country, because bearing the greatest amount of labour—is decreasing, or if not yet much decreased in *gross amount,* most certainly *in profit.* The total amount of manufactured cotton exported from Great Britain during the last year was 128,000,000 lbs., and of this amount nearly one half, viz. 58 millions, consisted of cotton yarn alone. The first object of the foreigner is naturally to invest his capital in such machinery as will effect the greatest saving in labour, and enable him to produce his goods in a state fit for consumption. This he is now doing—the power-loom is at work in all parts of Germany, Prussia, France, and Belgium; and, partially, in other states not so favourable for native industry. We have seen many of the goods which have been thus brought into competition with our own in foreign markets. They are, of course—as the first essays of art will naturally be—rude and unskilful; but, notwithstanding this, they are such as *could not have been produced* a few

years ago, when *unaided by the advantages of our machinery*. Besides, it is well known, to merchants at least, that we can only find a sale in foreign markets for the *lowest qualities* of our manufactured goods; and, with the protection which the foreigner enjoys, and the greater cheapness of labour, we anticipate a time when he will be able to compete successfully with our superior skill, from the additional quantity of labour he can command for the same amount of money. It is well known too, that the continental powers have become aware of the strength they may in time create by the encouragement of these first essays of manufacturing industry. They are promoting the investment of capital to the utmost of their power, and protecting their own infant strength from rude contact with the gigantic power of Great Britain. The manufacture of yarns has not yet been much cultivated, because, consisting almost entirely in the operation of most expensive machinery, the British merchant, from his superior resources, and the lower rate of interest which he pays for capital, can produce it at a much cheaper rate; but, as money and attention become gradually turned into the channel of commerce, we may expect to be equally opposed in this branch of our manufacture.

We have never in the whole history of legislation met with one instance of self-destructive policy, so complete and so irreparable in its effects as this measure of the late parliament. We may retard its progress by timely interference, but our utmost effort cannot avert its ultimate consequences: the entire change it will effect in the principles of human society, the happiness of which consists in the dependence of one class of the people upon the interests and exertions of another. We have entered upon an awful struggle with the world, and with our own population. This contest will be in machinery, the powers of which we must increase as the only means of regaining the advantages we have madly thrown away. We must reduce man—the lord of the creation and the image of his Maker—to the mere puppet of a machine, in comparison of which he feels—as Lord F. L. Gower confessed at Manchester—"that he is an inferior being," a useless member of society. And he will be useless! He may live like the beast of the field, and must be fed by Nature and his God; for his fellow men will only support his wants so long as they need his toil. We may grind down the wages of our Operatives till they become the mere shadows of human beings—we may decrease our profits—our expences and our taxes; and when we have ruined every branch of industry—pauperised our agricultural population—defrauded the public creditor (for to this it must eventually tend); we shall find that we have pursued a baseless scheme of aggrandizement which has melted in our very grasp. The foreigner must and ought to protect the interests of his own population. He *must* employ his own mechanics and his own capital, in preference to that of another nation, *and he will do it*.

But it is needless to pursue any other course, in shewing the utter worthlessness of the whole system, than the bare enunciation of facts. We have now had sufficient time and ample opportunities to view its operation, in detail, through its various channels, and generally as a whole. We have been long enough deluded by the flattering picture of its advocates, and looked forward with enthusiasm to the coming of its attendant blessings. Where shall we find them? Is one great branch of the community prosperous? Not one—we affirm it in the face of the

whole world—not one! The land-owner, the farmer, the lead-owner, the shop-keeper, the mechanic, the weaver, the lace-trade, the glove trade, the silk trade—these compose the far greater proportion of the people of England, and these are all in a state of suffering and progressive decay. The great body of the manufacturers for whose sole aggrandizement all these have been sacrificed, have themselves been, and are still, suffering. Yet the measures by which this mass of evil has been produced, are said, to “work well!” Our military premier has declared, in his usual dictatorial manner, that they will not be interfered with; and has assured us that our distress is not in any degree owing to their operation. He has further even condescended to inform us of the nature of the actual bugbear, which has frightened away our prosperity. What will our readers suppose this mysterious thing to be? “An earthquake?”—no—“a plague of rats, and locusts, as in the days of Pharaoh?” Not *precisely*. His grace, after a world of study, has discovered that all this overwhelming distress is owing to—“the deficiency of the late harvest!” Alas! poor England! Well might Lord Wilton lament that the stream of opinion had turned against the Aristocracy. But need he wonder? When one of the proudest names in English history is degraded by the imputation of such miserable drivelling as would infallibly sink any other man to the level of a fool, we may well inquire, need he wonder? We do not mean to depreciate his grace’s understanding or his judgment; but we affirm that they are eclipsed, they are blinded by one all-absorbing passion—not *ambition*, (for “by that sin fell the angels,”) but a meaner passion, “a thing without a name.”

We shall leave this pitiable absurdity to the contempt it so justly merits, and proceed to a more solemn and serious view of the question, viz. the operation of our present policy upon the *morals and social interests* of the nation. We see, at the present crisis, Revolution marking his track in blood amongst the nations of Europe; we see Republicanism scowling hatred upon the throne and the altar, trampling upon the fixed ordinances of society, and waiting but for a pretext to sweep away all distinctions but those of brute strength and lawless daring. Are the present measures of government those which are best calculated to drive away the evil from our shores, or are the people placed in the best condition to profit by such changes as may be occasioned by the course of events? This inquiry is one of most urgent moment, in the consideration of which the prejudices of all men ought to be laid aside. We have viewed it anxiously and earnestly; and in placing our opinion upon record, we are aware of the solemn weight of responsibility which we incur. It will be necessary to press upon the attention of our reader a few more facts, to enable him to estimate the justice of our views, and in doing this, we shall be as concise as possible.

It has always been considered a sound axiom in politics, that the real strength of a state depends upon the internal comfort and happiness of the people. So far as the increase of wealth conduces to the promotion of this end, it is desirable, and so far the increase of wealth in a state is also the increase of its strength. Allowing these premises, and we do not see how they can be disputed, it is evident that the aim of all legislation ought to be, to direct the channels of wealth, not into the hands of a few individuals or classes, but to spread them over the whole face of the community. A country may accumulate capital; but unless that

capital be diffused, unless the blessings which it brings fall equally—like the showers of Heaven, fertilizing the poor man's garden, and the rich man's lawn—we affirm that such capital is not a source of strength. Such a country may wear the *appearance* of prosperity. Its mansions, its public works, its expenditure may satisfy the casual observer, or afford a demonstration for the shallow talker, and the interested sophist; but so long as the cry of poverty is heard from the low thatch of its peasantry, or the gaunt form of hunger is seen at nightfall, stealing past the doors of splendour to bury alike the sense of pain and shame in the dark haunts of debauchery and crime,—so long as industry is unattended with comfort and virtue unrewarded, such a country is *weak*, and its wealth a curse and not a blessing.

The avowed object of the legislature in its late measures has been to increase the aggregate wealth of the country. We have already stated our reasons for doubting that these measures are calculated to ensure such a result. We affirm that they are not. Their tendency is not to increase the aggregate amount of capital in the country, but only to *change its direction*, and to concentrate its many channels into one absorbing stream. It has been argued that an extensive export trade is of great advantage to a country, and to *this country* in particular. We allow this; but we think the application of this truth, like that of all others, which suited their object, has by the economists been carried too far. We have already viewed the immense sacrifices which have been made in its favour, and we think unjustly as well as unwisely. The effect of these sacrifices has been, by destroying the comforts of our agricultural population, to lessen and almost annihilate the home trade; and thus to rest the entire resources of our manufacturers upon the consumption of foreign markets. So long as we can monopolize these, by the cheapness of our goods, or the strength of our capital, the manufacturing interest will, to a certain extent, enjoy prosperity; but, to estimate the degree of that prosperity, and the individuals in whom it will concentrate, we must examine its sources and the channels through which it flows.

We have hitherto been accustomed in our home markets to dispose of our most profitable and most valuable manufactures. This market has been alike the instrument of a safe and profitable experience, a school for the first essays of our ingenuity, and the reward of their completion. The production of any new and important branch of manufacture, has invariably been tested in our home market. There it has progressed through its different stages of comparative perfection; by the successful application of new processes, it has been cheapened in production or lessened in value; and it has only been where the greatest comparative cheapness or perfection has been attained, that it has become a profitable article in our export trade. Under these circumstances the possession of a home trade was invaluable to our manufacturers. It consumed the most profitable goods, it gave the quickest and most certain returns, and was thus indispensable to men of small capital, who could not pursue with advantage the more expensive speculations of the foreign merchant. To the labourer it was also of advantage, as it employed comparatively a greater proportion of skill, and afforded the most liberal wages. The foreign market was thus left almost exclusively to men of large capital, who could sustain its uncertainties and its frequent reverses. By such men it was engrossed, and by them alone it could be made a source of profit.

—We think a view of the present state of our export trade will justify these remarks. By the gradual extinction of our home trade, all classes of merchants have been driven into foreign markets, and the result has been a series of most disastrous losses. Without a knowledge of the capabilities of these markets, and led away by vague calculations of profits to be gained and production to be extended, men of small capital were induced to embark in speculations which have terminated in bankruptcy and ruin to themselves, and in the most serious detriment to those who had hitherto advantageously prosecuted such business. The foreign markets have been for the last few years overstocked, and glutted with all descriptions of British produce. The legitimate trader has been every where jostled and injured by the needy adventurer. Prices have been wantonly sacrificed; and the foreign merchant has been compelled to seek protection in petty and aggravating restriction, in some cases in virtual prohibition, from the recklessness or the frauds of British merchants. Thus the result of the loss of our Home Trade has been ruinous to at least one class of our merchants:—viz. those whose deficiency of capital disables them from profitable operations in foreign markets. This class has been for the last few years progressively falling in the scale of comfort; and in a few years more will be almost completely merged in the mass of the people.

The effect of our system upon the working classes, has been to reduce wages to an extent which a few years ago would have been considered impracticable and wicked. It would not have been considered possible that any human being could exist upon the pittance at present doled out to our manufacturing and agricultural poor; and yet we affirm that our export trade depends solely for profit upon this sacrifice of the comfort of the people. We can only depend upon the foreign market for the consumption of our goods, so long as we starve *our manufacturing population*. This assertion must be startling to men of proper feeling, but it is nevertheless strictly and entirely true. Our profits as exporters depend solely upon the cheapness of our article, and we can only procure such cheapness by means under our own control. We cannot lessen the cost of the raw material, and if we could, it would not avail us anything. We can only lessen the cost of that part of the article which is our own production:—viz. labour and skill. We can only grind down wages and lessen the reward of ingenuity. When this is effected—when our workmen are reduced to the level of slaves (and we cannot see how they can endure greater poverty and greater wretchedness than they have done, and are even now doing), we must lessen our expenses and the comfort of our fire-sides: we have already done all this, and *it is not enough*. We hear of the misery of West India Slavery, and yet we are pursuing measures which have reduced our once flourishing population to a condition infinitely *worse than slaves*. We appeal to that wild talker, Henry Brougham, if it is common for slaves to die of hunger and nakedness; and what privileges does a poor English weaver enjoy which slaves do not? “The freedom of the mind,” we think we hear him say. This is true. Our famished countryman can look upon the laws which degrade him below the level of humanity, and execrate that management which has made his mind the slave of a craving body—which has placed him—a starving human being—in the midst of a free country. The freedom of the mind! Can

that freedom procure him one degree of bodily comfort? Can it raise him above want? Can it save him from despair? No—no! He cannot raise himself one step above his present degraded condition. He cannot stop his ears against the cries of his famished children. He knows that his almost unnatural exertions cannot earn them more than bare existence; he feels that *he is a slave*; and he envies the condition of those *who are fed and clothed in their bondage*. Has Mr. Brougham ever penetrated into the miserable dwellings of our manufacturing population? If he has not we urge, not only him, but all the mock philanthropists of charlatannerie, to contemplate the condition—the life—the food—the clothing of one half-dozen families amongst their poor. Let them survey the populous county of Lancashire, or the manufacturing districts of the West-Riding of Yorkshire. Let them there contemplate the spectacle of mingled guilt and misery—the crowded hovel—the emaciated form—the debased mind; and then let such men think, if they ever do think, of the consequences of that miserably perverted intellect, which grasps at fictitious charity, and overlooks the crying necessities of famine and guilt in its own sphere.

Such is the true working of that system before whose perfections the wise policy of our fathers was esteemed foolishness. We offer this dark and appalling picture of human madness and ignorance—and we have not overcharged one feature—to the calm consideration of our reader, and let him say whether such a state of society be safe or advisable, and whether the wealth thus wrung out of the blood and sinews of the people, be a source of strength or weakness. No man who is not blind to the habitual crime and progressive demoralization of the lower classes, will for a moment deny that some fundamental principle of legislation is overlooked or wantonly disregarded; and if he trace this progressive deterioration of morals to its source, he will find it in the principle which regards man's labour as a *mere commodity*, and legislates for its *cheapness*. Virtually, the system of free trade does this. It does not regard the comforts of the people, but their productive power—the greatest amount of labour for the least cost. The invention of a man who can work without sleep, or food, or clothing—and pay taxes withal—is its great desideratum. The foreigner is advancing rapidly in the same insane pursuit of cheap labour, and we have bound ourselves not to be outstripped in the race.

In this crisis the country looks anxiously to the new parliament, and no man can avoid noticing the peculiar feeling which is prevalent. It is neither ardent hope, nor strong fear, nor bitter indignation; but a half indifferent, half contemptuous curiosity. Nothing can be more evident than the fact that not only the ministry, but the entire legislature—the two Houses—no longer lead the public opinion, but slavishly follow the cries of madmen and the measures of fools. The disaffected—the innovators—the base of all parties—look upon them as the weak tools who are to be bullied out of an opinion by clamour out of doors, or tempted by interest within; and upon no class—upon no party—has the example of the last two sessions been lost. Honest men can now look with confidence to one source alone—to a King, who will never betray the hopes of his people, nor ever mock their miseries. We are sorry to trace the growth of such a state of public opinion: but its existence is indisputable; and when we view the

public conduct—the reckless profligacy—the glaring, open contempt of all decency and principle exhibited by the late parliament, we cannot for a moment wonder at its continuance. As for the present ministry, we can only ask—what will the poor creatures do next?

Gentle reader, do not smile at this question. We know it is unanswerable. It cannot be solved by any principle of human action, being solely dependent upon contingencies. Sir Robert Blifil will look which way the wind blows, place his hand upon his heart, and assure the world with a benignant smile that *his opinion is entirely changed*. The commanding officer will tell us we are all very well off—as well as we deserve—and assert, with his usual correctness, that the deficiency in the revenue is occasioned by the long summer days, and the consequent decrease of consumption in the article of candles—that he is indefatigable in his endeavours for retrenchment—that he has discovered an error of 2s. 2d. in the computation of his quarter's salary, which he will magnanimously refund—finally, that he had nothing in the world to do with the Polignac affair, *exceptis exceptiendis*, which, being interpreted, means, as much as the gullibility of the public will swallow. As for what the rank-and-file-men—"Apollar and the rest"—will do or say, the world and ourselves care very little. Something, however, must be done—effectually and soon. The people are wretched—the revenue is declining—disaffection is abroad amongst the lower classes—and revolution is overturning the whole system of European society. We may have to go to war.

In the present state of the country, such a step must be attended with the most imminent danger. We cannot go to war! Europe knows this, and has known it long. The pettiest confederacy can defy us. The meanest state in Europe can mock us, and has mocked us, with impunity. Our commerce depends upon the continuance of peace, and the slightest derangement of our continental relations will plunge our manufacturing interest into irretrievable difficulties. We shall be harassed at home with an unemployed population—we shall be crippled with a deficient navy—we have no flourishing agriculturists to support the burthen of increased taxation—we have no home trade to supply the temporary decrease of our foreign demand. We have rested the whole weight of our resources upon the security of our external relations, and our whole capital is invested in foreign markets. What then will be the result—what must be the result of a continental war? Sudden stagnation of commerce, and perhaps a convulsion.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS OBSCURE. N^o. I. — THE MODERN TANTALUS;
OR, THE DEMON OF DRURY-LANE.

“ There are more things in Drury-lane, Sir Walter, than are dreamt of in your Demonology.”

COURTEOUS READER,—Has it—pardon, we pray thee, the abruptness of the query—has it ever been your fate to visit what is called the privilege-office of Drury-lane theatre? We do not ask if you are a renter, or a translator of two-act atrocities; but have you ever, by any chance, found yourself in the box-lobby of that temple of Melpomene, music, and melo-drama, without having performed the customary ceremony of depositing seven shillings at the doors? If such has been your lot, you must inevitably have encountered a quiet, broad, short, shrewd-looking, elderly gentleman; who, sitting in a nook that fits him like a great-coat, with his hat drawn a little over his eyes, to shade them from the glare of the lamp beside him, has received your credentials, or presented a book for your lawful signature. You may possibly have observed the calm, scrutinizing air with which he has surveyed your free-admission ticket, or the inquisitive glance which he has directed to the flourish that accompanies your autograph. If you are an author, you must have seen him put a mark of honour opposite your name, to distinguish you from the rest of his visitors. (Our friend has a taste for literature, and he thus evinces it most delicately in conferring distinctions upon its professors). But you are little aware, probably, that there is a circumstance connected with the history of that individual, which is entitled to a place in a more imperishable register than the short memories of the few to whom the fact may be familiar.

We are convinced that men may pick up, in a morning's walk, a good many village Quixotes and mute inglorious Sanchos, simply by adhering to an old practice which half the world seems to have abandoned—that of having their eyes open. To be sure we had paid several visits to the subject of this sketch before we discovered anything that particularly distinguished him from the rest of his fraternity—or it might with justice have been said, of his countrymen—nay, of mankind. But at last, when he became sufficiently acquainted with our visage to recognize it at a glance, the fixed, placid, sculptured sort of smile which invariably tempers the business-like serenity of his features, began to relax into something cordial and communicative. He greeted us with a good evening, and entered gradually upon a gossip. It turned naturally enough upon theatres and their affairs—and here it was that we first felt startled by the extraordinary stock of knowledge displayed by our new acquaintance. He did not attempt to immolate us on the altar of antiquity; he did not, like other elderly people, regale us with a reminiscence of Garrick, first printed in the old “Town and Country Magazine;” or illumine us with a learned treatise on John Palmer's shoe-buckles. We were neither initiated into the mysteries of Pritchard's hoop, nor elevated by an apostrophe to Jordan's gipsy-hat and red ribands. Her very eyebrow, as far as he was concerned, was hidden in oblivion; and her ankle was permitted to rest quietly in its grave. No, he astonished us by the novelty, the newness of his information. The events he communicated had just transpired; the account of them had not yet gone to press. His notes were all in manuscript, and the ink was scarcely dry. But it was this particular fact that made the marvel:—he mentioned circum-

stances that must have happened, precisely at the same moment, in different places—and all within a few minutes after they had occurred. Here was the source of our wonder. His rumours were all just born, fresh from the nursery of time—tender, delicate revelations, almost too vapoury, too ethereal to handle. You had his intelligence with the gloss upon it; although much of it must have travelled some distance. He seemed like the centre, not of gravity, but of society; and the news naturally fell towards him from all points. There he sat in his snug small box, like an encyclopædia with a hat on—or rather it was as though a newspaper had been compressed into a nut-shell. His ears could never have been the medium through which those multifarious reports had reached him—there was not time for them to travel in the ordinary way. Besides, how could he have emissaries in every part of the metropolis to bring him the news every five minutes? It was impossible. Even if notes had been taken in some sublimated system of shorthand, they would have been of no use unless they had been conveyed by a telegraph. There must be some piece of machinery at work that Watt never dreamed of; steam is certainly at the bottom of it. There is some “gathering of the clans” of communication—some mental “meeting of the waters,” the secret of which is confined to one individual. It is clear that he knows what is passing in a distant part of the town, the very instant it happens, with more certainty than either of the Siamese twins can guess what the other is thinking about. He should certainly be published with the Gazette. He would prove of incalculable use at elections, as he would know the state of the poll all over the kingdom. The country ought to purchase him. That pernicious system of economy is the vice of every ministry, and is fast bringing the kingdom to destruction.

It was only by degrees that our friend’s astonishing faculty, or inspiration, or whatsoever philosophy may decide upon calling it, was developed. He seemed anxious not to stun us, and fired off his successive reports, as if from an air-gun. He sprinkled us very gently at first, to prepare us for the torrent that was to come. This may be a specimen, perhaps, of his beginning—a dim, faded sample of his many-coloured address—“Good house to-night, Sir—very good house, indeed; beautiful pit, full first price. Garden very indifferent (Heaven has been very good to us!); only seventy pounds in the pit, and not more than half that in the gallery; boxes far from brilliant. Droll circumstance occurred just now in the ‘Critic;’ both morning-guns missed fire, and Farley was obliged to imitate them as well as he could from the wing—and the best of the joke is, that the audience never found out the difference. Capital house at the Adelphi. Surrey doing very well to-night. Rather flat at Tottenham-street. Duncrow slipped, and his neck narrowly escaped dislocation: no man should ride more than a dozen horses at one time.” All this, and much more to the same effect—although it was early in the evening to have derived information from such various quarters—did not excite our especial surprise. We conjectured that he had heard it accidentally, and in the way of business. But on succeeding evenings, when he entered into detail, and described matters more minutely—when he repeated the grand joke, the lion of the new farce, at one house, and hummed part of a chorus in the new opera at another; when he told us what airs Miss Paton had introduced—how Fanny Kemble had shrieked, and how

Fanny Kelly had started;—when he described Mr. Mathews and Madame Malibran at the same moment; when he mentioned what pieces had been substituted, what actors had flourished their sticks in the box-lobbies, and who had been suddenly and seriously indisposed;—we confess that we did stare at him for a minute or two with unfeigned astonishment and admiration. But afterwards, when we came to muse upon the matter, and reflected that the events of his narrative had happened in various places, and all within a very moderate number of minutes; and then, when we considered how unlikely it was that he should have quitted the box in which he sat, and that the tidings could not have travelled to him by chance—our surprise became more profound; it deepened into a sensation of awe. How was it possible that he should see and hear what was beyond human sight and hearing? What sympathy could there be between the privilege-office at Drury-lane, and a pirouette just perpetrated at the Opera? What on earth had all London to do with that lobby? We could think of but ONE way in which the intelligence could have been obtained. We admit that it was superstitious; but we really felt that there was a fearful agency at work—that the mysterious individual before us was a dabbler in some dreadful art—that he had learned an enviable yet an awful secret—that he possessed some inconceivable glass, some sub-terrestrial telescope, by which the interior of every theatre in the metropolis was open to his view. We felt that his very spectacles would be an invaluable legacy. Our imagination, as we looked at him, converted him into another Asmodean sprite, and we fancied the box from whence he surveyed the whole dramatic world, to be only a Brobdignagian bottle; we had little doubt but that his two sticks were concealed inside of it. The lower part of his person was enveloped in impenetrable doubt;—there was nothing visible but his bust.

As we were really anxious to unravel the mystery, we visited him again a few nights afterwards. It was precisely the same—every theatrical incident of the evening was promulgated. He repeated to us an apology—as we found by the papers the next morning—verbatim, and within five minutes after it was delivered. We tried him on past personages and events, and mentioned Mrs. Siddons. “A wonder of a woman, Sir!—Ah! you recollect only her late achievements—now, I never saw any but her first. Her brother John too—grand even in his decline, majestic in ruins. Why, his very last performance—his genius glimmering through his infirmities—had all the sublimity of an eclipse. It was a fine sight!” We lamented that we had not heard that great actor’s farewell, when to our infinite surprise he expressed a similar regret. “Why,” said we, “from the opinions you have given, it would seem that you had been there.”—“No, Sir, no—I never saw Kemble since he was a young man.” At this we possibly betrayed some incredulity, for he repeated his assertion. “Never, since he was a young man. It was just the dawn of his great day when I last saw him. And as for his brother Charles—an accomplished actor, Sir—I haven’t seen his brother Charles since he came of age.” Here we could not forbear looking our unbelief: it was difficult to understand how anybody could exist almost within the walls of a theatre, and not have seen Charles Kemble act after his arrival at years of discretion (honestly and earnestly do we hope that he has not survived them!). But our enigmatical acquaintance proceeded. “And then there’s Kean, Sir; he possesses

great energy still—yes, it is the true light, although it may not burn so brilliantly as it did once.” I inquired if he had seen all that actor’s early performances. “No,” he observed, very calmly, and with the air of a man who is perfectly innocent of a jest; “no, *I never saw Kean act in my life!*” Let the reader imagine a reply to this declaration. “You don’t say so!” died on our tongue; not a single “indeed!” escaped from our lips. This was no case for starts and exclamations; our emotions were too deep for interjections. It was not until he had reiterated the assertion, in very positive terms, that we felt quite convinced he was in earnest. We then summoned up all the emphasis in our power. “Is it possible that you have attended this theatre every night for so many years, and have you really never seen Kean?”—“Never in my life,” replied our eccentric friend; “in fact, I HAVE NOT SEEN A PLAY OR A FARCE FOR THESE FORTY YEARS!”

If a physician had told us that he had not prescribed for himself for the period mentioned; if an author had protested that he had not read one word of his own works for half a century; if a champagne-manufacturer had taken upon himself to say that he had never tasted his own liquid in his life;—in any such cases we should not have felt a moment’s surprise. We should have perceived immediately that they had a motive for their self-denial. But here there was none. The circumstance we have recorded is probably without parallel. To have been for years steeped to the very lips, another Tantalus, in the delights of Drury-lane, without tasting a single drop! To have had the fruit bobbed to his lips for forty years! To have grown old in the service of the stage, and yet never to have advanced further than the threshold of the theatre! To have had the door of it perpetually shut in his face! To have been the nightly medium of administering gratuitous pleasures to others, and never to have had his own name placed on the free-list! To have stood so long within sight of the promised land, without the possibility of reaching it! To have seen myriads of happy, white-gloved people pass into the theatre, dreaming of nothing but delight—yet to have been left behind, shut up in that Pandora’s box of his, and to feel that there was no hope at the bottom of it! Is there not something touching—something that amounts to a kind of ludicrous melancholy, in all this? There are nights when the free-list is suspended—our friend’s office on these occasions is a sinecure. Surely then he might have been passed in—at a private door. Was it liberal, was it even common humanity, thus to close the gates against him?—to keep him waiting for forty years; until either the stream, or his inclination to cross it, had passed by! If he had only gone in at half-price, it would, as Yorick observes, have been something.

Again, on benefit-nights. Was there no one to present him with a single ticket—even for the gallery? Is all fellow-feeling and gratitude utterly driven from Drury-lane? Are the “charitable and humane” nowhere to be discovered among the professors of the dramatic art? There is Mr. Kean, who is so renowned for liberality, and who *has* taken benefits, though not lately—we are astonished at him. Even Munden might, in such a case as this, have ventured upon an act of munificence that would have cost him nothing. Suppose he had sold him a pit-ticket, as they are offered to us at the doors of some of the theatres, for “eighteen-pence.” Really, this could not have hurt him. There are one or two of the actresses, also, who would have looked still

more pleasant and graceful in our eyes, could we have learned that they had evinced any gentleness of heart and kindling of sympathy touching this matter. But surely—the notion just breaks upon us—surely he must have had benefits of his own ! Of a verity he has had such within our recollection. “ Mr. M.’s night ” has more than once struck upon our optics in scarlet characters, dazzling and decoying us. What ! invite his friends to a feast whereof he declines to partake himself ! Provide all the delicacies of the season (the phrase applies to the theatre as well as to the table) and taste not of a dish ! “ Hast thou given all to thy two daughters, and art thou come to this ? ”

As we listened to him afterwards, we thought there was a pathos mingled with his pleasantry, a magnanimity in his air, that we had never observed before. With the strong light of the lamp reflected upon him, he looked like the Man in the Moon. We had once likened him, in the sportiveness of fancy, to a sort of human “ toad-in-a-hole ; ” but he now seemed to us, as he sate there in his lonely and desolate nook, greater than Diogenes in his tub.

Such were the first impressions which his extraordinary announcement created within us. We reflected upon the dreary term of his exclusion—FORTY YEARS ! What a non-life must he have led ! The situation of Sterne’s “ Captive ” came dimly upon our recollection. We brought him in idea before our eyes. Our unhappy, ill-used, inadmissible friend resembled him ; his was a parallel case. “ He had seen no Kean, no Farren, in all that time ; nor had the voice of Tree or Stephens breathed through his lattice. Grimaldi——but here our heart began to bleed.” We could not read over the list, or calculate the extent of his sacrifices, without feeling that he had suffered a worse than cloistered seclusion. He had been knocking, like a true Catholic, at the gate of Parliament for forty years, and still it remained most perseveringly closed. Two revolutions had taken place in France during that period ;—yet *his* destiny seemed as despotic as ever.

Too busied with these emotions and reflections to enter the theatre, we returned home. There, however, musing upon mysteries of all kinds, our feelings gradually rolled back into their former channel. The confession of that night tended to confirm our past suspicions. We remembered his extraordinary communications ; his narrative of events witnessed at the same instant in several places ; his rumours, whispers, hints, and inuendos, concerning facts, a knowledge whereof could only have been obtained by a power of ubiquity, that must have been purchased at a price which the Archbishop of Canterbury could never have repaid. This spiritual admission then appeared to account for his corporeal exclusion. To what end should he seek to enter a theatre, when all its secrets were open to his view ? Why should he trouble himself to dress for the Opera, when he could see Pasta from that magic box—the only one in which he could ever have occasion to take a place ? Why should he pay for admission to the pit, when in the one which hath no bottom he had found the means of looking through lobby-walls, and making green curtains more transparent than glass ? Besides, could a mere mortal, accustomed to yield and unfitted to resist, ever have withstood the temptation to which he had been nightly exposed for many years ? Would not a creature like man, liable to fun and frailty of all kinds, have watched his opportunity and slipped in some night at the latter end of a farce ? Could we—could the reader—have resisted ? Alas !

these are questions to which it is impossible to find favourable answers. The fact, the dreadful fact, seems almost established. The strangely-gifted, mysterious, and miserable subject of this history, our civil but ill-fated acquaintance of the privilege-office, has been for more than half the term of his natural existence on terms of intimacy with

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We begin to suspect that there may really be wickedness and peril in these profane stage-plays; and that he with whom we have innocently gossiped, may be an agent set there on purpose to register our names upon the free-list, to seduce us into the theatre, and to ruin us gratuitously!!

* * * *

Earnestly do we hope that he may be enabled to explain the enigma better than we can. We trust that the gorgons and chimeras dire, which, to our apprehension, are now haunting his path, may prove as harmless and gentle as doves; and that he may secretly have within his own mind a guiding and a golden light to console him amidst the dangers and darkness that appear to envelope him. And if he should be able to prove to us that he is still human—if he can shew the means by which he obtains his information, and can convince us that he has no earthly right to a place in Sir Walter Scott's next edition of his "Demonology," the public we think will cheerfully second our efforts in brightening his future days, in interposing with the new management in his favour, and ensuring him a view of the Christmas pantomime. Only let him convince us that he has not fallen into the most terrible of all toils, and we shall immediately open a subscription to purchase him—not a piece of plate—but a Free Admission to the theatre as long as he lives. May it be forty years more! B.

SIERRA LEONE SAINTS, AND WEST INDIA SINNERS.

It was only a few months ago that we submitted to our readers some account of that modern Golgotha of the "Saints"—Sierra Leone. We then expressed our honest indignation at the unworthy arts by which the British public were long kept in ignorance of its total worthlessness, and our detestation of the audacious deceptions practised upon the British government to induce them to give annual grants of public money for its support, and finally, to take this deadly concern out of the hands of the "philanthropists," and throw away a few more millions on their maudlin schemes, instituted under the mask of Humanity. We scarcely, at that period, ventured to hope that in such a short space of time a complete exposure of this African sink of iniquity would take place; and now that the facts can no longer be concealed or glossed over, we sincerely trust Mr. Hume, and other active members of the legislature, will continue their exertions to expose and punish the authors of a system of fraudulent deception, which has cost Great Britain such sums of money, and so many thousands of valuable lives; and which has also inflicted such a load of misery upon the unfortunate beings who have from time to time been forced to become *free* settlers, to sink under the *tender mercies* of the abolitionists.

Sierra Leone was at one time, and even up to a recent date, represented by the "Saints" to be one of the most healthy of settlements:

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it is now proved to have been, from the beginning, a pestilential charnel-house! The African and other settlers were, even in the recent pamphlet of Kenneth Macauley, said to have rapidly advanced in civilization, and that religious instruction had produced the most blessed fruits. We now find the population in a state of the most degrading ignorance, and that brutal licentiousness is universal. It was said that the Maroons had made such progress in wealth and respectability that their brethren in Jamaica were not to be compared with them; *we now find these people* PETITIONING TO BE SENT BACK TO THE WEST INDIES.

We were assured that the Foreign Slave Trade was to be entirely annihilated, and Africa civilized by the moral example and political ascendancy of this religious assemblage of free negroes! We now see that the Foreign Slave Trade, so far from being destroyed, is carried on with greater vigour than ever, and is said to be fostered and encouraged by this very settlement, established for its suppression; and that the only effect of its civilization, upon the neighbouring tribes, has been, to create dissensions, introduce new vices, and to render the name of "white man" a term of reproach throughout Africa. We see that the unhappy beings seized in the slave vessels, die by hundreds—even before they can be landed at the settlement; and that many thousands of the survivors, whose liberation costs this country millions of public money, have wandered, no one knows where, *or been again sold into slavery*; and that even a schoolmaster has been detected in selling his pupils!

One of the last documents presented to the late Parliament,* places the dreadful mortality of all classes in a frightful point of view.

Wm. Smith, Esq. thus writes to Lord Aberdeen, on the 10th of June—"Amongst the numerous deaths I have to report to your lordship, that of Mr. Richard Groves, *Marshal* to the Courts of Mixed Commission." On the same day he writes, "It is with feelings of unfeigned regret that I have to report the death of Mr. S. M. Magnus, *first clerk* to His Majesty's Commissioners." On the 11th he states that Mr. Jackson, the commissary judge, had been obliged to return to England in a dangerous state of health; and on the 3d of July, he says, "It is with the most poignant feelings of regret, that it again becomes my melancholy duty, &c.—Mr. Reffell, the registrar, died on the 3d instant." On the 19th of August, he writes, "I have again a melancholy duty to perform, in acquainting your lordship with the death, on the 3d instant, of Mr. T. M. Walker," the young gentleman appointed to fill one of the situations vacant by the above-mentioned deaths, and in the same letter Mr. Smith states that a Mr. Frederick Jarvis, who succeeded Mr. Groves as marshal, only held the situation two weeks, "having unfortunately died on the 9th ultimo, after ten days' illness!!"

These papers shew a frightful increase of the slave-trade in every direction. Mr. Jackson, writing to Lord Aberdeen, on the 5th January of last year, mentions "the *unprecedented* number of slaves which within the last four months have been brought before the several Courts of Mixed Commissions: a proof of the perseverance of those engaged in this inhuman traffic;" and the Commissioners further wrote, on the 19th February, "the slave-trade seems to be breaking out afresh to the

* Class A, Session 1830. Correspondence with the British Commissioners at Sierra Leone, &c.

northward!" On the 19th August, Mr. Smith expresses his opinion that the Brazilians will continue the trade, notwithstanding our treaty with them to the contrary, and that *we cannot prevent them*. On the 23d of March the capture of an armed slaver is reported, and that "traders are becoming more daring every day," in fact, the trade is assuming a new character, and the vessels now employed are of such a class as not only to lessen the chance of capture by superiority of sailing, but also to enable them to make a more formidable resistance. On the 26th June the Commissioners write, "We regret to add that the slave-trade is manifestly reviving, with additional activity, at the Gallinas, *only 150 miles from Freetown!*"

The mortality which takes place in these captured vessels, between the time of capture and adjudication, is truly horrible. In one case the number of deaths was 60 out of 201; in another, 179 out of 448; in a third, 115 out of 271; in another, 65 out of 218; in another, on the passage from Fernando Po to Freetown, 109 out of 226; and there are numerous other cases.

From Havannah the same accounts of the increased activity and desperation of the traders, is given by Mr. Macleay. One slaver was run ashore on the coast of Cuba, by the Skipjack, and was blown-up. There was only one wretched negro found on board. "There is every reason to believe, though it may be difficult to prove the fact, that the crew set fire to her, as in the case of the 'Mexico,' with the horrible intention of destroying the captors, together with such negroes as they had not time to land." In the case of the Midas, captured by the Monkey, out of 562 negroes taken from Africa, 241 died, and forty threw themselves overboard—making altogether a mortality of exactly one half. Another slave pirate, who arrived safe in Cuba, "*had plundered other slave vessels* of about 980 slaves, and had scarcely sailed for this island with them, when the small pox and other contagious diseases broke out, which reduced a crew of 157 to 66, and the 980 slaves to about 300!!

Mr. Macleay, in his letter to Lord Aberdeen, of the 1st January, states, that the number of slaves landed in 1828, *exclusive* of those liberated by the Mixed Commissions, amounted to 7,000 at least; and he attributes the increased activity to—1st, *the great number of sugar estates now forming* on the island—2dly, to the enormous profits attending the illicit slave-trade—3dly, to the certainty, now prevailing among the slave-traders, that they are favoured and protected by the local government, if not by the government at home. "The coffee planters," says he, "who had in former years realized money, have above all turned their attention to sugar cultivation; and as, taking sugar and coffee estates at their average extent, one of the former requires about three times as many negroes as a coffee plantation, of course the demand for slaves has in proportion increased.

It must appear quite evident to every man of common sense, that the most effectual encouragement that can possibly be afforded to the Spaniard to continue this nefarious traffic, is *precisely that which our abolitionists at home are now pursuing*—namely, to increase the demand for foreign sugars, by ruining the British sugar-planters! And that, on the other hand, to encourage the produce of our own colonies, and thereby render supplies from foreign colonies unnecessary, would be the surest means of abating it! But this does not suit the politics of

the humane Messrs. Brougham, Buxton, Macaulay, and Co., and their followers!

To return to Sierra Leone, the following extracts of a letter, dated from Freetown, July, 1830, will give some idea of the results of the religious instruction and civilization plans of the "philanthropists."

"You would be astonished to see the prevalence of vice in this wretched place. All the great landmarks of civilization are noticed only with the view of drawing fresh supplies and support from the northern country. They are never dwelt on as being conducive to happiness, or practised in the search of it. Here the European and the African, with some few exceptions, know but the semblance of virtue, and that only as the means of enabling them to indulge in vice. Of this we have recently had a frightful example. A liberated African, a missionary schoolmaster, named Thomas Edward Cowan, has been convicted of stealing a boy, one of his own pupils, and also a liberated African, for the purpose of selling him into that horrible state of slavery from which he had been snatched by British courage and philanthropy. This monster was tried in June, at our General Quarter Sessions, and the charge of the new Chief Justice, Mr. Jeffcott, to the grand jury, is worthy of particular notice. Some passages in it will shew you that I was not misinformed, when I stated that *the slave trade is carried on to a considerable extent in this very colony*; and I expect shortly to be able to forward you several interesting cases, which will still further prove the accuracy of my statement. The following are the passages in the Chief Justice's statement, to which I allude:—

"I have heard—and from the source from which my information is derived, I am bound to believe what I should otherwise have deemed incredible—that persons are to be found in this colony, who, if not directly engaged in, aid and abet the abominable traffic in slaves. *That such persons are to be found, I repeat it, in THIS COLONY—a colony founded for its suppression, towards whose establishment, and in whose support so much wealth has been expended, and so many valuable lives sacrificed*; and, further, that men holding respectable stations—men having all the outward appearance and show of respectability, are not ashamed—I should rather say, are not afraid—to lend themselves to this nefarious, this abominable trade!

"It has come to the ears of the Government of this colony, that aid and assistance have been afforded in the fitting out of ships, well known to be destined for such unlawful traffic, and that vessels have been so fitted out from time to time by persons resident in this colony, for the Gallinas and elsewhere.

"Is it to be tolerated that this colony, established for express purpose of suppressing this vile traffic, should be made a mart for carrying it on? Is it to be borne, that this harbour, miscalled—if all I have heard and am led to believe be true—the harbour of *Free-town*, should shelter within its bosom, while the British flag waves over its ramparts, vessels, purchased after their condemnation by the Mixed Commission Courts, to make a second and a third experiment in the slave-trade? to be perhaps again captured by our cruisers, and again bought up by the skulking foreigners who prowl about this place, as the one best calculated for their iniquitous purpose?

"I have, since my arrival here, taken some pains to ascertain the number of liberated Africans imported into this colony within a given period, as compared with the number now located in the different villages; and, although the census of the latter is not quite complete, I have every reason to believe, that whereas there have been imported into the colony of Sierra Leone, within the last ten years, upwards of 22,000 Africans, who have obtained their liberation, and have been located here at the expense of the British Government—an expense which, upon the most moderate calculation, including that of the civil establishment of this colony, and of the naval and military force attached to it, together with the sums paid to the higher and subordinate officers of the Mixed Commissions, amounts to £300. per man, or nearly seven millions ster-

ling, in the course of ten years, there are not now to be found in the colony above 17 or 18,000 men!"

The Chief Justice, in passing sentence upon the missionary school-master, told him—

"I have this day, in the discharge of a melancholy duty, been forced to pass the awful sentence of death upon a man for stealing a sheep; and upon you, who have been convicted, upon the clearest evidence, of having stolen, for the purpose of selling him to slavery, your former companion in captivity—one to whom the recollections of your common country, the fate which you had both escaped, the benefits which you enjoyed in common, and the relations in which you stood to him as his instructor and his master—ought to have made you a friend and a protector, instead of a betrayer of the worst description:—upon you, I say, the law will not allow me to pass a heavier sentence than that of a few years' imprisonment. But, had you consummated your crime out of the boundaries of this colony—had you accompanied your victim to the Rio Pongas, and completed your offence on the high seas, within the jurisdiction of the admiral—you would have been tried by a different court, arraigned upon a different indictment; and it would have been my duty, on your conviction, to pass sentence of death upon you, and order you, as I should have done, for instant execution, *which I have little doubt you have merited on former occasions; for that this has been your first offence all the particulars of your case induce me to disbelieve.*"

We consider it unnecessary to adduce any further proofs of the iniquities resulting from the absurd civilization and conversion theories of the "saints," or of the miseries which their ignorance and duplicity have entailed upon Africa. If we may believe a statement made in one of their own journals—"The Jamaica Free Press"—their schemes for instructing "our negro brethren" in the West Indies, "the lineal descendants of the Amilcars, the Hannibals, the Ptolemys, and the Confuciuses of olden time" as they are ludicrously styled, are equally unsuccessful. "But, alas!" say these canting hypocrites, "this is entirely owing to 'slavery,' that bane and curse of West Indian society, which, by degrading, and almost brutalizing, its unhappy victims, has, to a considerable extent, broken their spirits, and deadened their energies. Hence the apathy which they evince, *and the necessity for coercion.*"

"The School of Industry," says one of their own body, "is still in operation. I have repeatedly been on the eve of discontinuing it from a lack of funds, but aware of its importance to a people so naturally disposed to indolence, that fruitful source of crime and wretchedness, I have endeavoured, though with extreme difficulty, to carry it on till now." That there is still a necessity for coercion, and that these descendants of the Carthaginians! the Ptolemys! and the Confuciuses! of olden time, are naturally disposed to apathy and indolence, are strange admissions, after we have been so often told of the immense quantity of work they would do, if placed in the situation of free labourers; and if their being in a state of slavery is the cause of their indolence and apathy, to what cause would this "descendant of Amilcar," the Editor of the Free Press, attribute the apathy of the free negroes in the schools at Sierra Leone and in the crown colonies?

"In setting about the conversion of more than 800,000 black slaves into free citizens," says Mr. Coleridge, "we must act sensibly and discreetly; especially, we must begin with the beginning, for it is not a matter of Decree, Edict, or Act of Parliament; there is no *hocus pocus* in the thing, there are no *presto* movements. It is a mighty work; yet

mighty as it is, it must be effected, if at all, in the order and by the rules which reason and experience have proved to be alone effectual. If we attempt to reverse the order or alter the mode, we shall not only fail ourselves, but make it impossible that any should succeed."

We have long been of opinion that it is only gradual measures producing gradual improvement, and by the sound doctrines and sober views of the clergy of the English and Scottish churches (to the Moravians, also, we have no objection) in the colonies, that the Christian religion can ultimately be spread in the West Indies; and when we perceive the most respectable and influential individuals in Jamaica, accompanied by their labourers, zealously aiding and assisting in the erection of new chapels, we can easily perceive the dawn of a better state of society in the colonies, and can account for some of the spleen presently displayed by the sectaries, and their great activity in slandering the colonists.—We extract the following from the Jamaica paper above mentioned. At laying the foundation stone of the new chapel in Darliston district, to be built on four acres of land, given for the purpose by P. Ferguson, Esq., of Cliefden, the bishop and principal clergy, the governor and his staff, and the respectable proprietors in the district, were present. "The negroes belonging to the neighbouring properties had 'the day' given to them; and they shewed, by their numbers in attendance, and the neatness of their apparel, the interest they took in the ceremony"—This is as it should be. But while such cheering prospects are gradually opening in the colonies, the sectaries at home are endeavouring to move heaven and earth for the immediate destruction of the colonists.—We may shortly have occasion to notice their present unconstitutional efforts all over the country, to procure petitions to overawe the Legislature; and should they not be firmly and decisively met by his Majesty's ministers, the West India body, and every sensible member of both Houses, we may expect to see some modern Pym, as in the days of sectarian ascendancy, come to the door of the house, to thank old female zealots for their petitions, and hypocritically "entreating their prayers"—for the destruction of the West India colonists.

PETERSBURGH, MOSCOW, AND THE PROVINCES.*

REVOLUTION is now the prevailing topic in polite circles. Murder and rebellion form the prominent ingredients in the small-talk of the hour; and not to gossip upon such subjects is to be voted unfashionable. We prefer, however, a quieter theme, if it be only for a little relief; and while half Europe is in a state of political frenzy, and all eyes are directed to the movements of the mighty engines of anarchy and dissension, it may be quite as profitable and far more pleasant to take a glance in a more peaceful direction, and make a short tour through the capital of Russian civilization. This may be found more desirable, inasmuch as the Russians are a people of whom we know but little. Their wars, their triumphs, their military annals, we have traced through the page of history: we have a distant knowledge of them, as a nation, out of doors, if we may use that expression, in the same manner as we have sometimes

* *Petersbourg, Moscou, et les Provinces, ou Observations sur les Mœurs et les Usages Russes, au Commencement du XIX^{me} siècle; par E. Dupré de St. Maure. 3 vols. Paris.*

a formal acquaintance with individuals whom we are accustomed to meet but rarely, and on ceremonious terms, in society. But their domestic existence—the habits which they have acquired, and the arts which they have cultivated during the leisure afforded by a long and profound peace—their national character, manners, and public institutions—these are topics of which we have hitherto remained totally ignorant, as well from the obstacles interposed by distance and difference of climate, as from the scantiness of published materials on the subject to which credit can be attached. The field, open to the intelligent observer of Russian manners, is very extensive. In taking up a book professing to treat on such matters, we expect to find something better than a description of the public monuments of the Russian capital: we expect the author of acknowledged talent to take a higher flight than that to which the cicerone of a watering-place can soar. We wish to see the national character of the Russian population reflected in their manners, their laws, their ceremonies, their amusements, and even in their imperfections. On these points M. Dupré St. Maur, the author of "*The Hermit in Russia*," affords much information. Where the subject possesses the attraction of novelty, it is easy for the writer to claim the merit of originality, and for this reason, although our author has certainly left much unsaid, yet the very subject-matter which he has chosen, like an adamant shield, renders him almost invulnerable to the shafts of criticism.

As a proof of the universal ignorance which prevails with regard to Russia, we need only observe that the simple mention of a journey to that country awakens scarcely any other idea in the minds of superficial listeners than that of excessive severity of temperature—of cold that turns to ice "the lazy current of the blood." The generality of travel-readers hoard with avidity any anecdote that touches upon the rigour of a northern winter, but totally lay aside the consideration of such redeeming circumstances as neutralize or counterbalance the evil. We know many a sapient reasoner who can no more conceive it possible to walk the streets of St. Petersburg without wading at every step knee-deep in snow than to pass through the Turkish capital without witnessing at the corner of every street the exhibition of an impaled Mussulman. Were a traveller to relate facts such as they are (a virtue which, by the way, is not the traveller's forte); were he to assert that the punishment of impalement is more rarely exhibited at Constantinople than the disgraceful spectacle of an execution at the Old Bailey; or that in the summer season the weather is generally finer on the borders of the Neva than on the banks of the Thames—none would be hardy enough to credit him; it is so comfortable to cling to an old-fashioned error—it saves a world of thought and argument.

In the portraiture of national features, the impartial observer should devote his most unwearied attention to the study of the moral characters of a people. The outline of a people is to be traced among individuals—among individuals alone can the mass be studied. In this point of view, both "*The Hermit in Russia*," and the continuation now offered to the public, will be found replete with judicious reflections on the existence and moral condition of the cultivators of the soil. With regard to the peasants whom self-styled philanthropists delight to represent as groaning under the weight of their chains—"the iron of slavery entering their souls"—the author asserts, and, we believe, with truth, that

the generality are happy and contented—that the beings whom rhapsodists have depicted as degraded into brutal stupidity by the galling pressure of bondage, are gifted, on the contrary, with sense, with rectitude, with grateful hearts, and endowed with a keen perception of right and wrong; that their superior tact enables them to decide with almost infallible impartiality the extent of the bondsman's duty—the limits of the master's right; in a word, that among the peasants who are supposed to groan under the scourge of misery, and to share the heritage of poverty, may sometimes be found the possessor of thousands!

The work, from which we subjoin a few fragments, possesses materials sufficiently varied to interest every class of readers: its pages, while they beguile a heavy hour, frequently perform a higher office, and serve as a vehicle for the lessons of practical wisdom. Our extracts, however, are principally confined to the lighter portions of the work, the detached and abbreviated selection of matter, which our limits compel us to adopt, not according with the graver subjects on which the author occasionally treats. The following passage relates to the picturesque islands situated on the right bank of the Neva:—

“Let the reader imagine an immense garden adapted to the English taste, of the circumference of five French leagues, and intersected by the windings of the river, whose meanderings bestow inexhaustible variety on the different points of view. An English traveller, who was once conducted to the magnificent scene just as the sun was about to set, was lost in admiration. Surprised at the total absence of night—a circumstance which usually takes place towards the end of May—he remained fixed to the spot; and expecting at every instant the approach of darkness, neglected to seek repose for eight and forty hours. A characteristic trait of an opposite nature is related of the celebrated Alfieri, who, happening to visit the same spot during the month of June, was seized with such a fit of ill-humour at the prolonged absence of night, that he shut himself up in his chamber, and retired to bed, where he remained till the days again decreased.”

The author gives the following details on the subject of the Russian clergy, and afterwards passes, rather abruptly, to the mention of the Emperor Paul. The reader, however, who is fond of anecdote, will not cavil at the arrangement of the subject-matter:—

“Marriage is one of the conditions imposed on the priesthood; and invariably precedes the sacrament of ordination. None of the Russian popes can espouse a widow, or contract a second matrimonial union. The death of their wives, therefore, reduces them to the alternative of retiring to a monastery, or of renouncing their sacerdotal functions. Such of them as have the misfortune to become widowers, generally embrace the monastic state. The secular priests, how distinguished soever by virtue or by talent, are forbidden to become candidates for the episcopal dignity. The severest punishment that can be inflicted on a Russian priest is the shaving off his beard; such a disgrace being tantamount to his dismissal from his sacred office. A Russian pope's wife, like Cæsar's, ‘must not be suspected:’ the slightest stain upon her virtue would fall upon her husband, and cause his expulsion from the order of the priesthood. Consequently, the dread of an act of dishonour, which would infallibly occasion her partner's ruin, acts as a check upon the levity of the wife. A pope, once finding his wife in rather exceptionable society, pointed to his beard, at the same time imitating with his fingers the action of the scissors. The significant gesture was not lost upon the lady, who instantly rose and retired with her husband.

“The Emperor Paul, notorious for his singularities, at one time conceived the idea of exercising the functions of patriarch—a project from which he

was with some difficulty dissuaded. Now that I am on the subject of Paul, I may as well introduce a few anecdotes of that whimsical emperor. He was not fond of compliments: the flatterer that would please him was under the necessity of disguising his incense, which, if unsparingly lavished, was coldly and often harshly received. Like the father of the great Frederick, Paul had a singular liking for very tall people. One day, conversing with the Count de Choiseul-Gouffier on the subject of the grenadiers of his guard,—‘I am not of low stature,’ said the Emperor, ‘and yet, even when I stand on tiptoe, my nose hardly touches their chins.’—‘Sire,’ replied the Count, ‘there are various descriptions of greatness.’ The Emperor, assuming a tone of raillery, and examining the Count’s dress with attention,—‘You have never worn that coat before,’ said his majesty; ‘’tis of Versailles manufacture, I presume; and you have doubtless found that compliment in one of the pockets.’

“On one occasion, M. Doyen, a French painter attached to the court, had a violent quarrel with Prince Yousouppoff, the Director-General of the Fine Arts. On the following morning the Emperor visited the gallery, where Doyen was at work on a large painting, representing the break of day. His Majesty, who happened to be in a charming humour, looked over the artist’s work, and desired to know the meaning of a group of figures placed behind the Hours. ‘Sire,’ replied the painter, ‘they are the half-hours; and when Prince Yousouppoff honours me with a visit, I am tempted to change them into minutes.’ This whimsical complaint amused the Emperor; and to amuse him was to gain his good-will. The director-general was visited with the imperial rebuke, and the painter was thenceforward left to follow his avocations in tranquillity.

“On another occasion, Doyen being occupied with a painting representing a passage in the life of Pericles and of the philosopher Anaxagoras, Paul demanded the name of the latter personage;—‘Epaminondas,’ replied the painter.—‘You are mistaken, Doyen,’ said the Emperor; ‘you mean Anaxagoras.’—‘Sire,’ said the waggish artist, ‘you are right;—I never recollect names; my memory begins to fail;—my lamp is nearly extinguished for want of oil.’ The Emperor took the hint. On the same evening, he sent the painter 6,000 roubles (about £1,000.) under an envelope, on which was written with his own hand, ‘Oil for M. Doyen’s lamp.’ A few days afterwards, Paul, accompanied by some of his courtiers, met the painter in the public gardens, and immediately accosted him;—‘Well, Doyen,’ said he, ‘is your sight improved?’—‘Ah, Sire!’ replied Doyen, ‘your Majesty is the most skilful oculist in Europe.’”

In the following anecdote the author pays a delicate compliment to Madame de Staël:—

“Madame de Staël once passed the evening at the same house with Madame Svitchin, to whom she had long sought an introduction. The hostess, who was much occupied with her numerous guests, had not as yet taken an opportunity of gratifying her wishes. Madame de Staël, at length tired of waiting, without further ceremony left her chair, and went straight to Madame Svitchin, whom she thus accosted in a tone of friendly reproach:—‘It seems, Madame Svitchin, you are by no means anxious for my acquaintance?’—‘Madame,’ replied the latter, ‘sovereigns always make the first advances.’

The facility and purity with which the Russians speak most of the continental languages is universally acknowledged. Singular as the fact may appear, the well-educated portion of society in Russia are frequently better acquainted with the French than with their native tongue. With regard to the variety of languages spoken by the barbarians of the north, as they have been erroneously called, we have the following anecdotes:—

"A Russian lady, being engaged to dinner with M. de Talleyrand, at that time minister for foreign affairs, was detained a full hour by some unexpected accident. The famished guests grumbled, and looked at their watches. On the lady's entrance, one of the company observed to his neighbour in Greek, — 'When a woman is neither young nor handsome, she ought to arrive betimes.' The lady, turning round sharply, accosted the satirist in the same language; — 'When a woman,' says she, 'has the misfortune to dine with savages, she always arrives too soon.'

"An American ambassador having been presented to the reigning empress, her majesty addressed him in English, which she spoke in perfection. At the close of the audience, the delighted envoy exclaimed to the courtier who had introduced him, — 'What a charming woman! how admirably she speaks English! To what country does she belong?' — 'Germany.' — 'Indeed! I should have supposed her English; she speaks the language so well! And of what family is she?' — 'Of the house of Baden.' — 'What an amiable, sensible woman! Speaks English with as much purity as if she had been born at Boston!' And the worthy envoy took his departure, wholly blind to the rank, wit, and graces of the empress. The only circumstance which impressed him was her acquaintance with his language—an acquirement which, in his opinion, outweighed all others."

The author's *amour-propre* leads him to enlarge on the preference shewn by the Russians to the French language. This, however, is a pardonable instance of vanity. On this subject we have a little anecdote of our own. A Spanish linguist, discussing the merits of different languages, observed, that were he to choose, he would address his valet in French, his horse in German, his mistress in Italian, and his Creator in Spanish.

"A lady being once taken to task for her exclusive partiality for the French language, — 'If the people in the moon,' said she, 'have tongues, I am quite convinced they must speak in good Parisian; and I have little doubt but that, in two hundred years hence, Molière's *Tartuffe* will be performed in the capital of China, where Perigord pies will be eaten, and paid for with French louis-d'or.'"

We have some anecdotes with regard to the superstition of the Russians:—

"When a Russian peasant imagines that his cattle are of an unlucky colour, no persuasion can prevent him from changing them. This superstitious fancy extends even to his poultry; and it is by no means uncommon to see the hens, ducks, and geese in a farm-yard all of the same monotonous hue. When such is the case, should the peasant receive a present of a cow, differing in colour from the rest of his live stock only by the shade of a single hair, the animal would be sold on the instant, to prevent mischief from befalling the remainder of his herd."

"Prince Belloselsky possesses to an eminent degree the talent of telling a ghost-story. At a large party, one evening, the ladies drew their chairs around him, and exclaimed, 'Do, Prince, terrify us a little.' Upon this, the prince ordered the lights to be extinguished, with the exception of one, which was left burning in an adjoining apartment, the door of which remained ajar. The narrator commenced his tale, which turned, as might be expected, upon the apparition of a horrid phantom, advancing slowly, in the midst of darkness visible, towards a person in bed. For the last ten minutes, the prince had kept his hand extended on a marble table: his voice assumed a sepulchral tone. All at once, he applied his icy hand upon the bare arm of his hostess, who uttered a piercing scream. The terrified auditors rushed into the other room, and, in their confusion, extinguished the solitary light. The sudden darkness redoubled their panic. At last the servants made their appearance with flambeaux; and the prince, who began to be alarmed at the success of his experiment, succeeded with some difficulty in calming the apprehensions

of his fair audience. 'Ladies,' said he, 'tis all your own fault: you requested me to terrify you a little,—and I like to make myself agreeable.'

The author gallantly takes up the cudgels in defence of the Cossacks, who, he considerably assures us, were by no means such fee-faw-fum guests as might be imagined—

"In 1814, a Cossack general arrived in a little village, at the head of eight hundred Calmucks. The savage air of these troops,—their hair floating over their eyes,—their long beards descending to their waists,—the sorry appearance of their steeds, which look worse than they are,—these various circumstances contributed not a little to the alarm of the peasantry. The Russian general perceived that, in the house on which he was billeted, his hosts eagerly withdrew their young children from his sight. Mortified by their absurd precautions, he determined to retaliate; and when the servant requested to know what he would have for supper,—'Bring me a couple of children *à la broche*,' said the general, 'but let them be plump and tender.' Then, accosting his hosts with gaiety and politeness,—'Excuse the jest,' said he, 'the idea of which has been inspired by your fantastic terrors. Let me assure you that a beard is not an infallible symptom of ferocity. I have seen many a smooth visage less worthy to be trusted than those of my rough Calmucks. Recollect your national proverb: *l'habit ne fait pas le moine*.'

The devotion of Napoleon's partizans has formed the subject of various anecdotes, true or false. The following gives a ludicrous sample of sturdy uncompromising Bonapartism:—

"A courtier of the imperial régime, conversing with some ladies who obstinately refused to share his admiration for the emperor, expressed his overflowing zeal in rather a novel manner. 'Ladies,' said he, 'I have such perfect confidence in the emperor, that were he to call me knave, I might at first humbly remonstrate: but were he a second time to say, with an air of conviction, 'I assure thee, thou art a knave!'—As I am a man of honour, I would take his majesty's word for it!'"

"Late, at a dinner party, an Englishman had the misfortune to spill a bottle of wine on the table, which was half covered with the purple stream. The Amphytrion having petulantly demanded if that mode was customary in England—'No,' replied the Englishman, with phlegm; 'but when such an accident *does* happen, it is customary to let it pass without remark."

"Several of Catherine's generals having been repulsed and beaten by the Turks, the empress, who was superior to childish considerations of resentment, resolved to entrust the command to Count Romantsoff, who had been for some time in disgrace. For that purpose, Catherine forwarded to the veteran a letter, couched in the following terms: 'Count Romantsoff,—I know that you dislike me; but you are a Russian, and consequently must desire to combat the enemies of your country. Preserve your hatred to me, if it be necessary for the satisfaction of your heart; but conquer the Turks. I give you the command of my army.' The letter was accompanied by 20,000 roubles, for the expenses of the general's military equipments. Romantsoff triumphed over the Turks; and, on his return from the campaign, the Czarine, dressed in a military uniform, proceeded to meet him. The general arrived, escorted by his staff. Catherine alighted, and advancing to Romantsoff, forbade him to dismount. 'General,' said she, 'tis my place to make the first advances to the heroic defender of my country.' Romantsoff burst into tears, threw himself at his sovereign's feet, and ever afterwards was one of Catherine's most zealous partizans."

For the present we take leave of M. Dupré St. Maure. Fastidious criticism might perhaps object that he draws too liberally on his stores of anecdote. This, however, if it be a fault, is one inherent in the character of the French literature of the present day.

APHORISMS ON MAN, BY THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

[Continued from last Month.]

XII.

EVERY one is a hero, the circumstances being given. All that is necessary is, that the outward impression should be so strong as to make a man forget himself. A woman rushes into the flames to save her child, not from duty or reason—but because the distracting terror for another banishes all recollection of, and fear for, herself. For the same reason, a person throws himself from a precipice, because the apprehension of danger gets the better of and confounds the sense of self-preservation. The doctrine of self-love, as an infallible metaphysical principle of action, is nonsense.

XIII.

The heroical ages were those in which there was a constant question between life and death, and men ate their scanty meal with their swords in their hands.

XIV.

The hero acts from outward impulse; the martyr from internal faith, and so far is the greater character of the two. And yet it may be doubted whether the latter is properly a voluntary agent, or whether, if he could do it unperceived, he would not abstract himself from the scene, instead of becoming a sacrifice and a witness to the truth.

XV.

What shews that persecution and danger act as incentives rather than impediments to the will, is that zeal generally goes out with the fires that kindle it; and we become indifferent to a cause, when life, property, and limb are no longer endangered. He is the real philosopher who loves truth for its own sake, not in the spirit of contradiction: he the genuine friend of freedom and justice, who hates oppression, and wrong after they have ceased, and as long as the very name of them remains, as well as while it is a bone of contention between infuriated sects and parties.

XVI.

If reform were to gain the day, reform would become as vulgar as cant of any other kind. We only shew a spirit of independence and resistance to power, as long as power is against us. As soon as the cause of opposition prevails, its essence and character are gone out of it; and the most flagrant *radicalism* degenerates into the tamest servility. We then say as others say; sail with the stream; no longer sacrifice interest to principle, but are in a pitiful majority. Had events taken a different turn in 1794, who can predict what the popular cry would have been? This may point out how little chance there is of any great improvement in the affairs of the world. Virtue ceases with difficulty; honesty is *militant*. The mass of mankind, who are governed by indolence and habit, fall in with existing events and interests; the imaginative and reasoning part fall out with facts and reality; but could they have their way, and model the world at their pleasure, their occupation would be gone; or if all governments were wise and good, the character of the patriot would become obsolete, and a sinecure. At present there is a

very convenient division of labour; and each class fulfils its vocation. It is essential to the triumph of reform that it should never succeed.

XVII.

We talk about the cant of politics or religion, as if there were no cant but that which is common to the multitude. But whenever any two individuals agree about any one thing, they begin to cant about it, and take the echo of one another's voices for the verdict of truth. Half-a-dozen persons will always make a *quorum* of credulity and vulgarity.

XVIII.

When people have done quarrelling about one set of questions they start another. Motion is necessary to mind as much as to matter; and for "an ultimate end," Hobbes denies that there is any such thing. Hence the tendency to all Ultra opinions and measures! Man is seldom contented to go as far as others, unless he can go beyond them, and make a caricature and a paradox even of the most vulgar prejudice. It is necessary to aim at some kind of distinction—to create some difficulty, were it only for the sake of overcoming it. Thus we find that O'Connell, having carried his cause, would not let the "agitation" subside without turning it into a personal quarrel: the way was opened to him into the House, and he wanted to force his way there by an *ex post facto* inference; the banns of marriage were published between him and parliament, and he would fain, with the petulance of opposition, seize a seat there.

XIX.

Truth itself becomes but a fashion. When all the world acknowledge it, it seems trite and stale. It is tinged by the coarse medium through which it passes.

XX.

Erasmus, in his "Remains," tells a story of two thieves, who were recommended by their mother to rob every one they met with; but warned, on peril of their lives, to avoid one *Black-breeches* (Hercules). Meeting him, however, without knowing him, they set upon him, and were slung across his shoulder,—where Hercules heard them muttering behind his back, *a long way off*, "This must surely be he that our mother warned us of." In contempt and pity he let them escape. What modern wit can come up to the grotesque grandeur of this invention?

XXI.

People addicted to seeresy are so without knowing why; they are so not "for cause," but for seeresy's sake. It is a mixture of cowardice and conceit. They think, if they tell you any thing, you may understand it better than they do, or turn it in some way against them; but that while they shut up their mouths they are wiser than you, just as liars think by telling you a falsehood they have an advantage over you. There are others who deal in significant nods, smiles, and half-sentences, so that you never can get at their meaning, and indeed they have none, but leave it to you to put what interpretation you please on their embryonic hints and conceptions. They are glad to find a *proxy* for their want of understanding.

XXII.

It is the force and violence of the English mind that has put it into the safe custody of the law, and it is every man's disposition to act upon his own judgment and presumption, without regard to others, that has made it absolutely necessary to establish equal claims to curb them. We are too much in a state of nature to submit to what Burke calls "the soft collar of social esteem," and require "the iron rod, the torturing hour," to tame us. But though the foundations of liberty, life, and property, are formally secured in this way from the ebullitions of national character, yet the spirit breaks out upon the surface of manners, and is often spured in our face. Lord Castlereagh was wrong in saying that "liberty was merely a custom of England;" it is the indigenous growth of our temper and our clime; and woe to him who deprives us of the only amends for so many disadvantages and failings! The wild beast roaming his native forests is respectable though formidable—shut up in Exeter 'Change, he is equally odious and wretched.

XXIII.

It was a long time made an argument for not throwing open the galleries of noblemen and others to the public, that if permission were given they would be filled with the lowest of the rabble, and with squalid wretches, who would run up against well-dressed people, and damage the works of art. Nothing could be more false than this theory, as experience has shewn. It was in vain to quote the example of foreign countries, as it was said the common people there were kept more in subjection; but if they are tamer, ours are prouder for that very reason. The National Gallery in Pall-Mall is now open to all the world; and, except a shabby artist or two, who ever saw a soul there who was not, if not well-dressed, yet dressed in his best, and behaving with decency, instead of trying to turn the place into a bear-garden, as had been predicted.* People will not go out of their way to see pictures unless they have an interest in them, which gives the title, and is a security against ill consequences; much less will any class of people obtrude themselves where they are pointed at as inferior to the rest of the company, or subject themselves to looks of scorn and disgust, to see any sights in the world. There is no man so poor or low but he loves himself better than pictures or statues; and if he must get snubbed and treated with contempt to indulge his admiration of celebrated works, he will forego the latter. *Comparisons are odious*; and we avoid them. The first object of every human being (high or low, great or small) is to stand well with himself, and to appear to the best advantage to others. A man is not very fond of passing along the streets in a thread-bare coat, and shoes with holes in them. Will he go in this trim into a group of well-dressed people to make himself ridiculous? The mind, so far from being dull or callous on this point, is but too sensitive; our jealousy of public opinion is the ruling passion, a morbid disease. Does not the consciousness of any singularity or impropriety of appearance immediately take off from our pleasure at a play? How seldom we observe an interloper in the dress circle; and how sure he is to pay for it! If a man has any

* If it were a show of wild-beasts, or a boxing-match, the reasoning might be somewhat different; though I do not know that it would. No people behave better than the gods after the play once begins.

defect or inferiority, this is certain, he will keep it in the back-ground. If a chimney-sweeper or scavenger had a ticket to a ball, would he go? Oh! no; it is enough to bear the sense of our own infirmity and disgrace in silence, and unnoticed, without having it wrought to agony by the glare of contrast and ostentation of insult! What linendraper or grocer's son would dine with a prince every day though he might, to be crushed into insignificance, and stifled with ironical civility? Do we not observe the difficulty there is in making servants and mechanics sit down, or keep on their hats in speaking to their *betters*, for fear of being thought to encroach, and made liable to a rebuff in consequence? Assuredly, then, the great may throw open their palace-doors and galleries of art without having to dread the inroad or outrages of the mob, or fancying that any one will go who is not qualified to appear, or will not come away with his mind and manners improved. The wooden shoes and mob caps in the Louvre or the Vatican do no harm to the pictures on the walls: but add a new interest to them, and throw a pleasing light on human nature. If we are behind other nations in politeness and civilization, the best way to overtake them is to tread in their steps.

XXIV.

It is at the same time true that *familiarity breeds contempt*; or that the vulgar, if admitted to an intimacy and footing of equality, try to make you feel all your defects, and to pay for the superiority you have so long usurped over them. The same pride that before kept them at a distance makes them ready to throw down any barrier of deference or distinction the moment they can do so with impunity. No one willingly admits a superiority in another; or does not secretly prefer himself to the whole universe beside. The slave would kill the tyrant, whose feet he kisses; and there is no Turk so loyal that he would not cut off the head of the best of Sultans, if he was sure of putting the diadem upon his own.

XXV.

The strongest minds are governed more by appearances than by a regard to consequences. Those who pretend to be the greatest calculators of their own interest, or the *main chance*, are the very slaves of opinion, and dupes of shallow pretension. They are often so mad in this respect, that they think neither better nor worse of the oldest friend they have in the world than the first person they happen to be in company with does, or the last rumour they heard gives him out. Their *circumspection* amounts to looking three ways at once, and missing the right point of view at last. They would rather speak to a well-dressed fool in the street than to the wisest man in a thread-bare suit. I know an author who succeeds with a set of second-hand thoughts by having a coat of the newest cut; and an editor, who flourishes about the town in virtue of a pair of green spectacles. Lay out all you are worth in decking out the person of a vulgar woman, and she will cut you in the very finery you have given her; lay it out on your own back, and she will be ambitious of your least notice. People judge of you not from what *they* know, but from the impression you make on others, which depends chiefly on professions, and on outward bearing and bravery. *De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio.* If a man has no opinion of himself, how the deuce should any one else. It is like elect-

ing a person member of parliament who refuses to come forward as a candidate. On the other hand, let a man have impudence in lieu of all other qualifications, and he needs not despair. The part of quack or coxcomb is a favourite one with the town. The only character that is likely to get on by passing for a *poor creature* is the legacy-hunter. Nothing can be too low or insignificant for that. A man is only grateful to you in the other world for having been a foil to him in this. A miser (if he could) would leave his fortune to his dog, that no human being might be the better for it, or no one that he could envy in the possession of it, or think raised to an equality with himself.

XXVI.

We complain of old friends who have made their fortunes in the world and slighted us in their prosperity, without considering those who have been unsuccessful, and whom we have neglected in our turn. When our friends betray or desert us, we cling the closer to those that remain. Our confidence is strengthened by being circumscribed; we do not wish to give up a forlorn hope. With the crumbling and decayed fragments of friendship around us, we maintain our point to the last; like the cobbler, who kept his stall and cooked his beef-steak in the ruins of Drury-lane. Buonaparte used to speak of old generals and favourites who would not have abandoned him in his misfortunes if they had lived; it was perhaps well for them that they were dead. The list of traitors and the ungrateful is too much swelled without any probable additions to it.

XXVII.

When we hear of any base or shocking action or character, we think the better of ourselves; instead of which, we ought to think the worse. It strikes at the grounds of our faith in human nature. The reflection of the old divine was wiser on seeing a reprobate—"There goes my wicked self!"

XXVIII.

Over-civility generally ends in impertinence; for as it proceeds from design, and not from any kindness or respect, it ceases with its object.

XXIX.

I am acquainted with but one person, of whom I feel quite sure that if he were to meet an old and tried friend in the street, he would go up and speak to him in the same manner, whether in the interim he had become a lord or a beggar. Upon reflection, I may add a second to the list. Such is my estimate of the permanence and sincerity of our most boasted virtues. "To be honest as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand."

XXX.

It has been said that family attachments are the only ones that stand the test of adversity, because the disgrace or misfortune is there in some measure reflected upon ourselves. A friend is no longer a friend, provided we choose to pick a quarrel with him; but we cannot so easily cut the link of relationship asunder. We therefore relieve the distresses of our near relations, or get them out of the way, lest they should shame us. But the sentiment is unnatural, and therefore must be untrue.

XXXI.

I— said of some monkeys at a fair, that we were ashamed of their resemblance to ourselves on the same principle that we avoided *poor relations*.

XXXII.

Servants and others who consult only their ease and convenience, give a great deal of trouble by their carelessness and profligacy; those who take a pride in their work often carry it to excess, and plague you with constant advice and interference. Their duty gets so much a-head in their imagination, that it becomes their master, and your's too.

XXXIII.

There are persons who are never easy unless they are putting your books or papers in order, that is, according to their notions of the matter; and hide things lest they should be lost, where neither the owner nor any body else can find them. This is a sort of *magpie faculty*. If any thing is left where you want it, it is called making a *litter*. There is a pedantry in housewifery as in the gravest concerns. Abraham Tucker complained that whenever his maid-servant had been in his library, he could not set comfortably to work again for several days.

XXXIV.

True misanthropy consists not in pointing out the faults and follies of men, but in encouraging them in the pursuit. They who wish well to their fellow-creatures are angry at their vices and sore at their misdeeds; he who flatters their errors and smiles at their ruin is their worst enemy. But men like the sycophant better than the plain-dealer, because they prefer their passions to their reason, and even to their interest.

XXXV.

I am not very patriotic in my notions, nor prejudiced in favour of my own countrymen; and one reason is, I wish to have as good an opinion as I can of human nature in general. If we are the paragons that some people would make us out, what must the rest of the world be? If we monopolize all the sense and virtue on the face of the globe, we "leave others poor indeed," without having a very great superabundance falling to our own share. Let them have a few advantages that we have not—grapes and the sun!

XXXVI.

When the Persian ambassador was at Edinburgh, an old Presbyterian lady, more full of zeal than discretion, fell upon him for his idolatrous belief, and said, "I hear you worship the sun!"—"In faith, Madam," he replied, "and so would you too if you had ever seen him!"

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

Our respect for the principles of his Majesty's ministers at all times and places, is so thoroughly exhibited in every thing we do, that we might pass over even the happiest opportunity of giving it a new testification. But when two such names come together as the Premier and Dr. Philpotts, two such eminent friends to the constitution, two such staunch abiders by their principles, we cannot refrain from calling the public eye to the evidence of our admiration. However, another has spoken too well on the point to suffer our feebleness to interfere; and we shall allow the Rev. J. P. Jones, the President of Lord Ebrington's election dinner, to say all that is to be said on the occasion.

Lord Ebrington was invited to dine at Teignmouth on the 21st of October, and came into the town in triumph, the people carrying branches of laurel, and so forth. Lord Ebrington is a whig, but this we pardon in a lord; he is not to be expected to know much upon the subject; and probably means no more by it, than that he can get his cutlet at Brookes's any day in the season, and have all the newspapers to look over in the bay window. But he is a goose in other points: for he made the people no speech from the window of the inn; and as they had expected something to make them laugh, they went away in great sulkiness, wondering what a whig could be, unless he was a talker; and determined to carry their laurels for some less hidebound orator at the next election. The consequence of his Lordship's patrician dryness was, that the populace would not go to his dinner; and he had accordingly that kind of muster which makes a man unpopular with his landlord.

But there was one speech which was worth listening to, even if the Speaker were of the Whig Club. The Rev. Chairman said—

"There is however one point to which I wish to call the attention of the meeting, and that is the appointment of Dr. Philpotts to the see of Exeter. I entertained a pure respect for Dr. Carey, and likewise for Dr. Bethel, but I consider it to be a *complete insult* to the county of Devon to bring down a *political renegade* from Durham, to fill the see of Exeter: a *mere adventurer*, who abused Mr. Canning for his attachment to the Catholic cause, and *then turned* and went to Oxford to support Mr. Peel, when the ministry determined to carry that question—for which *he has got a bishoprick*. If indeed this wretched apostate has got a *bishoprick* for *ratting*, I think I ought to have an *archbishoprick* for being consistent. This man has *taken all sides* and has got a mitre! What *greater disgrace* can be thrown on the *Church of England*? I hope my noble friend will, on taking his seat, support some measure to prevent those translations, for within three months we have had *three bishops* at Exeter!"

We have not heard of the Rev. Dr. Philpotts' actual elevation to the holy rank for which his sincerity, scorn of hypocrisy, and unsullied honour, so proudly qualify him. We, of course, altogether disbelieve the tales that the malice of mankind so ingeniously invent, on all occasions of the good-fortune of a man born for glory. Nobody shall ever hear us joining in those cruel calumnies. On the contrary, we long to follow the lead of that panegyric of which the Canons, honourable and reverend, of all cathedrals, are so celebrated for giving their example on every new translation. If we should see in the address of those distin-

guished and high-spirited divines, a declaration that Dr. Philpotts is the first of scholars and of men, the most immaculate of pamphleteers, and the most unworldly of christians; if the Precentor shall call him St. Chrysostom, and the Dean declare him St. Paul, no man shall hear our protest; if his chaplains congratulate mankind on the addition to the bench, and the whole body of Canons set his political virtues to music, and chaunt them in place of the obsolete psalms of David; we shall only rejoice that merit has found its reward, and that, though the Bench may go down, a Saint of the first water, a Philpotts, is sure of an elevation.

Sir Walter Scott—long may he live and write—has again set the fashion of authorship, and his Demonology will fill all the portfolios of “all the talents” with ghosts. Our preachers will have a double reason for calling this a visionary world; and Messrs. Thompson and Fearon’s grand manufactory on Holborn Hill, will not have the monopoly of filling the popular brains with *spirits*. Demonology will henceforth take its place among the “Ologies” that form so essential a part of the education of any girl who intends to be married; and spinsters will defy Satan, from mere familiarity, with as much *sang froid* as a barrister in full practice deals with him, or as Mr. T. P. Cooke puts on his black majesty’s visage, and revels in diabolism and blue flames at the Surrey theatre.

Scotland, by right divine, has the privilege of all the real ghosts, and she is now busy with that ghost episode, a prophetic dream.

“*Henderson, the Murderer.*—A strange tale regarding Henderson is the subject of conversation at Dunfermline. On the day of the culprit’s birth his father, who is a respectable man in his own humble way, dreamed that he saw his son, grown to man’s estate, go through all the formalities of a public execution. This strange vision gave him great uneasiness at the time, and the impression was confirmed in the course of years by the wild recklessness of character which distinguished his son. It was, however, the hope of the senior Henderson that, as he had not seen the end of the rope wherewith the criminal seemed to be executed, the accomplishment of the vision would not take place during his lifetime. He has been disappointed.”

We are rejoiced at the arrival of an illustrious person, who has deprived England of his presence for the last ten years; our dearly beloved Florentine ambassador, the son of that dearly beloved rat, the old Lord Privy Seal, that gayest of sinecurists, brightest of senators, and most galloping of Hyde-Park equestrians.

“An English opera, composed by Lord Burghersh, and entitled ‘*Katherine, or the Austrian Captive*,’ is in rehearsal by the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, and will be performed by them in the Concert-room of the Italian Opera.”

So, his lordship is not idle. He has brought his fiddle with him; and though his loss must throw the whole fiddling population of *La bella Fiorenza* into despair, and the Countess *Belgiojoso* into the delights of a reign unrivalled by her ladyship; though poor Lord Normanby must carry on the theatrical campaign alone, and do the duties of a British senator on a solitary stage; yet we must congratulate

London on the accession of a Noble composer, and the people on (we hope) the cessation of his salary of £4,000 a year.

What would the laughing world do without Ireland? We are not now alluding to its stock-absurdities, the barbarous blue-stockingism of that exquisite old woman, that companion of princesses, lecturer of potentates, and chief political adviser of Monsieur Lafayette, *Miladi Morgan*! nor to the other meteors, "prominent, publishing, and patriotic," of the Isle of pikes, emeralds, and popish parliaments. Our allusion is to that general and happy faculty which seems to live in the air, and which is as *cutaneous* as the visitation of a Scotchman—the propensity to say the direct contrary of the thing, yet not in the Philpotts' style, but with the most eager wish to make out its meaning in some way or other. Thus the English secretaries and lord lieutenants always exhibit the national *lapsus lingue* within the first twelve hours of their treading the soil, and go on blundering in all varieties of style, until their five years are out, and they have nothing to do but to blunder home. We now have this announcement under the authority of the head of the Percies:—"The Lord Lieutenant has offered a reward of 200*l.* for the assassin who fired at William Purefoy, Esq., a magistrate, near Tipperary, with intent to kill that gentleman. There is also a reward of 100*l.* offered by his Excellency for the murderer of William Dwyer, near Cappawhite, in the county of Tipperary."

We have no doubt that the money will be most thankfully received by the parties in question. If the appropriation of such sums should surprise John Bull, he must remember that at Rome one must do as they do at Rome; that popularity is of importance to a lord lieutenant; and that the most popular thing possible is to encourage the *only* manufacture of the country.

George Colman has failed so egregiously in writing his own life, that it would be one of the first charities of generous authorship to fabricate a new life for him, write him over again, expunge forty of his sixty years, and turn him upon the world, in all the "purple light" of his original virtue. What he has been doing in the forty, we cannot presume to conjecture, but we never suspected him of being too much inclined to Methodism in the worst of times! But what he is about to do now, baffles us more. That he was always one of the most decorous individuals possible, we never doubted, though others had their opinions on that subject too. But, that since he has become licenser he is the *beau idéal* of propriety, who can deny? Yet the newspapers will be stubborn; and they revenge themselves on the saint, with even more wrath than they ever did on the sinner: for example—

"*Elderly Purity*.—George Colman, the licenser, it seems, is going it again. Some curious anecdotes relative to the excisions the dramatic licenser directed to be made in Mr. Wade's tragedy, are told—the result, as it should seem, of a new code of theology having enlightened the mind of that egregious 'gentleman pensioner.' What will the clergy say, when they hear that Mr. Colman rigorously forbids all mention, not merely of 'hell,' but *heaven*, 'to ears polite?' And that, so far from permitting summary condemnation to be called for on stage villains, he will not even allow a blessing to be begged upon their opposites. The

hitherto innocent, not to say laudable exclamations of 'Heaven bless you!' 'Heaven keep your grace;' and so forth, are high crimes and misdemeanours in the critical eyes of our censor. The players, who are rather a reprobate set, are thinking of going back to 'slives,' 'sbloods,' adopted in the time of the Puritans; for swearing in some shape or other, it would seem, is one of the necessities of stage life. It is expected that Mr. Colman will shortly forbid the performance of his own plays."

The accident of Huskisson's death has thrown a covering over his politics which we have no wish to remove. Death, that breaks ties, also dissolves hostilities; and whatever may be the resentment for a slippery career, when a sense of public dignity would have made it a straightforward one, and a successful one too; no sentiment can now be felt, but of pity for the miserable and sudden extinction of his career. An instance is mentioned of his recording the absurdity of that ambition, which, in the highest instance of human talents and fortune, only betrayed its victim to shame and chains.

When he was in office, he was presented with the chair which the exiled Emperor of France usually occupied during his dismal sojourn at Longwood. On this relic Mr. Huskisson appeared to set a great value, and a place was appropriated to it in his library. He had also a small brass plate affixed to the chair, on which the period when it was presented to him, and some other particulars, were engraved; to which the following lines from Byron's Ode to Napoleon, were added:—

"Nor till *thy* fall could mortals guess
Ambition's *less* than nothingness."

Yet, with this unparalleled lesson before his eye, he suffered himself to be the instrument of men altogether inferior to himself, to seek an unsatisfactory power, and be cast out, and called back again, by the most ridiculous cabinet that ever furnished food for ridicule.

It is considered a formidable thing to be mulcted for another man's debts, or act as papa to another man's offspring. Yet what are those, to the calamity of fathering another man's joke? Gay Rogers, witty Luttrell, and rich Lord Alvanly, are at present the universal sufferers. Every bad pun, intolerable story, and ponderous witticism engendered within the bills of mortality, is as regularly laid to their account, as the increase of *indecorums* in the neighbourhood of Bow-street is laid to the account of that greatest of lawyers, Sir Richard Birnie. The most remorseless *jeux d'esprit*, are as invariably laid to their charge, as an unowned murder to the first Irishman one meets. Exploded jests come back on their hands, as habitually as Miss Dolabella's borrowed novels come back to the circulating library, noted and pencilled at all the elopements and Doctors'-Commons descriptions; or as the finery of the Easter balls reverts to Moorfields; or as blind puppies find their way to the horse-pond by the dozen at a time. We look upon their state of existence as not to be borne, and advise a prosecution, and the nailing of an anti-nuisance board over Lord Alvanly's fair fame—"No puns to be perpetrated here." What punishment, for instance, could be too severe for the aggressor who inflicted the injury of the following abomination on Lord Alvanly:—

"Who is Muggleton," said a friend of Lord Alvanly's, the other day, "do you know him?" "Yes," was the reply, "I know him, but he is *low*; a fellow who muddles away his property in paying his tradesmen's bills."

We again [advise] law, and an immediate application to Sir James—who will turn it into a libel, if the thing is to be done by man.

We suppose that the Emancipation people on this side of the water are, by this time, getting ready their eloquence to satisfy the wondering world that "Conciliation" has done its work, and that Ireland is perfectly at its ease. We have no doubt that Mr. Peel will be of that opinion. He will give a sentence or two to blushes and regrets, that "faction in that fine country should not be more decorous; but he will trust and hope, the natural good sense of the people, the general feeling of the truest interests of Ireland, which has always distinguished its patriots; and the progress of time, will heal, assuage, soften," with all the rest of what Dibdin calls *palaver*; in short, that the Right Honourable gentleman is just as wise, sincere, and *honourable*, as he was on the day when he went to the right-about, and voted the "*healing*" measure.

But those who were healed, conciliated, and emancipated, have a different idea upon the subject; and they think themselves worse off than ever. Hear what the great Agitator has to say for the state of "Emancipated Ireland!"

"We have in Ireland, in the person of an English lord, a despot the most complete in Europe. The law which constitutes this despot is a barbarous act of military despotism—an outrageous exhibition of martial tyranny—the force of the cannon, and the bayonet, and the sabre, dragoons and military, horse, foot, and all—against reason, right, and justice. It is tyranny, in its blackest, foulest shape. The insolent Englishman who used it, and in its use infringed the law, may talk of his prowess, may boast of his duelling propensities. Oh, would to God the sacred cause of freedom were between us; in some as sacred conflict, where the lover of his country and of Christian charity, and peace, might appear with honour. My blood boils when I see a wretched English scribe, dare, in the face of Heaven, to trample down the people of Ireland with his iron heel. And is this to continue? If I live, it cannot be—it cannot be. It is an audacious insult to this country to have framed such an Act of Parliament."

This is all capital. Not very new, we admit, for it has formed the staple of Popish oratory for the last thirty years. But it is vigorous, and shews the gratitude of the people, and the improvement in the "agitator's" patriotism since he came into the legislature. But we must first see what he thinks of the Irish Government, in the person of Sir Henry Hardinge.

"I arraign that paltry, contemptible little English soldier, that had the audacity to put his pitiful and contemptible name to an atrocious Polignac proclamation; and that, too, in Ireland—in *my* country—in this green land—the land of Brownlow—the country of Grattan, now in his grave—the land of Charlemont and of the 70,000 volunteers—the heroes of the immortal period of '82. In that country it is that a wretched English scribe (a chance-child of fortune and of war), urged on by

his paltry, pitiful lawyerlings, puts his vile name to his paltry proclamation putting down freemen. I would rather be a dog and bay the moon, than the Irishman who would tamely submit to so infamous a proclamation. I have not opposed it hitherto, because that would implicate the people, and give our enemies—the English Major-General and his lawyerling staff—a triumph. But I will oppose it; and that too, not in the way that the paltry Castle-scribe would wish—by force. No; Ireland is not in a state for repelling force by force. Too short a period has elapsed since the cause of contention between Protestants and Catholics was removed; too little time has been given for healing the wounds of factious contention, to allow Ireland to use physical force in the attainment of her rights, or the punishment of wrong.”

This too is capital. The abuse thrown on the Irish secretary is so much thrown on the Lord Lieutenant, who throws it on the English government, who put it up among their memorials of the grand measure of conciliation; and all this was cheered to the skies by a full audience. No man stepped forward to doubt a syllable of it. The whole was as true as the mass-book, and the multitude of patriots rejoiced in the full declaration of their sentiments. Even for the Parliament, into which, by the help of his grace of Wellington, and Sir Robert Bliffl Peel, he led his fellow patriots, his admiration is not too enthusiastic. His tenderest word for it is the “rotten, boroughmongering Parliament.”

But Sir H. Hardinge, not being yet accustomed to the polish of the patriot oratory, was boyish enough to be angry, and send his friend the adjutant-general to ask, whether the orator were more mad, drunk, or patriotic, when he drew his picture. Colonel D'Aguilar, as true a gentleman, and as gallant an officer as any in the service, performed this duty with the good sense characteristic of him; and the Grand Agitator was obliged to repeat, for the fiftieth time, his determination to use his tongue without the hazard of his teeth. He fights *not*; but, as he says, reserves himself for that forthcoming period when there will be something to fight for. However, this shewy style was not comprehensible; and a pen being put into the Agitator's hand, the following document appeared, which we preserve for the purpose of recording in the archives of this country for ever.

“Mr. O'Connell does not feel himself called on either to avow or disavow any thing attributed to him by the public papers. At the same time, that if any allegation of *fact* be pointed out to him—attributed to him—which is not true, he will readily either disavow the assertion if untruly attributed, or contradict and atone in every way possible for the allegation if he made use of it. No man living is more ready than Mr. O'Connell to disavow and atone for any error in point of fact which he may have fallen into. Mr. O'Connell will not receive any kind of communication with reference to a duel. He utterly disclaims any reference to such a mode of proceeding, be the consequences of such disclaimer what they may, repeating his readiness to retract and atone for any fact alleged by him not founded in proof. He spoke of Sir Henry Hardinge in his *public* capacity, as an instrument of despotism. He did not say one word of him in his *private* capacity. As a public man, he did speak of Sir Henry as he would of any other man who trampled on the liberties of Irishmen; and he must say, that fighting a duel would be a bad way to prove that Sir Henry was right or Mr. O'Connell wrong.”

This was diplomatic enough. But still Colonel D'Aguilar's thickness of brains could not discover how this soothed the matter, and he had the barbarity to insist on the Agitator's swallowing his words, or going out to that field, where he might lose the glorious opportunity for ever of regenerating his country. Finding, at last, that persuasion was out of the question, the Colonel made a note of the transaction, in the following style:—

"Having received this from Mr. O'Connell's hand, and read it in Mr. O'Connell's presence, it only remains for me to say, that this is not the disavowal of the expressions required by Sir Henry Hardinge; and I do therefore, in that gentleman's name, call upon Mr. O'Connell for that satisfaction, for his gross and intemperate language, which is due from one gentleman to another. Mr. O'Connell having heard me read this aloud, then said 'Refused already'—but added, in his own hand-writing, 'in addition to the passage I marked as disavowed, (viz. a chance-child of fortune and of war,) I disavow using the words *hiring scribe*.'

"GEORGE D'AGUILAR."

And so ends this fine affair:—the great agitator having been compelled to take away all the charm of the abuse, by extracting all its particularity, and giving to the world nothing but those general notions which the Billingsgate school furnishes to all its professors indiscriminately.

We object too, in some degree, to Sir H. Hardinge's proceeding. He ought in common sense to have let the hair-triggers sleep. It is, to be sure, hard enough to be called names, but the mouth that called them takes away all the mischief. As secretary he ought to have disdained any further notice than a horsewhip delegated to one of his footmen; which we think, on the whole, one of the most advisable and natural modes of writing notes on the grand Agitator's memory.

Brighton is out of its senses with joy. All the world of fashion and no fashion are crowding its streets, emptying its markets, roving its toy-shops, lounging in its libraries, and gazing at the King and Queen. Long may they enjoy the campaign. But certainly, in this time of foreign trouble, the security, comfort, and popular zeal that surround his Majesty, are a fine proof of the difference between the sovereignty of slaves and of freemen. The King's domestic circle too is unrivalled. He actually enjoys as much comfort as if he had only a thousand a year, and was an honest country gentleman, with his family circle round his fireside.

"'Better a Little where Love is,' &c.—The present King, since he came to the throne, has entertained at his table at the same time, with the utmost cordiality and affection—the Queen, the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Gloucester, Prince Leopold, Princess Elizabeth, Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, Princess Mary, Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Sophia, and the Princess Augusta."

Nothing better could be enjoyed, though William IV. could send all the newspaper writers to the galleys, burn all the presses, and order every man in England to kiss the sole of his shoe. But it has the advantage of being likely to last longer. For among those kissers of the shoes of sovereigns there are found from time to time bold spirits who grow tired of the ceremony, and settle the business in the Russian way. A Sultan, too, is not the most certain of going out of the world in his bed.

Freedom is the safety of the King as well as the honour of the people ; and at this hour the King of the freest people in the world is the only one who has a security of sitting on his throne till the next bathing season. This is the true pride of England. Her faith, her honour, and her monarchy, are unchangeable.

All the world laughs at Boatswain Smith, and probably he is no very classic personage. But he has one quality which is worth a million, and without which all others are worth nothing for public success—he has energy. Here is a rough fellow, who talks theology like a sailor, and whose politeness has the fore-the-mast finish ; yet he has done, single-handed, what all the classics and common-halls of Oxford could not do. He is building a church, an hospital, and half a dozen other things, out of the dust : and Boatswain Smith may ask, which of my betters has done more ?

“ The Refuge for Destitute Seamen.—This building is now rapidly rising on the site of the late Brunswick Theatre, under the auspices of the Rev. Boatswain Smith. The workmen employed have prayers every morning at six o'clock, but for all this the piety of some of them is rather questionable. A person passing that way saw an Irishman listening very attentively ; the stranger asked him if he were not a Catholic ? “ Yes,” was the answer. “ How then,” inquired the other, “ can you join in prayer with these people ? ” “ O, by — ! ” replied the labourer, “ its *asier* work than cleaning bricks ! ”

The scourge of India is coming into Europe. This is a terror which throws all others into eclipse. The cholera will make all the revolutions child's play, if it can once fix itself in Europe. But we must hope the best ; precautions are already adopted at the sea-ports ; the quarantine laws are put in force ; and we may be assured that every thing which can be done by science and care will be done. England has not seen any extensive epidemic for nearly two hundred years ; and the habits of the people are so much improved within that period, the food is so much better and more plentiful, medical science and public police are so superior, that we should now meet the most virulent contagion with comparative safety. However, all precautions must be taken ; and we are glad to see the order of the Privy Council directing that vessels from infected ports shall be put under strict supervision. Lord Heytesbury's (the ambassador) despatch certainly does not treat the matter with lightness.

“ St. Petersburg, Sept. 15.—My Lord,—The accounts of the progress of the cholera-morbus are becoming rather alarming. It is making rapid advances towards Moscow ; it is already at Sinebiask, Tyaritzigur, Saretaff, and Pewza. At Astrakhan, the governor (Nisson) and almost every officer of police have perished, and the other deaths are at the rate of about 100 daily. If the disease once reaches Moscow, there can be little doubt that it will spread to St. Petersburg, Warsaw, and from thence into Germany. This will be much less extraordinary than its regular progress from India to the Caucasus, and from thence into the southern provinces of the Russian empire. It appears to be of a very deadly nature, and to have all the character of the real Indian cholera.

“ I have the honour, &c. (Signed) “ HEYTESBURY.”

“ The Right Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen, K.T.”

We understand that accounts have been received subsequently, stating that the disorder had reached Moscow, where it was making frightful ravages. The Russian government is making all possible efforts to stop its progress. Besides directing the attention of medical science at home to the subject, a large reward has been offered in foreign countries for the discovery of any effectual mode of treatment.

There are individuals born to be talked of, just as there are individuals born, like Dr. Philpotts, to be rats and bishops; and individuals born to be pumped, pilloried and hanged. A city rector is seldom a "great son of fame," and the London smokes are rather prejudicial to the growth of the laurel; but there are some, whose natural turn for reputation cannot be restrained, and of such is the hero of the following tale.

"A Rev. Doctor in the City, who has manifested a great taste for tithes, and whose parishioners have the pleasure of paying two-and-ninepence in the pound, not content with a splendid income, takes from his Curate, to whom he gives what hardly can be considered good wages by a journeyman mechanic, any little compliment which persons may be disposed to make at weddings or christenings, even though the parties should be his own personal friends. A gentleman some time ago, informed of this amiable trait, determined, on the occasion of his marriage, to be a match for Dr. O——. A week before the happy day, a dozen of wine made its appearance as a present to the Curate; who did not think the bridegroom particularly shabby, though at last he gave to the Rector his dues, and not one farthing more."

What a curious book might be written, full of nothing but royal interrogatories, at this moment.

Ferdinand of Spain. "What shall I do with the Carlists, the Apostolicals, the Serviles, the Liberals, the freemasons, the exiles, the patriots, the monks?—and what will they do with me?"

Francis of Austria. "What shall I do with the Italians, the Hungarians, the Jesuits, the monks, or with Venice, Trieste, and Dalmatia?—and what will they do with me?"

Don Miguel. "What shall I do with the nobles, the priests, the people, my brother, my troops, my sailors, my exiles, my prisoners, my sisters, my people, and England?—and what will they do with me?"

Louis Philippe. "What shall I do with my nobles, my populace, my courtiers, my comrades, my guards that I dread, my subjects that govern me, my parliament that scorns deliberation, my council that will neither give nor take advice, Austria that hates revolution, Russia, that dreads it, Prussia, that longs for it, England, that threatens it at every change of ministry?—and what will they do to me?"

We could prolong the interrogatory to a folio, but in the mean time we must give a specimen of the true way of letting out a cabinet secret.

"'What shall I do?'" said the Emperor of Austria, when he heard of the French revolution. There was a pause. 'Repeat the drama in Brussels,' said Metternich; 'German money, French profligacy, and Flemish obstinacy will get it up. Make revolution unpopular by setting the most stupid of subjects against the most liberal of kings—create a necessity—have Napoleon II. elected first consul of the Netherlands, and

let France and Europe shake hands if they can. Prussia will catch fire. England will hold off till she has a chance of losing immensely by her interference, and we shall gain by her loss. *Probatum est.* Two hundred nameless adventurers were sent to Brussels, and de Wepenberg went to the Hague."

This is the age of Discoveries of all kinds. A very curious one has just been made through the agency of the "Literary Gazette." It appears that a novel recently published, purporting to be a new one, and pretty generally attributed to a certain *Right Honourable* authoress, is a version—almost without an alteration except as regards the title and the names—of some compound of sighs, tears *sal volatile*, and white handkerchiefs, which made its public *entrée* about eighteen years ago, and was most naturally and judiciously forgotten by every living creature, except the *Right Honourable* writer, and the person whose long memory has now rendered a service to the public in unmasking the fraud. We can have no hesitation in calling it a fraud;—which is the more culpable party, the author or the publisher, remains to be seen. Either the one, calculating upon the badness of the book, and upon the proneness of people to banish dulness from their recollections, has palmed an old novel upon her publisher for a new one; or the other has played the same trick upon the public. It lies between them—we shall see who comes clear from the fire.

The city is in great exultation at the prospect of the Royal visit to the Mansion House, which will be paid just after our lucubrations see the light, but which we can predict will be welcomed by one of the most showy receptions remembered. Key, the Lord Mayor, will kneel down a simple subject, and rise up an altered man: no longer a citizen, but a knight bearing a bloody hand, married to a lady of high degree, and entitled to propagate honours through his line for fifty generations to come. We presume we shall see the lady's portrait in "*La Belle Assemblée*," which already announces a splendid engraving commemorative of the event, representing all the courtiers and citizens at high feast; and as brilliant as colours can make them.

There will be, of course, some fantastic notions in the heads of the hundred projectors, who are in full motion on the event. Alderman Birch has proposed to erect a fountain in the centre of Cheapside, which is to play turtle soup from twelve o'clock to six. The United Upholsterers intend to present a pocket mirror to every officer and private of the escort of Hussars, to enable them to look at themselves during the procession, nothing else being half so delightful. Pudding-lane suggests its appropriate gifts, and Fish-street-hill is already prepared with a sturgeon, worthy of the Majesty of all the Russias. But the finest project of all, is our own idea of piling up the front of St. Paul's, not with carpets or confectionary, but with heads of children from three to thirteen years of age.

Entrance of the King into the City.—An intelligent correspondent suggests that all the children educated at all the free schools in London might be accommodated within the area of St. Paul's; and that the Ordnance Department, by supplying tarpaulins and erecting benches, might, at a small expense, provide shelter from the weather for the little ones, who, if amphitheatrically arranged, would present a sight in every point of view the most interesting that could gratify the Royal

eye. If this suggestion could be conveyed to the ear of the Queen, it is not impossible that it might be acted upon."

An "intelligent correspondent" is generally a rogue, who adopts the title to conceal that he is a blockhead. Our plan is infinitely better: the whole effect would be lost by piling the infant materiel on benches; the true way would be to hang them on the prominent parts of the architecture, in the style of the Cupids in the opera ballets, and give them that semblance of angels, which is to be found in groups of fat cheeks with duck's wings, and bodies curtailed or forgotten. This would be something new; and while the bench system in this east wind would only present his Majesty with ten thousand coughing and shivering brats, our plan would shew them all cherubs. If a few were hanged in the operation, how could they be nearer Heaven!

The Bourbons were lately reported to have lost another flower. News was received of the death of his Neapolitan majesty, Francis I., at Turin. It is of little consequence, we suppose, whether the news be true or not. At all events, it was hardly worth while to contradict such a report; for if he is not dead he soon will be. On his decease, the crown will come to his eldest son, Ferdinand Charles, Duke of Calabria, in his 21st year, by his second wife, whom Francis espoused in 1802, he being at that time forty-three, and his youthful bride but thirteen years of age.

As for Francis I., if he is really in a situation that requires an epitaph, all that we can say of him is, that he was a potentate of whose life the world knew nothing, except that he was fat, ate macaroni, was supposed to have once swallowed poison from the hands of his loving mother, and married a child of thirteen. Peace be to his manes. It is well for kings when death finds them neither in a prison, nor in exile, but travelling like a *bon bourgeois*, and eating six meals a day. If the world goes on as it promises now, and if the successor of Francis does not discover that the fates of millions will be placed in his hands for something better than to eat macaroni, and do nothing, he will have a different story to tell at his latter end. We shall have his majesty building a cottage on the mighty Potowmac, or locating his six acres under the Peel dynasty on the Swan, unless he shall prefer serving in the troops of his highness the Dey of Tripoli, or taking his rest in the sunshine at the back of the Mole among his congenial Lazzaroni.

The "Winter's Wreath," published by Whittaker, is a beautiful collection of engravings, certainly not yielding to any in London. But the general fault of these works is that they seem all written by the same set of persons. We have William and Mary Howitt, meek as mice, in every one of them. Miss Jewsbury seldom misses an opportunity, Bernard Barton is not so *multitudinous* as formerly, and so much the better. But as we have made up our minds long since on Quaker poetry, and decided that *no* broadbrim *can* write—a decision which is fully sanctioned by universal experience, though Goldsmith said that they ought to be the most literary of drab-coloured creatures, "as their founder was a Penn," a pun for which the bard deserves to be immortalized—we can discover a Quaker's verse at any distance, as the doctors lately could discover a madman, by the smell. However, we hope the editors will repent, and give us some new faces to delight us next year.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Travels to the Seat of War in the East, through Russia and the Crimea, in 1829, by Captain I. E. Alexander, late of the 16th Lancers.—Captain Alexander served with the 16th Lancers in India, when quite a boy; and on his return three or four years ago published his *Travels* history in Ava, Persia, and Turkey. Eager for professional knowledge—still young and active—he resolved last year, if possible, to reach the seat of war in Turkey, and was not a man to be daunted by common obstacles. The Emperor's permission was of course indispensable, and a journey to Petersburg to obtain it equally so. Arrived at the capital, the Emperor was, unluckily, gone to Warsaw to be crowned: but Sir James Wyllie, the emperor's Scotch physician, and the common patron of all his Scottish countrymen, undertook to get his petition presented to the emperor; and in the meanwhile the captain had nothing to do but survey the imperial city at leisure. Within a few wersts is a military establishment, called the Camp of Instruction, which naturally drew his attention, and, upon a close scrutiny, his admiration, and as a Briton, his envy. After Granville's ample description of the capital, any further account for the next twenty or thirty years must be superfluous. Captain Alexander himself felt this, but, nevertheless, favours us with numerous sketches of the principal buildings. The emperor's permission at last arrived, and the captain lost no time in setting off for the still distant scene of action; but at Moscow he encountered new delays, which again, however, enabled him to look close and minutely at—what he would otherwise have but glanced at—the ancient seat of the empire; and, moreover, to see the Persian Embassy, which came while he was there to apologize for the massacre of the Russian ambassador and his suite. With many of the members Captain Alexander—he had served in Persia it will be remembered—was personally acquainted, and from them he obtained the details of the massacre, which he communicates at some length, and acceptably enough, for but little was known before of the matter. Of course the statement is an ex-parte one, and the Persians throw the blame of wanton provocation upon the Russians themselves. All impediments at Moscow being finally removed, the captain hastened to Nicolaeff, from whence he proposed to go to Odessa and join Admiral Greig's fleet, to whom he had especial introductions, and so get landed at once on the Roumelia coast. At Odessa, however, the plague had broken out, and he was

obliged to cross the steppes to the Crimea, and, from one obstacle or another, did not finally reach the army till the Russians were in possession of Adrianople, and the campaign at an end. Of the campaign, however, he had abundant opportunities of learning particulars, and especially with respect to the co-operation of the fleet, which is just the part least understood at home. From the captain's account, it appears Varna did not surrender till it became completely untenable, and of course Yoosof Pacha was not the traitor he was on all sides represented to be. At head-quarters Captain Alexander dined with Diebitch, who was the only person that talked. At this general silence on the part of the guests the captain expresses some surprise, but surely he must have found out at home, that subalterns must do nothing but listen when the commander speaks.

Diebitch is a Silesian by birth, and distinguished himself in the service of Russia, in the division of Wittgenstein, during the campaign of 1812. He subsequently became the head of the état-major, or staff, and succeeded to the command of the second army, at the commencement of the campaign of 1829. His rewards last year have been promotion to the rank of field-marshal, of which there are only four or five in Russia; the title of count; the orders of St. Andrew and St. George; a million of rubles, or about £40,000 sterling; six cannon taken from the enemy; a regiment called after his name; the appellation of Zabalcan-sky, or Passer of the Balkan, &c. He was received at dinner with prodigious respect. He is a little man, with an aquiline nose and florid complexion; his hair was dishevelled, and streamed from his head like a meteor. He was dressed in a green uniform, with the cross and riband of his orders. He talked with Captain Alexander touching the pay of officers in India, and scarcely credited the amount: for a Russian colonel in command of a regiment receives only £150. per annum, whereas many subalterns on the staff in the East receive from £600. to £800. Diebitch considered the Russian military system one of the most perfect in the world, &c.

As peace was now made, Captain Alexander prepared to quit the camp—meaning to return home by Constantinople, Egypt, and Italy; but having to go first to Odessa, he was detained there by some quarantine orders. When the delay thus created was over, he was arrested as a spy, from the officiousness of an officer, desirous of shewing his extraordinary zeal for the emperor's ser-

vice, and forthwith packed off to St. Petersburg. Though annoyed and disappointed, he was accompanied by a field officer, who treated him with civility, travelled by a new road, and saw, of course, new countries. At Petersburg all was speedily set right,—the emperor personally expressed his regrets for the unpleasant mistake, and set him instantly at liberty. The Captain returned home across the ice of the Baltic, through Stockholm and Copenhagen—a pretty considerable tour in a few months. Captain Alexander was delighted with the Russians, and wonders a good deal at Dr. Clarke's eternal grumbings—but Russia, it must be remembered, has changed within five-and-twenty years. English and Germans swarm. We are eaten up with Germans, was the remark—and if the Russians can do without them, as we suppose they now can, it is no wonder they are jealous of them. The memory of Catherine is not particularly agreeable to Russians—she was the great patron of foreigners, and herself a German. Captain Alexander has made a very agreeable book—his narrative is spirited, and his observations intelligent.

The Heiress of Bruges, by the Author of "High-ways and By-ways," i. e. Thomas C. Grattan, Esq. 4 vols. 12mo.—Mr. Grattan makes the Netherlands all his own. It is the scene of his facts and his fictions; and though we shall not say, as has been said of some others who deal in both commodities, that his histories are novels—not, we mean, beyond the usual average—we must say, that the novel before us is too much of a history—the siege of Welbasch, occupying a good couple of volumes, is as mortally wearying to read, as it may be supposed it was intolerably hard to bear. To the merit of thorough acquaintance with the country he describes—though so near, not so well known as many more remote ones—with its histories, and antiquities, and municipalities, and to the higher merit of faithful and graphic representation, the writer has the fullest claim. He is as familiar with its traditions, and its customs and costumes, as the author of Waverley with those of Scotland; but we may soon have too much of this kind of thing, and especially where the interest has got to be generated. Scottish story is mixed up with our own—at least its main facts and leading characters are early dinned into us; but this is not the case with Flemish story; and though Maurice of Orange was an active and vigorous fellow, he is, in our common imagination, neither a Wallace nor a Bruce, nor even a Stewart.

The scene opens in Bruges—every stick and stone of which is as familiar to

the writer as household words—and all that concerns the Heiress of Bruges comes within the year 1600, when the Netherlands had been again betrayed into the dominion of the Spaniards, and the government of the Archdukes Albert and Isabella. Theresa is sole heiress of immense wealth—her father, the burgomaster, whose own early history fills up a large space, is involved in the new revolt of Brabant and Flanders, under the auspices of Maurice of Orange—her admirer is a popular leader, at the head of a band of black Walloons, and in possession of an all but impregnable fortress on the Meuse, from whence he makes predatory excursions to the very gates of Brussels. He is in love with the beautiful heiress, but alarmed lest she should fall in love with his externals, his name and reputation, he resolves, if he gain her affections at all, to win them solely by his personal qualities. He accordingly gets himself introduced to her notice, in a comparatively humble capacity, as her father's apprentice or protégé, and being a Proteus for disguises, and a Crichton for accomplishments, he quickly effects his purpose. But then he is not sure, but as Count de Bassenvelt, he may not supplant himself, and he resolves to put her to the fullest proof. For this purpose, he intercepts her in a journey, and carries her to his castle—then in a state of siege—where, though sorely tempted by the glories of his bravery, which she seems to witness, and the splendors of his generosity, which are all carefully reported, and the effects she indeed feels—she clings still to her obscurer lover, and finally, of course, discovers, to her great felicity, that the Count and her father's protégé are identical persons. The équivoque is admirably kept up, and it is almost to the last before the reader himself is sure that the two characters may not prove two individuals.

An old Spaniard, the governor of Bruges, figures in the piece, and especially two young Moriscoes, the man in his service as his slave—the girl, a novice in a neighbouring nunnery, and on the point of profession. He had wronged their parents, and recently attempted violence on the beautiful and high spirited girl herself. She was burning for revenge, loathed the nunnery, and clung to her ancient faith. At this nunnery was Theresa, and De Bassenvelt had attempted to gain admittance through the young Morisco, her companion, more ardent in temperament, and bolder in demeanour. In this attempt he failed, but excited the passions of her friend, who finally prevailed upon him to aid her escape from the walls, and then threw herself into his arms, without

condition or reserve. But he was too generous to sacrifice her to coarse indulgence; and she finally wound herself to such a pitch of romance, as to contribute to the promotion of his views with the heiress. She assumes a soldier's dress, and plays her part with feelings too masculine for probability, but which the author seems to think not incompatible with the fervours of an Andalusian and a Moor. She goes steadily through with her purpose, but wince when all is accomplished; she begins to envy the happiness she had effected, but generously betakes herself to another country to keep herself out of temptation. Her brother, the slave, is as hot as the clime that gave him birth, and when he discovers the old Spaniard's wrongs, as bent upon revenge as his faith could prompt him, and escapes, in the prosecution of it, more perils than man or Moor ever encountered.

Russell, or the Reign of Fashion. 3 vols. 12mo. By the Author of "*Winter in London*," &c.—Mr. Surr, like Mr. Godwin, has again taken to novel writing, and, like Mr. Godwin too, writes with all the vigour and vivacity of his younger days. As of old, the complications of graver mystery are relieved by an occasional exhibiting of the foibles of aristocratic follies. "*Winter in London*," and "*Splendid Misery*," were, in their day, the first of their class, and in reality the progenitors of our fashionable novels. Potent rivals have sprung up, in the interval, to wrest from him the palm, but he still shews he can keep a firm grasp, and will not readily resign what was once exclusively his own.

Russell, whose birth and family are utterly unknown to him, is just of age, and in possession of enormous property, and designated, in the slang of the press, the Foundling of Fortune. He has been brought up under the guardianship of a Mr. Gregory, a man of business, a member of parliament, a leader of the saints, and of boundless wealth, acquired mainly by the command his ward's property gave him in the money market. As a professor of extraordinary sanctity, Mr. Gregory is a prodigious hypocrite, and pains are taken, in a long narrative, to trace his career from the condition of a bare-legged Scotch beggar boy, to a sort of sovereignty in the mercantile world. The development, however, of the mystery attending the birth of Russell is the prime object of the story. As a banker, Gregory succeeds to the connections and secrets of a house of long standing, in the strong-room of which had been deposited an old sea-chest, and on the books stood a considerable sum for the safety and investment of which the successor becomes of course respon-

sible. The sum had grown very large, and Gregory, from the long silence of the interested parties began to entertain hopes of its finally falling into his own hands. In his impatience to discover the mystery attending this ancient deposit, he breaks open the chest, and finds, indeed, jewels of value, but also a skeleton, and a Spanish MS., which he cannot read, and dare not get read. Scarcely had he replaced things as he found them, and recovered his own tranquillity, when the chest is demanded, but not the money; and by and by a child is consigned to him from the East, as the future owner of the accumulated property, to be educated at Eton and Cambridge. As the boy grows up, a person of overruling authority corresponds with him, advises, counsels, and directs, and purposes to come and put him in possession of all the day he comes of age. That day arrives, but not the stranger; he again puts off his appearance, but empowers Gregory to give the youth possession of the property, now swollen to an enormous amount, in lands, stock, and half a borough. The youth takes the seat which the borough gives him—acts politically with the son of the Duke of Lavemere, a liberal member, his old friend at school and college—and to whose sister he was passionately attached. But the uncertainty which hangs over his birth blights his fondest hopes, and damps his best energies, when finally, the long-expected stranger arrives, and arrives in the character of an American, a man of plain, and even blunt manners—a very Franklin in address and intelligence—and tells the whole tale. He is of the Lavemere family—the true owner of the ducal coronet—the direct descendant of an elder branch of the family supposed to have left no issue; and what is no less singular, Russell is also the descendant of a younger brother of the same branch. But the old gentleman declines disturbing the duke in possession; and, apparently, Russell, content with his boundless wealth, and the fair Lady Jane, suffers his friend to take the bauble which had just dropped on his head by the death of the duke. Gregory, too, at this time, who had spent a life in hoarding and hoodwinking, is ruined by the panic in the city, and the bursting of the share-bubbles, and blows out his own brains.—Without expanding our outline too much, we could not bring in the fashionable folks, who are, however, very much like other portraits of the kind, full of pretence, insolence, and intrigue.

Narrative of a Journey overland from England to India, &c., by Mrs. Colonel Elwood. 2 vols. 8vo.—Overland journeys,

though common enough *from*, are not very frequent *to* India—the usual route is by the Red Sea, and there can never be any reliance on a ready conveyance. For a lady this same route has seldom probably been thought of, and Mrs. Colonel Elwood claims the distinction of being the first to commit herself to the venture. The undertaking it was thought required good nerves, and Mrs. Elwood's do not seem to have been particularly stout, for her fears were eternal, and though *pazienza*, she says, was her motto, she must, apparently, have tried her husband's. Her experience will turn to the advantage of those who make the same attempt—that is her comfort; but though nothing really appalling or scarcely very annoying was encountered, she will, we suspect, not tempt many to follow her example, and certainly not encourage gentlemen to subject themselves to the unceasing anxiety such an enterprize involves.

The lady professes to have journalized for her own amusement, and to have communicated the contents of her journals in letters to a sister; she gives, that is, to the divisions of her subject, the name of letters instead of chapters.—They bear internal evidence of being written at home. She describes, for instance, the Egyptian female costume (1826) as consisting of a coarse blue shift, descending to the feet, with *fashionably long sleeves*; and in speaking of the port of Yembo, she refers to Burckhardt's book, which was not published till last year. At home, too, it must have been that she has hunted up all her history, and antiquities, and learning, which miserably mar the general naturalness of her book. The whole of these are mere interpolations—not gathered in her way, and of course just so many impertinencies. King Solomon's ships, she tells us, on the authority of her school chronology, precisely 992 B.C., were three years going and returning to Tarshish; while of the Cathedral of Lucca, she can only affirm it was built *about* 1070. Phædon, the brother of Osiris, colonized Turin, 1529 B.C. To Pisa, according to Mrs. Colonel Elwood's interpretation, tradition assigns an *Arcadian* origin; and tells us it was founded by the inhabitants of its namesake in *Elis*—which was not in Arcadia. In her quotations she sometimes adds even the latitudes. Mount Cenis is 11,977 feet in height; and Pompey the Great once attempted a passage, &c. Her "learning," too, is of the same quality. Lycopolis is so named from the *jackalls* which were worshipped there. Man, she styles somewhere, an *ephemera*. In one place she records the remarkable inscription, "Senatus populusque *Romani*;" and quotes a couple of lines on

Virgil's tomb, which will neither construe nor scan. Among the Indian deities she finds Cupid figuring under the name of Dipuc, and confirms the identity by observing, that, "in fact, Dipuc is an anagram of Cupid." Her Indian researches, as might be supposed, are quite overwhelming—Colebrook, Jones, and Wilkins, make her quite an oracle.

Passing all this gallimafré the narrative is by no means of an unamusing character. She describes what she saw gracefully enough; we expected more of the details of personal inconvenience. Starting from Eastbourne, the lady proceeded through Paris, Geneva, Turin, Genoa, Florence, Rome, Naples, Messina, Malta, where the party were detained three months, Alexandria, and up the Nile to Cairo and Kenné—the point of the river from which she crossed the desert to Cosseir. Up to this stage of her journey, which occupies the better part of a volume, it would be difficult to find any quotable matter. At Naples she found, she says, plenty of Venusses—she particularizes Venus Callipyga, and Venus Genetrix, and between them, she adds, we do not know why, "Adonis very properly has taken his station."

At Malta, the apparatus and process of making macaroni struck her as worth recording. It is so extremely simple, she wonders it is not constantly made in England in private families instead of being imported. It is so infinitely better when eaten fresh, &c. The paste, it seems, composed of simple flour and water, when of a proper consistency, is pressed by a screw, (by a "screw" somehow,) through a plate full of holes, each of which has a peg in the centre to make it hollow; the whole is set in motion by a wheel turned by the hand, and the macaroni is laid in the sun to harden. All this manipulation doubtless would be easy enough for us, but where is the *sun* to come from? In Egypt, mounted on a donkey, she passed a string of loaded camels—"they stretched out their ugly necks one way, and they stretched them out the other, and they looked half determined to eat me up, as they *stalked, stalked, stalked* on close to me, so close that I could have touched them. C. called out, do not be afraid," &c. "On a sandy islet of the Nile, half-a-dozen storks may be seen in a composed attitude, standing upon one leg, contemplating themselves in the river, then *stalk, stalk, stalking* on till alarmed," &c. We do not recal anything *more* observable, except, perhaps, that she found the Turks every where "perfect gentlemen"—preux chevaliers—who might read our Bond-street dandies a lesson not to stare

ladies out of countenance. "In climbing the Pyramids," she says, "I was fairly pulled up—most of the rugged stones by which we clambered being two or three feet high. My heavy cloth habit was but ill suited for the attempt, and I soon found neither my courage nor my strength were adequate to the undertaking. I however did not relinquish it till I had been repeatedly entreated to desist; and I was at length glad to veil my cowardice under the pretence of conjugal obedience, as C. was really seriously alarmed for my safety."

From Kenné Mrs. Colonel was carried in a kind of sedan swung between two camels, *en file*, and met with a few frights, but no perils. At Cosseir the party embarked for Djidda, where they had the good fortune to get a passage to Bombay in a country vessel just engaged to carry Sir Hudson Lowe and his suite. At Hodeida she visited an Arab harem, and found the ladies more at their own command than she expected. From Bombay she accompanied the Colonel to Cutch, where he had been appointed to the command of some regiment that had somehow or other got very much out of order. He had, it seems, served some dozen years on the Poorbunder coast, in the Guzerat country, and as they sailed along in sight of it, in their way to Cutch, he beguiled the tedium of the voyage by fighting all his battles over again, and the reader has the full benefit of all his reminiscences. Of Cutch and the neighbouring region numerous details are given, and this, referring as it does to countries but little known, is by far the best part of the volumes. The destruction of female children she describes as general. "As late," she says, "as 1818, it was calculated that there were not less than 1000 infants destroyed; and in a population of 12,000 males, there were not more than thirty females alive." The reigning family in Poorbunder are suspected of adopting the practice of female infanticide, for evidence could be produced that there has been no grown-up daughter in the family for more than a hundred years. To some expostulations with the Rajpoot chiefs, the answer was—pay our daughters' portions and they shall live. After a residence of about a twelvemonth, the Colonel's regiment being come into a presentable state—he had apparently no other business in India—he and his lady returned to Bombay, and quietly took shipping for England—reaching thus Windmill-hill, the seat of the author's father, Mr. Curteis, member for Sussex, in something less than three years from the day of setting out at the same point.

M.M. New Series.—VOL. X. No. 52.

The Bride of Sicily, a Dramatic Poem, by Harriet Dowling.—All are at cross purposes here; and the writer, of course, has enough to do to effect an intelligible *dénouement*. That, however, is accomplished with something like dramatic tact; and the lady's piece, by a little cutting and carving, might make no contemptible melo-drame—it has all the requisites, except a ghost and more mystery. As a poem, or a subject for critical estimate, the staring fault—the common one of the day in similar compositions—is the want of simplicity. In the sentiment, violence goes for energy; and in the language, extravagance for force. A Christian lady who, in spite of herself, loves a generous Moor, says,—

Sooner than I'd plight my holy troth
To one who scorns my faith, who hates my
creed,

And makes a jest of my soul's treasured hopes,
I'd rather join my bosom to the load's,
Inhale its foul and pestilential breath,
And wreathing under strong antipathy,
Kiss on its bloated lip the rankling poison.

Hassan, the governor of Sicily, and the lady's admirer, expostulates thus gravely:—

Say, have I used the crescent and its horns
To goad and vex the children of the cross?

The same Hassan, explaining to the lady's brother:—

False love, Lord Barto, like the torrent-stream,
Swelled by long rains, may overflow its banks,
And pour destruction—but such love as Has-
san's,

Vast as the ocean round thy native shores,
Tho' it may swell and rage, by tempest stirred,
Yet it respects the gentle isle it loves,
And makes its proud waves know their proper
bounds.

This young gentleman, the lady's brother, has also misplaced his affections, and thus proposes to lash them in his anger:—

Oh! I could scourge with cords my erring
fancy,

For having fixed its young hopes so intensely
On one who could not breathe responsive pas-
sion!

Sicily is in the hands of the Moslems. A stranger, escaping from slavery, and wrecked upon the island, is entertained by a noble lord, whose only daughter, Astarte, falls in love with him, and must marry him. He is in a sad moody state—for, in truth he had married this very lady's sister, Cleone, to whose memory he is still devoutly attached; she was supposed to have perished in the wreck. Lord Barto, who has long loved Astarte, now picks a quarrel with the successful bridegroom, and is only deterred from violence by the stranger's disclosing his incognito—he is Rogero, the

king of Sicily. Loyalty quenches jealousy and rage, and Barto rejoices that the queen of his affections is the queen of his country. Patriotism now fills up the vacuum of love, and all his soul is absorbed in attempts to expel the Turks, and reinstate the monarch. Meanwhile, re-appears Cleone. Astarte loses her senses, and Barto his devotion for the king, who reclaims Cleone for his wife. In defence of Astarte's claims, he demands of the king to renounce Cleone, and, on his refusal, rushes on him with a dagger. Astarte intercepts the blow, and falls dead at his feet, after a speech, in which she says,—

Barto, dear kinsman, thou hast loved me long ;
Perchance, in other worlds I may repay thee,
&c.—

Thus miserably baffled, Barto plucks the dagger from her bosom, and plunges it in his own, observing—

Since she is gone, I will not tarry here—
In other worlds, she said, she might repay me ;
I'll after her, and see.

—which is as sensible a thing as occurs in the whole piece.

Retrospections of the Stage, by the late John Bernard, Manager of the American Theatres, and formerly Secretary of the Beef-Steak Club ; 2 vols. 12mo.—These are the most unpretending recollections of the stage we have met with ; and though mixed up, as a matter of course, with much coarseness—not offensive coarseness—contain more amusing and laughable passages than most of his predecessors' communications. Forty years ago, Bernard was known to the frequenters of the theatre as the best representative of fops and "fine gentlemen" of the day, for which, according to his own statement, he studied personally Lord Conyngham and Sir John Oldmixon, while at Bath, once the chief seat of provincial celebrity in matters of fashion and taste, and all but rivalling the metropolis. Times are much changed in half a century. Nobody looks for anything but dulness now-a-days at Bath. Bernard tells his own story in detail, but rarely makes himself the hero of the thousand jokes he introduces. Though not very refined in feeling, his tact was too good for gross egotism. The present volumes bring up his narrative to the year 1797, when, being in some pecuniary difficulties, he accepted an invitation to America, where he continued, as actor and manager for twenty years. The rest of his story concerns America, which, though it may not prove so amusing, will be at least fuller of novelty.

Mrs. Jordan was originally known as Miss Francis. Quarrelling with the Dublin manager, she joined Tate Wil-

kinson's corps at York, where she took the name of Jordan.

As I had never heard (says Bernard) that Miss Francis was married, I inquired of Wilkinson the cause, and he replied, "Her name?—Why, God bless you, my boy! I gave her her name,—I was her sponsor."—"You?"—"Yes: when she thought of going to London, she thought Miss sounded insignificant, so she asked me to advise her a name:—'Why,' said I, 'my dear, you have crossed the water, so I'll call you Jordan;'" and by the memory of Sam! if she didn't take my joke in earnest, and call herself Mrs. Jordan ever since." This was Tate's story; but as it was told in his usual ambiguous way, my reader may attach what credence to it he pleases.

We have heard a different story.

Dining one day at a party in Bath, Quin uttered something which caused a general murmur of delight. A nobleman present, who was not illustrious for the brilliancy of his ideas, exclaimed, "What a pity 'tis, Quin, my boy, that a clever fellow like you should be a player!" Quin fixed and flashed his eye upon the person, with this reply, "What would your Lordship have me be?—a Lord!"

Some amusing specimens of Norwich simplicity:—

A grazier who had got into the theatre and seen Griffith play Richard, on one occasion waited upon the manager the next morning, to say, that if the gentleman who wanted a horse on the previous evening held his mind, he had got an abundance of cattle in his meadows, and should be happy to deal with him.

The Bristolians were, in the last century, proverbially called Bristol hogs:—

Shuter, when in the height of his popularity, visited this city one summer, and played all his favourite characters with such success, that on his benefit-night the receipts barely covered the charges. The next day he took a handful of his neglected night's bills, and walking in the midst of a principal street, strewed them about, crying, "Chuck, chuck, chuck!" (the term used in feeding their swine.) This bold experiment on their pride and generosity proved successful. Shuter was induced to try a second night, and the house was filled up to the ceiling.

A royal pun:—

Mrs. Baddeley was very popular in her day, for the harmonizing sweetness of her person and voice; unhappily, she was also distinguished for some imprudences in conduct. A Royal Personage was very much pleased with her, to whom the latter circumstance being mentioned—"Well, well," said he, with a generosity that always characterised him, "she may have performed 'Badly' in private, but in public she is very good indeed!"

One, a little smarter, of Sheridan's:

Sheridan was down at Brighton one summer, and Fox, desirous of shewing him some civility, took him all over the theatre, and exhibited its beauties. "There, Mr. Sheridan," said he, "I constructed this stage,—I built and painted those

boxes, and I painted all these scenes."—"Did you?" said Sheridan, surveying them rapidly; "well, I should not have known you were a Fox by your brush."

Bernard's account of *Lawrence*, the late President of the Academy, in his boyhood, is a very interesting one, but much too long to quote: he takes the credit of contributing to deter him from making the stage his profession. Mrs. Hunn's (Canning's mother) story, coming as it does from one who knew her well, is worthy of commemoration.

Life and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Munro—a third volume. Edited by the Rev. Mr. Gleig.—Though we think a little too much fuss has been made about Munro's correspondence, this additional volume is acceptable enough. One half of it, doubtless, as well as of the two former volumes, might very well have been withheld, without the loss of any thing of public interest or value. Confessedly many of the papers, in both portions of the publication, are of real importance, and we are willing to take the chaff with the grain, especially where the sifting is not very laborious, though it might have been easily spared. Munro's thorough acquaintance with India, coupled with an unusual power of easy communication, throws an agreeable clearness over matters, which with most writers have been sufficiently cloudy, while his ardent devotion to the service gives a vigour and definiteness to his statements, which a cold indifference could never accomplish. He was troubled with no doubts or qualms—the subjugation of India to English domination was a sort of passion with him, and the most vigorous measures were always the best, because they bade fairest to be most decisive. When in authority—and what officer, however humble, in India, is not in authority?—while the natives were quiet and submissive, he was a gentle master enough, but he had no toleration for discontents. If they did not look happy he was for making them so—as many are for flogging children out of their sulks, and insisting upon smiles and a cheerful demeanour.

In the course of the correspondence occur letters from Colonel Wellesley—the contents of which must surely have escaped the editor. With some the glory of the duke's great name throws a halo around him, and conceals ugly features; but the editor must have known there are sharp eyes on all sides, and common discretion should have taught him to suppress what, in a private correspondence with a brother officer of congenial sentiments, might pass very well, but could not be borne by the cool and general reader. Colonel W.

talks of destruction, and devastation, and plunder, with the tone of one who enjoys the horrid scenes. "Colonel Montreser," says he, "has been very successful in Bulum—has beat, burnt, plundered, and destroyed in all parts of the country," &c.—"I have taken and destroyed Doondiah's baggage and guns, and driven into the river—where they were drowned—about 5,000 people," &c. "My troops are in high health and spirits, and their pockets full—the produce of plunder," &c.—Certainly, the coolest statements we remember.

Encyclopædia Britannica. Seventh Edition.—The proprietors of this popular Encyclopædia have started a new edition, far surpassing all its predecessors in the mass of material, and in splendour of embellishment. It amalgamates, moreover, the well-known supplement, and will bring, of course, all articles, affected by the succeeding discoveries of science, and the progress of public events, to a level with the period of publication. The plates are new engravings, and of the first class, and the maps are to be doubled in size. Dugald Stewart's dissertation has been reprinted from a copy corrected and added to by the author himself; and a portion of it, containing the Ethical Philosophy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which Stewart did not live to complete, has been contributed by Sir James Mackintosh. Sir James's piece forms a part of the fifth, sixth, and seventh fasciculi, and is an able sketch of the opinions of ethic philosophers, from Hobbes to Brown, preceded by a glance at ancient ethics. Sir James's estimate of Brown is in handsome contrast with Stewart's pitiful attempt to depreciate the man whose rising fame was already eclipsing his own.

The whole work is pledged not to exceed twenty-one volumes, with a confident belief, expressed by the learned editor, of its being completed in twenty, each volume containing 800 full and close pages, at 36s.—consequently below all former prices. "Considering its extent and execution," observes the editor, "it will present the cheapest digest of human knowledge that has yet appeared in Britain, in the convenient form of a dictionary,"—which is true to the letter.

The Animal Kingdom, described and arranged in Conformity with its Organization, by the Baron Cuvier, with Additions, &c. by Edward Griffith and others. Part XXV.—This very superior publication advances rapidly. The portion before us, the twenty-fifth, commences with the Class Reptilia, and comprises the two orders of Tortoises and Lizards—

following in this division, Brogniart, who, from their quantity of respiration and organs of motion, distributed the Reptilia into four orders—the Tortoises, where the heart has two auricles, and the body is supported by four legs, and is enveloped in two shields or plates joined by the ribs and sternum—the Lizards, where the heart has also two auricles, and the body is sustained on four and sometimes two legs, and covered with scales—the Serpents, where likewise the heart has two auricles, but the body no legs—and the Batracians, with but one auricle, and a naked body. The quantity of respiration in animals, according to Cuvier, is not fixed, like that of mammifera and birds, but varies with the proportion which the diameter of the pulmonary artery bears to that of the aorta. Thus tortoises and lizards respire considerably more than frogs. Hence proceed differences of energy and sensibility, and greater than can exist in quadrupeds and birds. Accordingly reptiles exhibit forms, movements, and properties, much more various; and it is in them that Nature has furnished more fantastic shapes, and more modified the general plan which she has followed for vertebrated animals, and especially for the viviparous classes.

A Dictionary of the Architecture and Archaeology of the Middle Ages. Part I.—one of four. By John Britton, F.S.A., &c.—Mr. Britton's well-earned celebrity in the department of Cathedral Antiquities, is a security for a competent and faithful execution of a work of this kind. His long and intimate communion with the subject, which he loves to illustrate, and the technicalities of language connected with it, have thoroughly familiarized him with their genuine and specific usages, and give him a kind of authority in any attempt to fix and explain their application. The work—very beautifully got up—is entitled, *A Dictionary of the Architecture and Archaeology of the Middle Ages*, but comprises also the terms used by old and modern authors in treating of architecture and other antiquities, accompanied with etymologies, definitions, descriptions, and historical elucidations. To justify the undertaking—if any justification were requisite—he says, "Precision in language is only attainable by slow degrees; and until a correct lexicon in architecture be formed, and generally, if not universally, recognized, writers will be likely to use both inaccurate and in-apposite terms. A cursory perusal of any one treatise on the architecture of the middle ages will verify these assertions. Reference to the various encyclopædias and other dictionaries, will farther shew the want

of a work expressly devoted to this subject." We may refer to the word *amphitheatre*, in the portion before us, as a good specimen of the writer's manner, and the kind of information the reader will meet with. Towards the conclusion, he observes—"wherever the Romans settled in colonies, they constructed amphitheatres of turf, termed castrensens. There is one at Cirencester, called by the country people the bull-ring; and another, at Silchester, is engraved in Strutt's *Chronicles of England*, Vol. I., plate 8. At Dorchester is also one, considered the finest specimen remaining in England."

Herman's Elements of the Doctrine of Metres, abridged and translated by the Rev. John Seager, Rector of Welch Bicknor, Monmouthshire.—Every body at all acquainted with Herman must have found his metaphysics as repulsive as his peremptory manner, nor can any one doubt but he has laid down laws and discovered distinctions, of which the poets themselves—the inventors and arbiters—never dreamt. But his metaphysical grounds are of all absurd things the absurdest—the least tenable—and Mr. Seager would have shewn his good sense by cutting them out entirely. Herman's original book is, we believe, by most persons past all reading, and he himself, from some misgiving of the kind, wisely epitomised it. This epitome the indefatigable rector of Welch Bicknor has in almost every point followed, not only out of deference to the author, who must know best, it seems to have been thought, how to abridge his own book, but because the said epitome is confessedly superior to the original—it had the benefit of the author's *second thoughts*. As we have thought, and perhaps said of some others of Mr. Seager's abridgments, he might safely have applied, when his hand was in, a greater compressing force. Here is more, far more, than any consulter of translations and epitomes can require; and as to others, naturally, they will go to original sources. Something better than Seale's miserable book was doubtless wanted, and even perhaps than Tate's, but Herman's is not the book for English schools or colleges. We are no enemies to metrical studies—they lead, we are confident, to a nicer estimate of equivalent phrases—to a closer and more critical acquaintance with the language; but the point of utility is soon reached; and stringing longs and shorts—the work of boys and girls—soon becomes a pitiful substitute for the manly search into the sense and sentiment of the writer.

Sketches and Anecdotes of Horses, by Captain Brown.—Captain Brown's for-

mer volume must have been quite a treasure to all whose "talk is of dogs;" and the book before us, that of the Horse, as a pendant should be, is an admirable match. Books in abundance, and excellent ones too, Captain Brown allows, exist on the subject, but all of them are deficient in anecdote. To supply this deficiency, accordingly, he lends his best efforts, and what with his own extensive experience, and that of his brother sportsmen, and facts, or the report of facts, gathered from books of all qualities and authorities, he has made a most magnificent collection, swelling to some hundreds. The historical portion, however, occupies a considerable space, and betrays a liberal use of Hewitt's Treatise—the only really good book, by the way, published by the "Diffusion Society." Captain Brown's history commences, of course, with Nimrod, who was not only, he informs us, generally, on the authority of the scriptures, "a mighty hunter," but particularly—taking it for granted he rode a hunting—we know not on what authority, "very bold and dexterous in the pursuit of animals of the chase;"—and ends with George the Fourth, who gave, the Captain affirms, his warmest patronage to all sorts of field diversions and racing, and unremittingly participated in both. But what has he not patronized, asks the Captain, which could add lustre and honour to his empire? George the Third, too, on his accession, "erected a riding school for the royal person," for himself; practised with much assiduity, and became an accomplished horseman. Farriery, too, was greatly indebted to him, and such has been the influence of his example, that at last, it seems, a lectureship has been instituted, in the land of lectures, Edinburgh, the chair of which is at present filled by Mr. Dick, an accomplished professional gentleman.

Racing, too, all our readers may not know, has been the subject of grave legislation—to keep the diversion within aristocratic limits. An Act of 13 George II. c. 19, has a preamble, which could have proceeded from no public body in the world but an English House of Commons—it is expressly to "prevent the multiplicity of horse-races—the encouragement of idleness—and the impoverishment of the meaner sort of people." The first clause prohibits matches below £50. except at Newmarket, and some other place in Yorkshire; but some years after, the legislature having nothing else to do, and not choosing longer to restrict themselves, made another act, and extended the privilege to every usual race-course. By the 9 Anne, c. 14, all wagers above £10. on a lawful course are declared illegal! Those, it may be said,

perhaps, who make laws may surely break them!

In the reign of William, Lord Somers applied to the Master of the Horse, then the Duke of Dorset, to obtain a "plate" for Hereford. The Master replied, "that there were only 20 plates provided for from the public purse, and any addition must come from the privy purse, and would burden his majesty." In the reign of Anne, however, some lover of the turf saddled his estate with the payment of 1,300 guineas for thirteen plates (pieces of plate in the shape of cups—now given in money), to be run for at such places as the crown should appoint. The intention of the donor was defeated, for, it seems, this money goes towards the payment of the old royal plates. Do the 2,000 guineas still proceed from the Treasury, and if so, what becomes of the difference?

Captain Brown's anecdotes are, many of them, well authenticated and sufficiently memorable—they relate to the docility, sagacity, habits, powers, and performances of the animal. All the most remarkable matches on record are given. He has got up his book in some haste, as all books are indeed now a-days—the only chance writers have of not being forestalled. Galloways, in one place, are described as sprung from some stallions that swam to the shores of Galloway from the wreck of the Spanish Armada, and coupled with the mares of the country. In another place, the same story is repeated, with the correcting remark, that Galloway horses were famous as early as Edward I. The same pedigree is ascribed to the New Forest breed, though at the other extremity of the country. Old Marsk, a son of Eclipse, it seems, on better authority, ran wild in the forest, and probably improved the breed.

Novices may learn to correct their phraseology by Captain Brown's book—for instance, they must talk of a head of harts—a bey of roes—a sounder of wild bears—a rout of wolves—a richness of martins—a brace, and leash of bucks, foxes, or hares—but a couple of rabbits.

Again—the tail of a fox is the brush, or drag—of all the deer-tribe, the single—of a boar, the wreath—of a wolf, the stern—of a hare and rabbit, the scat.

To talk of three hounds betrays deplorable ignorance—a couple and half is the phrase. If they are greyhounds, a leash will be correct. And be it remembered, greyhounds are let slip, while hounds are cast off, &c.

Imilda de' Lambertazzi, &c. By Sophia Mary Bigsby.—The Guelph and Ghibeline factions of Italy split every town with intestine hostilities, and embittered every neighbourhood with domestic

feuds. The young did not always share the exasperations and enmities of the elders; and the records of Bologna present the counterpart of the Capulets and Montagues of Verona. A Gieremei and a Lambertazzi unhappily and perversely fell in love with each other, and indulged in stolen interviews. The fiery brothers of Imilda discovered the intercourse, and broke in upon the fond pair. The lover was dispatched with poisoned daggers—the lady fled, but returned when all was quiet, tracked the body by the blood-drops, sucked the venom from the wound, and perished self-devoted. The painful tale affords opportunities for a scene or two of passion, which are happily seized, and spiritedly executed:

—She yet might be in time to save,
Or share where'er might be his grave;
And guided but by the blood-drops strewn
Along the paths, she hurried on,
The fire of madness was in her brain,
And in her heart its scorching pain.—
While following still each gory trace,
She came at length to a desert place,
A court-yard, long unused, and there—
God help her now in her wild despair!—
There lay her murdered love!—one bound,
And she was at his side, and wound
Gently her pale arms round the form
Stretched lifeless there—it yet was warm!
And with frantic energy she unbound
The garments from his breast, and found
A gaping wound, from whose blackening hue
At the first shuddering glance, she knew
Was wrought by poison;—then, then the
whole
Of woman's deep faith rushed o'er her soul!
That poisoned wound to her lips she prest
To suck the venom forth—still blest,
If by her own life's sacrifice,
Light yet might gleam o'er his rayless eyes.
—In vain! in vain! there came no breath
Back to the lips fast closed in death;
And her's—soon, soon grew parched and wan,
As the poison through every vein quick ran;
Faint, and more faint, her breathing grew,
And her cheek wore a livid hue,
And the strange light in her glassy eye
Was struck by cold mortality.
From her failing limbs the strength soon past,
And she sunk, 'neath the shadow of Death,
at last.

The tale occupies but a small portion of the volume. That is eked out with a number of occasional pieces—all of them indicative of deep but painful feeling—distinguished for directness of thought, and more independence of manner than usually accompanies similar scraps.

The Book of Scotland, by William Chambers.—This is really something like what a book should be—full of information—and that upon topics in which thousands, if they have not a direct interest—as they have not perhaps in nine-tenths of what they concern themselves about—have yet an indirect one, in marking the

influence of public institutions upon a large integral portion of the nation, and at least in the indulgence of a liberal curiosity. The subjects are neither new nor strange, but we know not where a general view of them can be got at at all, and certainly no where so completely and so satisfactorily as in Mr. Chambers' book. A similar volume for every country in Europe would be a welcome acquisition, but one that is all but hopeless. Mr. Chambers has well considered his subject, and attempts nothing but what he shews himself perfectly competent to accomplish. He is perhaps something too discussive, where little more than description and statement were required; but in general, the reader will readily excuse what, while it seems occasionally to interrupt, often eventually adds to his information.

The Scotch government before the Union, and the changes which took place on that event, are distinctly and *learnedly* stated—his acquaintance with the times is obvious. The local administration and municipal institutions follow, with the courts of judicature, civil and criminal. The more prominent and peculiar laws and usages are then exhibited—such as relate to debtor and creditor, landlord and tenant, master and servant, the game laws, marriage, management of the poor, the licensing system, customs of heritable and moveable property, entails, registration, &c. Then follow the important topics of the Scotch church, schools, banking system, &c., every one of which numerous subjects involves matters of comparison with English practice, and also of discussion. We have no space for particulars: but the chapter on the subject of pauperism perhaps struck us more remarkable, for the ability with which it is stated and discussed, than any other. The poor laws of Scotland are pretty much of the same nature with those of England, and have existed from nearly about the same period, but they were not so early, nor have they been so generally, enforced. Compulsory assessments, however, *now* pervade half the parishes of Scotland; and as those are precisely the most populous districts, of course but a small portion of Scotland can any longer boast of independence of poor laws. The career of pauperism has been rapid in Scotland. In addition to the common causes which perhaps inevitably exist in the progress of luxury, the separation of classes has precipitated the matter—brought about by peculiarities in Scotland more traceable and definable than elsewhere.

The withdrawal of the rich from the poor can be referred in this country, with great accuracy, to the invention of building new towns at certain

convenient distances from the old. The practice was little known eighty years since; and the fashion seems to have been led by the citizens of Edinburgh, towards the year 1770. Strangers and others who have seen this splendid and romantic town, are mostly struck with the contrast between the old town, occupying a central ridge of ground, and the new and new-new towns, lying at easy distances across the ravines, on its north and southern quarters. Before these latter places of residence were built for the accommodation of the upper and nearly all the middle ranks, the whole population, then amounting to 60,000 persons, was crowded into the ancient city. All degrees of rank were thus, as a matter of necessity, placed in the immediate proximity of each other, and a state of society was produced of a very peculiar nature. Like the tenements in Paris, and most of the towns in the Italian states, the *lands*, or fabrics of houses, were divided into flats or separate dwellings, with their individual outer doors to the lands or landing-places on the stair, which was common to all parties. As is the practice still in the above foreign towns, each flat had its distinct degree of respectability; and the rank of the tenant was lowered in quality in proportion to his distance from the ground floor. Peers, lords of session, clergymen, advocates, attornies, shopkeepers, dancing-masters, artizans, and others in a still lower grade, occupied flats and half flats from the first to the eighth story. The cellar was, moreover, dedicated to the use of a cobbler, chimney-sweep, or water-carrier, with a shop constructed on the street-level, when the land faced a great thoroughfare; each tenement thus exhibiting a specimen of the chief component parts of a little town. And as nearly all the houses partook of the same character, both on the main street and in the alleys or closes, it will be perceived, that the society of the place must have been formed in adaptation to the tangible peculiarities of the town.

There arose much of what would now be reckoned as uncomfortable, from a residence in such hampered situations; but allowing this to be true, the system of all classes congregating in the immediate proximity of each other, had an excellent effect in keeping the number of poor within bounds, and in preventing the introduction of assessments. The rich took an interest in their "poor neighbours," (that being, let it be remarked, the appellation of the destitute and poor at the time of which we write,) and these in return paid them by condescendence and real respect. All was so well arranged, that each mutually conferred a benefit on the other. When a humble, and apparently very honest family, known to the neighbourhood, lost its chief support by the sudden death of a parent—when sickness and want had entered their dwelling—or when any minor misfortune overtook the poor inhabitants of the stair, the whole *land* was interested, and the intelligence spread by means of an understream of communication, at all times current through the medium of gossips, servants, or hair-dressers, the latter of whom then acted as a species of morning newspaper to the upper classes.

So well as Mr. Chalmers writes, he might surely, with very little trouble, have excluded such vulgar Scotticisms as—*notwithstanding of—to remember of a thing—till, for to—thereby, for there-*

abouts—and his usage of *condescend*, which is quite unintelligible to English ears, for instance—we could not here *condescend* on the precise sum which is still paid out of the Exchequer annually to Scottish sinecurists. Does he mean *ascertain*?

Matilda, a Poem, by H. Ingram.—A more harmless amusement than stringing syllables into verse there cannot well be—it is occupation—it is delightful to the performer.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains

Which none but poets know. The shifts and turns,

The expedients and inventions multiform, &c.

as Cowper has it, whom Nature meant for a satirist, and surely was no idealist. The poet—the man or woman whose inspirations are to be *read*—is the one who is prompted from within to give expression to glowing and forcing feelings—the result, perchance, of some finer organization, which makes sensations of mere perceptions, and endows the inanimate with life and vigour—which deadens the eye towards the coarse and common, and catches at a glance the sublime, the beautiful, the *beau-ideal* of moral or physical conception—and evolves, while to the vulgar it seems only to subtilize, delicate relations and new imaginings. This is the poet—not the mere imitator of *others'* developments—not even he who comprehends, and tastes, and relishes them—and certainly not the man who does nothing but turn prose into measure by the adoption of certain jinglings, and cadences, and faded flowers of speech—and least of all by the scribbler of metrical novels—the most wearisome of man's idlest productions!

The tale before us concerns the Crusades, and covers some eight or ten thousand lines—the writer, no doubt, still young—which proves with what unenviable facility words and phrases, now that their channels are so well worn, run into metre. Nobody, now-a-days, will take quantity for quality—at least not in verse.

It is scarcely worth while to quote mere mediocrity—every-day workmanship;—neither gods, nor men, nor *book-sellers*, it used to be said, could tolerate middling poetry—the latter, however, find their shelves groan with it. But, think of encountering—

——— O! what forms of love

Bright glancing, graced the balcony above!

There peerless dames their radiant charms displayed,

Whose eyes, more potent than Damascus' blade,

Now fierce as summer suns, now mildly bright,
Like twinkling stars that gem the vault of night,—&c.

Smooth enough, but mortally *fade*.

Rudiments of the Primary Forces of Gravity, Magnetism, and Electricity, in their Agency on the Heavenly Bodies, by P. Murphy, Esq.—With mathematical astronomy Mr. Murphy has nothing to do; he doubts not astronomers are, on the whole, correct enough as to the data on which they estimate the magnitudes and distances of the celestial bodies, and calculate their orbicular and rotary motion. His concern is wholly with what is usually styled physical astronomy—the causes in which the positive movements and internal phenomena of these bodies have their source. Newton's gravitation does not satisfy him, any more than it did the author himself, though it seems pretty generally to have done so with most or all of his disciples. The truth is, astronomers, since his time, have turned their attention wholly from the question of causes, and confined themselves rigidly to observation. It is their boast to spurn speculation—and their ambition aspires to nothing beyond the field-view of the telescope, and the construction of tables. To Mr. Murphy this seems a pitiful ambition—he is for bringing into play whatever will contribute to the prosecution of his favourite pursuit. The chemist and the electrician have detected facts and principles which to him seem capable of developing other mysteries. He communicates his views, accordingly, to the Astronomical Society, and Mr. South—we forget his knighthood, but not his pension—Sir Something South carelessly answers—we know nothing about electricity. But Mr. Murphy might have known he was communicating with the wrong quarter. Sir James and his coterie are mere star-gazers—very useful observers and collectors of dry facts—filliping the Greenwich establishment too, which requires the fillip—but no philosophers, nor do they wish to be, in any valuable application of the term. Physical astronomy is out of their department, and it is only for the general philosopher—such perhaps as Mr. Murphy deserves to be considered—to turn the labours of all particular departments to his own general purposes.

Mr. Murphy has evidently given the deepest consideration to the subject, but he is apparently incapable of communicating with any *efficiency*—he does not want force—his own convictions. We scarcely ever met with a book—the production of a cultivated person—constructed with so little method and clearness. He is perpetually claiming the merit of discoveries, but the grounds and the process are wrapt in such involutions of phrase, that “panting sense toils after him in vain.” The author began to write too soon plainly—he discovers, as he calls it, as he goes; and

many of the early parts of his book are superseded by the later. Voltaire observes, says he, “Il faut avouer qu'en tout genre les premiers essais sont toujours grossiers.” With this conviction upon him, he should have kept a more vigilant eye upon his own “essais.” Over and over again he talks of the three primary forces, on which, more or less, all astronomical phenomena depend. Newton's old attraction, and our modern magnetism and electricity. Yet, at other times, this universal gravitation is undistinguishable from magnetism, and then, again, from electricity; and by and by, again, magnetism and electricity are pronounced identical, and so, of course, finally, electricity is the sole operative cause. Mr. Murphy is much too precipitate and peremptory to gain confidence—not long ago he published a book denying the existence altogether of electricity—and now it is all in all. The moon, we believe we represent him correctly, had nothing to do with the tides—now she not only governs the tides, but the weather too, at sea and on land—he has discovered such close analogies as must remove all doubt. Electricity is the one cause of all—the sun is positive—the planets negative; from thence he gets light—thence all motion, both orbicular and rotary—thence, too, the ellipticity of their orbits, &c. &c. Mr. Murphy must write his book over again, if he hopes to make any impression. There is stuff in his pages, but it is fairly smothered. He may take our word for it, nobody will read it in its present confused and embarrassed condition. The manner even is worse than the method—he must construct his sentences upon simpler principles. It is not—though in his preface he seems to think it is—the inevitable consequence of the complexity of his subject, but the result of his own undisciplined habits of composition.

Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Vol VII. Part I.—The most complete and copious account of the elephant that has ever been put together. The compiler has availed himself of all the most recent intelligence, and books for his purpose have of late abounded—Shipp's Memoirs, Pringle's Notes, Cowper Rose's Cape of Good Hope, Ranking, Colonel Welsh—in addition to all the older authorities within his reach. The peculiarities of the animal are now well understood, and, above all, the Company's establishments in India have furnished facilities for correct information that were never before accessible to the naturalist. Evidence now quite irresistible exists of the young sucking with its mouth, and of the elephant breeding in a domestic state—too proud, as he

was affirmed to be, to multiply *slaves*. All this kind of nonsense vanishes before precise inquiry. The elephant of the menageries occupies the writer's first division of his subject. His structure is next exhibited in connection with his natural habits. Then comes the Indian elephant in a state of confinement—his fertility in that state—his growth—and the modes of capturing wild ones in Asia. Then the African elephant, and descriptions of elephant hunts. Then their domestic employment in the East—training—docility—

travelling—sports—exhibitions of cruelty—processions and ceremonies—and, finally, their employment in the wars of modern Asia. The author has neglected no source of accurate information—as to either the elephant's wild state or domestic one—his anatomical structure—or his habits and propensities—and has supplied a volume that classes justly under the title of *Entertaining Knowledge*. The cuts are numerous, and though some of them are coarse, all of them are spirited, and much to the purpose.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

THE ANNUALS.

THE appearance of the illustrations of certain of these "elegant trifles" last month—the blossom of the fruit that was to follow—the gold-laced outriders of the gay procession—prepared us for the scene which we now survey; a table covered with literary luxuries, dainties that too often excite the palate without gratifying it—and that resemble rather the French dishes and confectionary of a repast than the more solid essentials that should accompany them. Let us make the most of our dessert, then, in the absence of a dinner; let us endeavour to subsist for a time upon the "smiles and wine" that they offer; and if we cannot say much for their flavour, let us content ourselves with the poetical assurance that they are really of "the brightest hue."

It is of little consequence which we take up first. Which lies nearest us? the *Friendship's Offering*. Here it is—at once elegant and substantial. The talents of Leslie and Humphrys have been actively employed upon the opening plate—*Adelaide*; it is a fair and tasteful commencement. The *Last Look* can scarcely be called a look of any kind; so foolish an expression would destroy the effect of a much better performance than this. The *Maid of Rajast'han*, by Col. James Tod and E. Finden, is an Indian gem—soft and sparkling. The kneeling lover in the *Rejected*, awakens very little surprise in us that the lady should disdain him; though he might justly return the compliment, for she is scarcely less lack-a-daisical. The *Accepted*, a companion to this, is quite worthy of it. The *Mountain Torrent*, Puser and Goodall, is, with the exception of the water, a very beautiful production; though still inferior to *St. Mark's Place, Venice*—Prout and Roberts—one of the sweetest and most sunny that we have seen. It seems touched with Italian light. *Ascanius in the Lap of Venus*, Wood and Davenport, is another; it is a graceful, spirited, and poetical composition, delicately engraved. *Mary Queen of Scots* is remarkable.

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able for being the worst of the thousand and one *Marys* that we remember; but it is amply atoned for by the beauty of the *Halt of the Caravan*, Purser and Brandard, which is novel, brilliant, and picturesque. *Auld Robin Gray*, though too dark, evinces the proper feeling of the ballad—it is by Rolls, from a picture by Wood. *Carlo Dolci* crowns the volume with the head of *Poesie*, to which Wm. Finden has given all the warmth, tenderness and finish that an engraving of this size is susceptible of. Of the literature we shall say little—because we think little of it. *Miss Mitford's Country Tale*, that opens the volume, and *Mr. St. John's Valley of the Shadow of Death*, that terminates it, are among the best. The latter is strikingly impressive. *Mr. M'Farlane's Tale of Venice*, *Mrs. Hall's Patty Conway*, *Mr. Banim's Stolen Sheep*, *Mr. Fraser's Halt of the Caravan*; and among the poetry *Mary Howitt's Countess Lamberti*, are papers of superior merit—equalled by two or three others; and for the rest, the attraction lies principally in the names—among which are those of Kennedy, Barry Cornwall, Hon. Mrs. Norton, Leitch Ritchie, T. H. Bayly, Allan Cunningham, Miss Jewsbury, Dr. Bowring, Mr. Pringle, Mr. Hervey, &c. &c.

The above remarks will apply, almost word for word, to the *Forget-Me-Not*. Yet, perhaps, upon the whole, there are fewer blemishes and fewer beauties. The first plate, *Queen Esther*, has all the peculiarities of Martin, with few of his excellences; and the vignette is despicably tasteless and absurd. The *False One*, by Miss Sharpe and J. Agar, is, with the exception of the two principal figures, an elegant composition. An *Italian Scene*, by Barrett and Freebairn, is pleasingly executed; and the *Cat's Paw* of E. Landseer, engraved by Graves, though not clearly made out, is full of humour. The *Political Cobbler*, Chisholme and Shenton, and the *Japanese Palace*, Prout and Carter, also evince opposite orders of merit. If the lady whom Mr. Corbould has represented

as a Disconsolate should happen to rise, she would inevitably strike her head against the centre of a very high arch under which she is sitting. Lady Beaufort is a pretty engraving, but it wants sentiment. The Noontide Retreat, Philipps and Agar, is scarcely worth the compliments paid to it in the preface. The Boa Ghaut, W. Westall and E. Finden, is one of the prettiest of the landscape embellishments. The literature comprises specimens of all kinds; a Sea Story, by Hogg; the Grave of the Indian King, by W. L. Stone; the Death of Charles I., by Miss Mitford; My Great Grandmother's Harpsicord, by T. H. Bayly, are among the happiest sketches. It has been said that Mr. Hood should not have put his name to the verses called the Painter Puzzled; we think he was quite right, for they would hardly have found insertion any where without it.

We next take the *Juvenile Forget-Me-Not* of Mr. Ackermann—a younger sister, but approaching close to it in beauty, and, we must say it, in defects also. The Infant Samuel, by Holmes and Woolnoth, opens the volume well. It is a sweet head—one in which purity and elevation of character are blended with the simplicity of infancy. The Juvenile Masquerade, C. Landseer and H. Rolls, is a pretty graceful composition; and so would the Juvenile Architect have been, had not an old Soldier with a cocked hat, and a book in his hand, fixed himself in the very front of the picture, when he has evidently no business there. Something is meant, we presume, though we do not understand what. The Breakfast is engraved by Chevalier, by whom it was painted we know not; the plate says by Sir William Beechey—the list of them attributes it to Corbould. It is pretty, but too dark. "Who'll serve the King?" is from Farrier's picture. Adernach and Going to Market, are both pleasing, which is all they were intended to be. Of the literature of this little volume, although we find one or two things not quite adapted for children, and which, indeed, are calculated to mislead them, we would willingly, had we space, select a specimen. There are several pleasing things in the volume; and the list of the names of the contributors is here "illustrious," and there "obscure."

We now come to another *Juvenile*, edited by Mrs. Hall. It has greatly improved, both in an outward and visible, and an inward and spiritual sense. With its dark green embossed binding, which, while it partakes largely of the ornamental, does not affect to be above the useful, it is as elegant as any of them, and yet nobody says "take care!" when you touch it. The frontispiece, Docility, by Robertson and Thompson, breathes the spirit of gentleness—a most sweet and touching expression. Me and My Dog, by Mosses and Edwards, is a laughable little affair; the dog as ele-

vated as the maiden, and the girl as happy as the dog. The Twin Sisters, painted by Boxall, is a beautiful Lawrence-like composition. The Travelling Tinman and the Nut-cracker, are both well engraved, from designs by Leslie and H. Howard. Hebe, R. Westall and Engleheart, though a graceless picture, makes a sweet engraving; and the Bird's Nest, by Collins and Ashby, is a most exquisite little gem in the painter's own simple manner. One of the chief merits of the literary department—and it originates of course in the taste and true feeling of the editor—is, that it is precisely what it professes to be, a book for the young; and that discrimination has been used in suppressing whatever might by possibility have an improper tendency. We can only particularize a Godmamma's Epistle, by Miss Jewsbury; the Miniature, by Miss Landon; Impulse and Amiability, Miss Isabel Hill; the Nutting Party, by Mrs. Holland, and Gaspard and his Dog, by Mrs. Hall, as among the first and fairest of the beauties. The names of the gentlemen, particularly such long ones as Montgomery and Cunningham, we cannot find space for.

The Comic Annuals this year, like Sheridan's morning guns, have one important fault—there are too many of them. They are now going off (or rather we fear they are *not*) in every direction. We shall expect to see some of them next year, bound in black, in mourning for their companions of this. Here is one, "*The Humorist*," by W. H. Harrison, *Author of Tales of a Physician*." It is embellished with fifty woodcuts, besides vignettes, from designs by the late Mr. Rowlandson—a man of genius, whose designs we suspect have been sadly mutilated and disguised in the instance before us. Mr. Harrison must not be surprised if the ghost of Rowlandson should pay him an indignant visit on one of these winter nights. We advise him to be prepared. In sober sadness, these woodcuts are very bad; the humour, if they ever possessed any, is either gone by or utterly forgotten by the engraver. The best things, like the best passages in a play, seem to have been put between commas, and "omitted in representation." Mr. Harrison, however, has shewn great tact, industry—and, we may add, humour and invention—in his mode of illustrating these designs. Very difficult his task must have been, and in a very masterly way has he accomplished it. Both his prose and his verse wants a finishing dash or two; but, perhaps, we may attribute the absence of this to the subjects, rather than to the writer. We would willingly quote a story, were it possible. As far as the literature is concerned, this volume will be found no unamusing accompaniment to the Christmas fireside.

THE second part of the *Views in the East*, equals—exceeds, we might almost say—both in style and subject, the beauties of its precursor. The same talents and the same care have been devoted to it, and the same results are evident. The first view, “A Mosque at Futtypoor Sicri,” by Purser and Brandard, is very striking and finely engraved. The mosque is attached to the palace of Akbar, the celebrated emperor of Hindostan. The gateway is exceedingly magnificent; according to Bishop Heber, there is no quadrangle either in Oxford or Cambridge, at all comparable to it, “either in size, or majestic proportions, or beauty of architecture.” The interior scarcely answers to the splendour of the external design.—“Shere Shah’s Tomb, at Sasse-raur,” is of an equally beautiful order. This is by W. A. Le Petit, from a drawing by Prout. The effect of the whole view is very grand and gloomy; the building is properly thrown into shade, and standing in the centre of an artificial piece of water, about a mile in circumference, it presents a singularly isolated and picturesque effect. Shere was a military adventurer of the old order; one who, having made himself emperor, seemed to regard “breach of faith as royal property, which he would by no means permit his subjects to share with him.” He had his natural good gifts too, and effected many noble and magnificent objects. He was at least a friend to travellers; for he ordered that at every stage they should be entertained at the public expence, and this without regard to religion or country. He also planted fruit-trees along the roads, both to shelter them from the sun, and to gratify their taste. Moreover, during his reign, both travellers and merchants were wont to throw down their goods and sleep upon the highway in perfect security—a state of things far more pleasant than probable.—But we come to the third view—the “City of Benares,” more diversified and animated than all. This is an exquisite engraving of a scene full of life and interest. Benares, which stands on the left bank of the Ganges, is still a curious and beautiful city; but it is not what it was previous to the conquest of India by the Mahommedans. There is a Hindoo legend we are told respecting it which says, that “the city was originally built of gold, but in consequence of the sins of the people it was turned into stone.” Looking at it through the medium of such an engraving as this, we are half inclined to give credence to the fable. The groups of people on the banks of the river seen in a delicious state of happiness, and those in the water, whether they are merely bathing, or worshipping the Ganges, have by no means the least share of the felicity. The smoker in the foreground, sitting on the wall with a prodigy of a pipe coiled up beside him, looking upon the calm water and pouring clouds into the air, seems to breathe

the very spirit of a dreamy enjoyment. He has made us wish ourselves at Benares.

The Eighteenth Number of the *National Portrait Gallery*, contains portraits of Lord Melville, Mr. Abernethy, and Lord Clifden—the two former from pictures by Sir Thomas Lawrence, the last from one by Hayter. They rank among the best of those that have preceded them. We are much pleased with that of Mr. Abernethy, of whom a biography is given, more replete with anecdote and rarity than the lives of his contemporaries in this portrait-gallery will generally admit of. Mr. Jerdan relates some amusing stories of this eccentric surgeon, to whose talents, industry, and excellence of disposition, he does proper justice.

The Four Maps forming the Sixth Part of the *Family Atlas*, are those of Holland, and the Netherlands, Spain, Sweden and Norway, and the West Indies. They are executed with the usual neatness, accuracy, and compactness. The first half of the work is now complete, and we may very safely assert that never before was so much information put into so small a compass. We survey the globe through such a little edition as this, as we look at the moon through a telescope. We are already enabled to carry half the earth about with us in our pocket; and by the time this work is concluded, we may be said to have the whole world at our fingers’ ends. We almost fear that it is too small to be of much utility.

The *Landscape Illustrations to the Waverley Novels*, have also reached their Sixth Part, and exhibit no symptom of falling off. The Messrs. Finden continue their exertions with spirit, and are evidently not easily to be fatigued. There are two illustrations of the “Pirate,” from sketches by the Marchioness of Stafford; one of the “Antiquary”—Queen’s-ferry—by Stanfield; and one of “Quentin Durward”—Namur—by Prout, a scene of extreme beauty, and evincing both in detail and general effect, all the characteristic finish and freedom of this artist’s masterly style.

We have seen an engraving by W. Say, to be dedicated to her Majesty—a study of *Juliet*. She is reclining on a couch, contemplating the fatal draught and grasping her dagger. The whole arrangement of the figure is very tasteful and effective; and the expression is touching and beautiful. It is, moreover, Italian in its character, and does not seem to have been studied in the theatre. It is from a picture by Miss F. Corbeaux, a young artist who has evinced, at an early age, the possession of very singular talents, the cultivation of which we shall have great pleasure in observing.

The Orphan Ballad Singers, engraved by J. Romney, from a cabinet picture by W. Gill, is a production of a very superior order. It is long since we have seen a prettier composition, and we have no excep-

tation of seeing any thing more sweetly and skilfully executed. It is singularly soft and delicate; and the truth, simplicity, and feeling, that characterize the little group, are exquisitely preserved. What a pity it is that the embellishments of the *Annuals* are not of the size of this print; the effect is here precisely what it should be. It is a little gem that at once "speaks for itself."

It is, perhaps, a disadvantage, in the *Illustrations of the Literary Souvenir for 1831*, that one of the number should be so surpassingly beautiful. It were hard, indeed, if the very exertions of the proprietors to produce perfection should be turned against them, and we should complain that they have not been excellent in every thing, because they have gone beyond ordinary excellence in one instance. Yet something like this will we fear be the case; for there are several prints among these illustrations which it is almost impossible to afford a glance at in the same portfolio with the *Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis*, engraved from Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture by J. B. Watt. Perhaps were we to say that the *Annuals*, either of this or of any preceding year, have scarcely produced anything equal to it, our opinion would not be unsupported. This arises partly from the grace and splendour of the composition; the taste, brilliancy, clearness, and refinement of which have been caught by Mr. Watt with the skill and feeling of a master. Next to this we like the *Trojan Fugitives*, J. C. Edwards, from a painting by G. Jones, R.A., a very picturesque group, eminently poetical in

design, and ably executed. We should have liked Robert Burns and his Highland Mary better, had they been merely designed as a pair of rustic lovers; but notwithstanding the resemblance to the features of the poet, it is deficient both in fancy and fervour, though softly and tastefully engraved by Mitchell. There is something pleasing at a first glance in the *Sea-side Toilet*, by Portbury, from a picture by Holmes; but the effect decreases upon looking nearer: the head appears to us too mature for the figure. The *Narrative*, by Greatbach, from a design by Stothard, is far better; the figures very gracefully grouped in Boccacian order, sitting on a declivity; the faces, although so minute, really lovely and distinct, and the whole scene as attractive as a glimpse of Arcadia. A *Magdalen* is a soft mellow engraving, by Watt, from Correggio; and the *View of Ghent*, by E. Goodall, with its gorgeous galley and gay figures, deserves mention for the deep sparkling clearness of the water. The *Destruction of Babel*, from a painting by H. C. Slous, is too palpable an imitation of Martin to be pleasing; it is conceived in a style that of all others requires to be original to be relished. The materials of the picture are full of poetry, but the effect altogether is not poetical. It is magnificent in parts, but melodramatic as a whole. The prints that we have not particularized suffer very considerably by a comparison with the beauty of some of those (the Lawrence especially), that we have named.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

A whole length portrait of Byron, at the age of 19, never before engraved, will be prefixed to the Second Volume of Moore's *Life of Byron*.

The *Adventures of Finati*, the Guide of Mr. William Bankes, in the course of his Eastern Journeys and Discoveries, have been arranged for publication by that gentleman.

The Author of "*Anastasius*," Mr. Hope, has a New Work, nearly printed, On the Origin and Prospects of Man.

The Biography of another of our Naval Heroes, Lord Rodney, is preparing.

Popular Specimens of the Greek Dramatists are advertised. An attractive feature in the First Volume (*Æschylus*) will be a series of Engravings from the splendid Designs of Flaxman.

A New Journal is to appear devoted to Science and Natural History, conducted by Faraday, Brande, Burnett, Daniell, Ure, and others.

Four Volumes of Mr. Croker's Edition of Boswell are printed. Sir Walter Scott and Lord Stowell have contributed much information to the Editor.

Knowledge for the People; or, the Plain Why and Because, is announced by the Editor of "*Laconics*."

The Rev. T. F. Dibdin announces the Sunday Library, or the Protestant's Manual for the Sabbath-Day, a Selection of Sermons from Eminent Divines of the Church of England.

Mr. Dawson Turner is preparing for publication the *Literary Correspondence of John Pinkerton, Esq.*

Captain Abercromby Trant is preparing a Narrative of a Journey through Greece in 1830.

The Gentleman in Black, illustrated by George Cruickshank, will soon make his appearance.

The Author of "*The Templars*" has a new work in the press, entitled, *Arthur of Brittany*.

Dr. R. Whentley has a work nearly ready, entitled, *The Errors of Romanism traced to their Origin in Human Nature*.

Elements of Greek Prosody, from the German of Dr. Franz Spitzner.

Elements of Greek Accentuation, from the German of Goettling.

Mr. Keightley is about to publish a work on the Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy.

John Abercrombie, M.D. announces Inquiries on the Intellectual Powers.

Memoirs and Correspondence of the late Sir James Edward Smith, M.D., are preparing.

A Catechism of Phrenology, illustrative of the Principles of that Science, is announced.

Mr. Northcote is employed upon the Life of Titian, with Anecdotes of the Distinguished Persons of his Time.

The Rev. E. Whitfield announces The Bereaved, Kenilworth, and other Poems.

Otto Van Kotzebue, a Captain in the Russian Navy, advertises a New Voyage round the World.

The Authoress of the Hungarian Tales, has nearly ready an Historical Romance, entitled, The Tuileries, connected with the Period of the French Revolution.

Mr. Carne's New Work, The Exiles of Palestine, a Tale of the Holy Land, is written from actual observation.

The Author of Pandurang Hari, or Memoirs of a Hindoo, has in the press a work, entitled, The Vizier's Son.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Hazlitt's Memoirs of Napoleon, vols. 3 and 4. 30s.

Musical Memoirs; comprising an Account of the General State of Music in England, from 1784 to 1830. By W. P. Parke. 2 vols. 18s.

A Biographical Memoir of the late Dr. Walter Oudney, Captain Hugh Clapperton, and Major Alexander Gordon Laing. By the Rev. Thomas Nelson. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

Life of Lord Burghley, Lord High Treasurer to Queen Elizabeth. By the Rev. Dr. Nares, vol. 2. 4to. £3. 3s.

Military Memoirs of the Duke of Wellington. In 2 vols. By Captain Sherer. Vol. 1. 5s., being the first vol. of Lardner's Cabinet Library.

Juvenile Library: vol. 1, Lives of Remarkable Youth of both Sexes; vol. 2., Historic Anecdotes of France; vol. 3., Africa, its Geography and History. 4s. each vol.

National Library: vol. 2., History of the Bible, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig; vol. 3, History of Chemistry, by Thos. Thomson, M.D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow. 5s. each.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, vol. 11.: contents, the second volume of the History of Maritime Discovery; vol. 12., History of France, vol. 1. 6s. each.

An Historical Atlas of the World, as known at different Periods: constructed upon a uniform scale. By Edward Quin. Folio. £3. 10s.

The Edinburgh Cabinet Library, vol. 1. 12mo., 5s.: contents, Narrative of Discoveries and Adventures in the Polar Seas, By Professors Leslie, Jamieson, and Hugh Murray, Esqrs.

History of the Covenanters, from the Reformation to the Revolution in 1688. In 2 vols., 18mo. 3s. 6d.

MEDICAL.

A Demonstration of the Nerves of the Human Body, with Engravings. By Joseph Swan.—Part 1, The Cervical and Thoracic Portion of the Sympathetic and the Nerves of the Thoracic Viscera. Folio. £2. 2s.

Dublin Medical Transactions. A Series of Papers by Members of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland. Vol. 1. Part 1. 8vo. 15s.

The Principles of Surgery, vol. 1., containing the Doctrine and Practice relating to Inflammation and its various Consequences, Tumors, Aneurisms, Wounds, and the States connected with them. By John Burns, M.D. 14s. Glasgow.

Practical Treatise on the Diseases of the Eye. By William Mackenzie, Lecturer on the Eye in the University of Glasgow. 21s.

Transactions of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of London, Vol. 16. Part 1. 9s.

Cooper's Lectures on Anatomy, vol. 2. 15s.

Dr. Howspip on Spasmodic Stricture in the Colon. 8vo. 4s.

Dr. Rennie's Treatise on Asthma, Consumption, and Disorders of the Lungs. 8vo. 5s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

List of Annuals for 1831.—The Winter's Wreath, 12s.—Le Keepsake Francais, 21s.—The Talisman, by Mrs. Alaric Watts, 21s.—Forget-Me-Not, 12s.—The Literary Souvenir, 12s.—Friendship's Offering, 12s.—Amulet, 12s.—Keepsake, 21s.—Gem, 12s.—The Cameo, 12s.—Landscape Annual, 21s.—Iris, 12s.—Hood's Comic Annual, 12s.—New Comic Annual, 12s.—The Humourist, a Comic Annual, 12s.—Comic Offering, a New Annual, 12s.—Ackerman's Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, 8s.—Mrs. Hall's Ditto, 8s.—Mrs. A. Watts's New Year's Gift, 8s.—Christmas-Box, 8s.

Sections and Views illustrative of Geological Phenomena. By H. T. Delabèche, Esq. 4to. £2. 2s.

Transactions of the Natural History Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Vol. I., Part I. 4to. 21s.

Sewell on Cultivation of the Intellect by Studying Dead Languages. 8vo. 9s.

Thucydides, with Original English Notes, Examination Notes, &c. By the Rev. Dr. Bloomfield. 3 vols. 27s.

The Classical Library, No. 10, containing Original Translations of Pindar and Anacreon. 4s. 6d.

The Secret Revealed of the Authorship of Junius's Letter. By G. James Falconer, Esq. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

The Orestes of Euripides, with English Notes. By the Rev. J. R. Major. 5s.

The Practical Baker and Confectioner's Assistant. By John Turcan. 12mo. 5s.

Second Report of the Commissioners respecting Real Property. 8vo. 6s.

Addison's Essays, now first Collected, 2 vols. 18mo. 8s.

Illustrations of Landscape Gardening. By John Lowson. Part I. Folio. 7s. 6d.

Nicholson on Mill-work. 8vo. 7s.

The Philosophy of Sleep. By Robert Macnish, M.D., Author of The Anatomy of Drunkenness. 8vo. 7s.

The Elements of the Theory of Mechanics. By Robert Walker. 8vo. 10s.

Merrifield's Law of Attorneys, and Costs in Common Law. Royal 8vo. 21s.

Advice to Trustees. By Harding Grant. 8vo. 6s.

NOVELS AND TALES.

The Heiress of Bruges, a Tale of the year Sixteen Hundred. By Thomas Colley Grattan, Author of Highways and By-ways. 4 vols. 12mo. £2. 2s.

The Water Witch, or the Skimmer of the Seas, a Tale. By the Author of the "Borderers." 3 vols. £1. 11s. 6d.

Tales of Other Days, with Illustrations by George Cruickshank. Post 8vo. 9s.

POETRY.

The Arrow and the Rose, with other Poems. By Wm. Kennedy. 12mo. 6s.

Tales of the Dead, and other Poems. By J. H. Jesse, Esq. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

Tales of the Cyclades, and other Poems. By H. I. Bradfield. 5s. 6d.

Cheltenham Lyrics, Lays of a Modern Troubadour. By H. Hardyng. 18mo. 4s. 6d.

The Poetical and Prose Works of Schiller. Royal 8vo. 30s.

The Vale of Obscurity, the Lavant, and other Poems. By Charles Crocker. 8vo. 5s.

Classic Cullings and Fugitive Gatherings. Post 8vo. 9s.

The Lyre and the Laurel; or, the most beautiful Fugitive Poetry of the Nineteenth Century. In 2 vols. 18mo. 8s.

RELIGION.

The complete Works of Bishop Sherlock, (including many tracts now first published) 5 vols. 8vo. £1. 17s. 6d.

The True Dignity of Human Nature; or, Man Viewed in Relation to Immortality. By Wm. Davis, Minister. 12mo. 5s.

The Life and Correspondence of Dr. Doddridge. Vol. 4. 15s.

A Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature, in a Chronological Arrangement of Authors and their Works, from the Invention of Alphabetical Characters, to 1445.—Part I. by Adam Clarke, LL.D.—Part II. by J. B. B. Clarke, M.A.

Pleasing Expositor; or, Anecdotes illustrative of Select Passages of the New Testament. By John Whitecross. 18mo. 3s.

Sermons, on Various Subjects. By the Rev. W. Gillson. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Scripture the Test of Character; an Address to the Influential Classes of Society, on the effect of their Example. 8vo. 5s.

PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

New Patents sealed in September, 1830.

To Charles Derosne, of Leicester-square, Middlesex, for certain improvements in extracting sugar or syrups from cane juice and other substances containing sugar, and in refining sugar and syrups.—29th September; 2 months.

To Michael Donovan, Dublin, for an improved method of lighting places with gas.—6th October; 6 months.

To Lieut.-Col. Leslie Walker, C.B., Cuming-street, Pentonville, for his invention of a machine or apparatus to effect the escape and preservation of persons and property, in case of fire or other circumstances.—6th October; 6 months.

To Richard Perring, Esq., Exmouth, Devon, for his improvements on anchors.—6th October; 6 months.

To John Heaton, William Heaton, George Heaton, and Reuben Heaton, Birmingham, Warwick, for inventing certain machinery and the application thereof to steam-engines, for the purpose of propelling and drawing carriages on

turnpike and other roads and railways.—6th October; 4 months.

To Joseph Harrison, Wortley Hall, Tankersley, York, Gardner, and Richard Gill Curtis, of the same place, Glazier, for improvements in glazing horticultural and other buildings, and in sash bars and rafters.—6th October; 2 months.

To John Dickinson, Esq., Nash Mills, Langley, Hertford, for an improved method of manufacturing paper by means of machinery.—6th October; 6 months.

To William Augustus Archbald, Vere-street, Cavendish-square, Middlesex, gentleman, for an improvement in the preparing or making of certain sugars.—13th October; 6 months.

To David Napier, Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, Middlesex, engineer, for his improvements in printing and in pressing machinery, with a method of economising the power, which is also applicable to other purposes.—13th October; 6 months.

To Francois Constant Jacquemart, Esq., Leicester-square, Middlesex, for

improvements in tanning certain descriptions of skins.—20th October; 6 months.

To Joseph Budworth Sharp, Esq., Hampstead, Middlesex, and William Fawcett, Liverpool, County Palatine of Lancaster, civil engineer, for an improved mode of introducing air into fluids for the purpose of evaporation.—20th October; 6 months.

To Alexander Craig, Ann-street, St. Bernards, St. Cuthberts, Mid-Lothian, for certain improvements in machinery for cutting timber into veneers or other useful forms.—20th October; 6 months.

To Andrew Ure, Burton-crescent, Middlesex, M.D., for an apparatus for regulating temperature in vaporization, distillation, and other processes.—20th October; 6 months.

To Andrew Ure, Burton-crescent, Middlesex, M.D., for improvements in curing or cleansing raw or coarse sugar.—20th October; 6 months.

List of Patents, which having been granted in the month of November 1816, expire in the present month of November 1830.

1. Benjamin Smythe, Liverpool, for a new method of propelling boats, machinery, &c.

— Joseph Gregson, London, for a new method of constructing chimneys, and of supplying with fuel.

1. William Varley, Leeds, and Robert Hopwood, Furness, Bridlington, for a method of producing saccharine matter from corn.

— George Washington Dickinson, London, for preventing leakage from, also the admission of moisture into vessels.

— Simon Hosking, St. Phillack, Cornwall, for an improved steam engine.

— William Day, London, for improved trunks.

— William Piercy, Birmingham, for an improved way of making thimbles.

— John Heathcoat, Loughborough, for an improved lace machine.

— William Snowden, Doncaster, for an apparatus for preventing carriages from being overturned.

16. Robert Stirling, Edinburgh, for an improved steam engine.

— John Day, Brompton, for an improved piano-forte.

— Robert Rains Baines, Kingston-upon-Hull, for a perpetual log, or sea perambulator.

19. Robert Ford, Hornsey, for his balsam of horehound.

— William Russell, Chelsea, for his improved cocks and vents.

— John Barker, Camberwell, for a method of acting upon machinery.

21. Walter Hall, London, for a method of making lead.

— James Hawley, London, for improved thermometers.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

OUR fickle climate, yet with all its faults, one of the safest and best to live in, has, during the current month, rendered us good amends for its former waywardness. Indeed, had a body of farmers been constituted atmospheric regulators, they could not possibly have chosen weather more suitable to the operations of latter harvest, including every species of produce, and to the most important process of wheat sowing, than such as we have been blessed with during the greater part of the three weeks past. The change occurred on the 4th instant, a dry and generally cool temperature succeeding with north-west or north-east winds, yet alternating with a considerable degree of solar heat. This state of the atmosphere, the wind about the 19th veering to the south and west, and producing delightful weather, has had the most beneficial effects upon all the corn, pulse and seeds abroad, drying and hardening them; and also upon the heavy lands, rendering them accessible and friable, and adapted to the operations of the season. Great apprehensions are entertained of the prevalence of the slug, after such continual rains. Early in the month wheat-sowing became general, where harvest was finished, and has proceeded throughout apparently with a determination to make the most of a season so favourable. According to general report, a great breadth of wheat, that most precious crop, will be sown this year, too much, if not the greater part, upon land in a very foul, unfit and disadvantageous state for its reception. For this, it is averred, the badness of the times will allow of no remedy. Should the present favourable weather continue, scarcely any article will remain abroad beyond the present month, which will conclude one of the most expensive, procrastinated and harassing harvests ever known in this country, and most particularly to clay-land farmers. It is said, however, that to the cultivators of the best light lands, the present will prove a successful year.

We observed in a former report that the growers were probably too sanguine in their anticipations of the vast produce of this year's crops, particularly of the wheats; and that it had long been our usual custom to defer our opinions until sufficient intelligence could be obtained from the barn floor. The present year will not serve to break our adherence to this rule. The opinion now seems to be universal, that wheat when threshed does not yield in that exuberant manner which their heated and eager imaginations had led calculators to expect. The new version is, that there is above a field average in bulk, but that the yield on the threshing-floor is not proportional. This being interpreted, we apprehend

to be, that the super field average in bulk consists in the extraordinary number of ears, but which are not equal to the expected product in corn when threshed. It is still the received opinion, that wheat will prove a fair average throughout the three kingdoms, the quality various as the seasons have been, and the soils upon which it was sown. Oats are now ascertained to be the most exuberant crop. Barley is in sufficient quantity, but in some districts nearly three parts of it is stained and of inferior quality, though fortunately but little grown or sprouted. Potatoes, with some exceptions in the north, come well out of the ground on all proper soils, and their husbandry is nearly finished. Of seeds there is nothing to detail at present, but that of late the weather has been highly favourable for them, and that much clover was left for seed. Of that precarious article the hop, the quantity will be as great as could be expected from a season like the past; namely, about half an average crop, fine quality, at no rate abundant. The stocks of old hops of late years seem generally to have been very considerable, and such they are at present. £20. per cwt. have been given for the finest Farnham hops; common price £8. to £12. We have observed some Swedish turnips promising, but in general that root is deemed a failure, as also is cole seed. In some parts the backward growth of turnips appears, in a great measure, attributable to deficient culture. Of beans the crop will be large, both in pod and straw; but although this pulse when shocked and tied takes less harm in the field from rain than any other produce, yet much of the crop is too damp and soft for immediate use, and will be kept until spring, with more advantage stacked abroad than in the barn. Of peas the early judgment was correct; they are on the whole the most deficient of this year's crops. Mangold, or cattle beet, perhaps the smallest breadth which we have had of late years, looks at present in a healthful state. Winter vetches (tares) sowing in vast quantities, for spring feed, which it may be expected will be an article in great request.

Accounts of live stock, and indeed of the whole of our country affairs, are so various and conflicting, that it is no easy task to produce a general view which shall prove tolerably accurate, or even intelligible. At the great cattle, sheep, and horse fair of Ballinasloe, in Ireland, business was said to be very dull, money scarce, and prices low. On the other hand, at the October Tryst, Falkirk, N.B., there was an unprecedented good market, the stocks large, and the sales particularly brisk. In our English fairs a similar discrepancy prevails. In some a limited stock found a ready sale; in others, the stocks were so large, that the greater part were driven away unsold. Prices are extremely various for the same kind of stock. The butter and cheese trade is reviving wonderfully from its late depression. The cattle exposed to sale are almost universally in an inferior state to that which would seem warranted from the immense crops of this year's herbage, but which has failed of its usual nutritive quality from the unseasonable cold and moisture. From a similar cause, the yearling beasts in the west have been much subject to the disease called the quarter evil. Accounts of the rot in sheep have become more and more alarming, insomuch that buyers hesitate to bargain without a warrant, and heavy losses have been already sustained, some farmers having sent unsound sheep to Smithfield, the return for which was *sixpence* a head, after all expenses had been defrayed. Cows dull of sale and cheap. Pigs in great numbers, yet seeming to hold their price, with a call for large stores in Berks and Hants. Good cart colts are of ready sale, and the horse trade generally in its pristine state, valuable ones commanding a high price. It seems an invariable feature in our English markets for corn and cattle, quality is the great object, and will find its value, whilst inferior articles remain in the utmost state of depression. The price of wool, as might be expected, has had a trifling decline in some few places, but the general aspect of the market is that of a yet probable advance, the growers having disposed of the whole of their old stocks.

Intelligence from nearly every part of the country teems with discontent, and from too many is really alarming. It is apprehended that farming is on the wane, and that the game is nearly up with the tenantry. The vast number of sales, and farms to be let, though not unprecedented, according to the common assertion, afford but too strong a confirmation. The causes assigned for this general calamity are fiscal oppression and foreign competitors. The complainants, however, should not be unmindful that, in the first instance, the landed interest and its dependents were among the most powerful advocates of that long and burdensome war, which, if it enriched them during its continuance, bequeathed to the country that load of debt and taxation which has since so grievously oppressed it; in the second, that from the vast increase of population, and other causes, which it might be invidious to adduce, our national subsistence could not be obtained, independently of a foreign supply. This, as a general proposition the complainants do not attempt to deny, nor indeed could they rationally do so in the face of their own voluntary recourse to foreign purchases on so many and various occasions. Nor do they object to the corn laws fundamentally, but to the system of averages, as productive of collusion and fraud, and calculated to promote the interested views of speculators. This system it appears to be the general aim of the farming associations to get exchanged for a fixed duty on foreign corn imported. The question obviously cannot be debated here, but we will venture to say that it appears devoid of the great consequence attached to it. The great and sovereign remedies appear to us to be a reduction, speedy as is practicable, of all unnecessary and corrupt taxation, together with an improved and superior farming

practice. The remission of the beer duty seems to afford little satisfaction to the farming interest, on the ground that it will be beneficial only to the inhabitants of towns, and that in preference malt ought to have been relieved of the burden. However this may stand as a general proposition, there is one argument much enforced, in which we cannot join—it is maintained that with malt free of duty, the agricultural labourers would enjoy home-brewed beer on their own comfortable hearths. But how would the miserable pittance which is the reward of their labour enable them to purchase such substantial comforts? Accounts from almost every quarter of the country threaten a still greater surplus of labourers after farming labour shall grow slack, for which the usual season approaches. The country labourers, as a body, have ever had sufficient experience of poverty and depression, but it can no longer be questioned that the general use of machinery has been the main cause of their present accumulated misery. The early advocates of machinery were too sanguine in their expectations that, although improvements may, or rather must be attended with partial disadvantages, things would yet gradually find their usual level, and that even an additional quantity of labour would result, in various ways, from such almost unlimited powers of operation. The grand error consisted in not paying a timely attention to the fallibility of these views, and to the discovery and employment of a counteracting remedy. In the present appalling state of the case there is no other remedy than the employment of men deprived of the means of living in consequence of the adaption of machinery, by those who have benefitted by machinery, or by the state. It has been broached of late—the argument, perhaps, chiefly grounded on the present alarm—that threshing machines are actually unprofitable to the farmer, both as regards the corn and straw, with the additional disadvantage of affording the means of throwing a great glut of corn upon the markets. Certain landlords are even said to have insisted on the disuse of those machines by their tenantry. Men, all equal inheritors of the earth, though of different degrees, and willing to perform their bounden duties, have a natural right to subsistence, which they will find the means, however irregular, to support. This is not said to encourage the too general demoralization and depravity of the lower classes, or the vindictive and base passions of midnight incendiaries, who ought to be faced with the most determined opposition, and treated with the utmost severity of the law. Strange that the rich county of Kent should so long have been the chief theatre of these enormities—but more strange still that in the full view of all that is now passing in the world, they who possess the heaviest interest are so tardy in taking warning.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 4d.—Mutton, 3s. to 4s. 2d.—Veal, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 8d.—Pork, 3s. to 3s. 4d.—Rough fat, 2s. 5d. per stone.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 45s. to 75s.—Barley, 28s. to 47s.—Oats, 19s. to 33s.—London 4 lb. Loaf, 10d.—Hay, 30s. 6d. to 84s. per load.—Clover, ditto, 34s. to 105s.—Straw, 30s. to 40s.

Coals in the Pool, 29s. to 38s. 6d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, October 21.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

SUGAR.—In West India Muscovadoes last week business was rather more brisk; no alteration in prices; sales about 2,000 hhds. and tierces. At the close of the market the estimated sales of Muscovadoes were 1,000 hhds. and tierces, including the public sale of Barbadoes. In prices there is no alteration. In the refined market a general reduction of 3s. took place on low goods; in some instances 4s. and 5s.; low lumps were reported at all prices, from 65s. 6d. up to 68s. The decline appeared so marked that we have since a great increase in the demand. Fine goods are also dull, and a shade lower; Molasses more in request. This afternoon the market is dull; prices about 1s. lower; lumps appear to have settled about 69s.

COFFEE.—The purchases of Coffee last week consisted of about 1,200 packages British plantation, chiefly Jamaica, in casks, sold at a general reduction of 1s. to 1s. 6d. per cwt.; considerable private contracts were reported; St. Domingo, 32s. to 34s. 6d.; Brazil, 33s. to 35s. 6d.; La Guyra, about the same price; the Ceylon sold at 34s., the quality particularly good; good old Brazil, 33s. 6d. The market is steady.

RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.—There are considerable purchases of Rum reported, at prices rather lower; proofs to 5 over, 4s. 8½d. to 4s. 9d. Brandy is still in great request, and the prices are again 2d. and 4d. per gallon higher, first marks, being reported at 5s. 3d. and 5s. 4d., and one parcel 5s. 6d. per gallon. Geneva is still neglected; Martell vintage, 1829, at 5s. and 5s. 6d.; Bordeaux, 3s. 3d.

HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.—The failure of the fishery at Davis's Straits is complete. In consequence of the great rise in Oils, Tallow is beginning to feel

the effect which must undoubtedly follow, from its being substituted for Oil. The price of tallow at first only rose to 31s.; it has been 40s. 6d. In Hemp or Flax there is no material alteration.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 1.—Rotterdam, 12. 2.—Antwerp, 12. 3.—Hamburg, 13. 13.—Altona, 00. 00.—Paris, 25. 40.—Bordeaux, 15. 70.—Berlin, 0.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 152. 0.—Petersburg, 10. 0.—Vienna, 10. 10.—Trieste, 0. 0.—Madrid, 36. 0½.—Cadiz, 36. 0¾.—Bilboa, 36. 0½.—Barcelona, 36. 0.—Seville, 36. 0½.—Gibraltar, 47. 0½.—Leghorn, 48. 0.—Genoa, 25. 65.—Venice, 46. 0.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Palermo, 118. 0½.—Lisbon, 44½.—Oporto, 44. 0½.—Rio Janeiro, 26. 0.—Bahia, 28. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 10½d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 4s. 11¾d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, (¼ sh.) 290½.—Coventry, 850½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 77½.—Grand Junction, 248½.—Kennet and Avon, 26¾.—Leeds and Liverpool, 405½.—Oxford, 0½.—Regent's, 23½.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.) 740½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 280½.—London DOCKS (Stock) 75½.—West India (Stock), 188½.—East London WATER WORKS, 126½.—Grand Junction, 61½.—West Middlesex, 79½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 87½.—Globe, 155½.—Guardian, 27½.—Hope Life, 6½.—Imperial Fire, 0½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster, chartered Company, 60½.—City, 191½.—British, 1½ dis.—Leeds, 195½.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from September 23d, to October 23d, 1830, in the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

A. Neve, Portsea, linen-draper.
E. Alker, Wigan, cotton-manufacturer.
T. Allinson and J. Williams, Manchester, coal-merchants
M. H. Stevens, Lambeth, dealer.
W. Woodrow, West Chester, draper.

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 76.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.

Ackerman, J. Bruton, draper. (Brittan, Basinghall-street; Bevan and Co. Bristol)
Arnold, J. Thorntree, farmer. (Jeyes, Chancery-lane; Flint, Uttoxeter)
Ashcroft, H. and J. B. Liverpool, marble-masons. (Hinde, Liverpool)
Atkin, G., Clerkenwell-green, victualler. (Wright, Bucklersbury)
Ash, H., Bulwell, grocer. (Home and Co., New Inn)
Boraman, J., Store-street, butcher. (Pollock, Basinghall-street)
Bigné, A. P. la, Bristol, wine-merchant. (Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields)
Bryant, S., Waterloo-road, Surrey, broker. (Brownes, Farnival's-inn)
Boldron, W., Aldborough, farmer. (Tilson and Son, Colman-street; Allison and Co., Richmond)
Bourne, E., Bartholomew-lane, stock-broker. (Godmond, Nicholas-lane)
Bullard, J., Brighton, tobacco-nist. (Isaacs, Mansell-street)
Blake, W., Tooting, brewer. (Lloyd, Bartlett's-buildings)
Baker, J. S., Bradford, innkeeper. (King and Co., Gray's-inn)
Blackburn, A., Preston, linen-draper. (Norris and Co., John-street; Woodburn, Preston)
Cross, J., Turnmill-street, pawnbroker. (Fawcett, Jewin-street)
Carter, E., Walbrook-buildings, money-scrivener. (Donaldson, Hart-street)
Duncan, M., and J. Monday, Kingston-upon-

Hull, wine-merchants. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Dryden, Hull)
Evans, A., Shiffnal, victualler. (Hicks and Co., Gray's-inn; Glover, Shiffnal)
Elliott, T., Bennett-street, grocer. (Matland, Memott-street)
Ellis, W., Swanage, brewer. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Parr, Poole)
Frisby, R. M., Mark-lane, wine-merchant. (Bousfield, Chatham-place)
Fradsley, W. H., Shacklewell-green, stock-manufacturer. (Hannington and Co., Cary lane)
Featherstone, J., Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Dryden, Hull)
Force, H., Exeter, upholsterer. (Brutton and Co., New Broad-street; Brutton, Exeter)
Fiander, J., Down-street, plumber. (Robinson and Sons, Half-Moon-street)
Grundy, T., Pendleton, manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Booth and Co., Manchester)
Gibson, W., Deddington, victualler. (Shilton and Son, Chancery-lane; Field, Deddington)
Greening, G. S., Sheffield, draper. (Walter, Symonds-inn; Wake, Sheffield)
Hudson, R., Birmingham, currier. (Bailey, Ely-place)
Hollinsworth, C. H., Southwark, coal-merchant. (Price, Arundel-street)
Hudson, W., Birmingham, victualler. (Chilton and Son, Chancery-lane; Benson, Birmingham)
Harris, A. E., Goulston-square, dealer in feathers. (Yates and Co., Bury-street)
Jackson, J. M., Brighton, cabinet-maker. (Smith, Basinghall-street)
King, J., Lamb's Conduit-street, draper. (Ash-hurst, Newgate-street)
Knevet, J., Hammersmith, victualler. (Cooke, New-inn)
Lawrance, E., Ipswich, ship-owner. (Cross, Staple-inn; Hunt, Ipswich)
Leeson, J., Nottingham, hosier. (Hannington and Co., Cary-lane)
Ledden, W., Liverpool, merchant. (Atkinson and Co., Manchester; Makinson and Co., Temple)
Lumsden, E. and R., Monkwearmouth-shore, ship-builders. (Bell and Co., Bow Church-yard; Allison, Monkwearmouth)
Leach, R., and W. M. Pousset, Cow Cross, dealers. (Maltby, Broad-street)

- Lace, J., Brixham, ship-builder. (Wimburn and Co., Chancery-lane; Chapman, Devonport)
- Mann, J., Cleobury Mortimer, baker and grocer. (Devereux, Bromyard; Hilliard and Co., Gray's-inn)
- Morris, C. J., Leamington-priors, bookseller. (Platt and Co., New Boswell-court; Patterson and Co., Leamington)
- Minton, R., Hereford, draper. (Church, St. James-street; Pateshall and Co., Hereford)
- Mattison, W., Clerkenwell, victualler. (Gole, Ironmonger-lane)
- Metcalfe, G., Liverpool, grocer. (Chester, Staple-inn; Ripley, Liverpool)
- Morrell, J., Store-street, builder. (Randell, Walbrook)
- Neve, A., Portsea, draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street)
- Pollard, J., Deptford, baker and smack-owner. (Bugby, Leather-lane)
- Page, J., Thame, linen-draper. (Willis and Co., Lothbury)
- Pierce, P. M., Liverpool, common-brewer. (Bebb and Co., Great Marlborough-street; Armstrong, Liverpool)
- Pelham, J., Rotherhithe, print-seller. (Nias, Copthall-court)
- Pickthorne, F. P. B., Southampton-row and Arlington-street, surgeon. (Hammet, Barnard's-inn)
- Potter, T., Nottingham, cheesemonger. (Taylor, Featherstone-buildings; Payne and Co., Nottingham)
- Pryke, P., Great Coggeshall, tailor. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Mayhew, Coggeshall)
- Randall, J., Iver, farmer. (Hensman, Walbrook)
- Rees, R., Swansea, ironmonger. (Bourdillon, Winchester-street; Simcox, Birmingham)
- Robinsaw, J., Rochdale, flannel-manufacturer. (Norris and Co., John-street; Woods, Rochdale)
- Routledge, W., Wigton, butcher. (Mounsey and Co., Staple-inn; Hodgson, Wigton)
- Rusher, J., Stamford, woolstapler. (Stevens and Co., Gray's-inn; Bentley, Bradford)
- Somers, L., Aldgate, jeweller. (Yates and Co., Bury-street)
- Smith, C., and G. Arnold, Bath, innholders. (Williams and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Mackay, Bath)
- Stanford, J., Paddington, smith. (Robinson, Orchard-street)
- Smith, G., Birmingham, cock-founder. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Colmore, Birmingham)
- Sporle, G., Ipswich, shoe-maker. (Hamilton, Southampton-street; Notcutt, Ipswich)
- Tindall, G. and W., Beverley and Hull, seedsmen. (Lambert, John-street; Shepherd and Co., Hall and Co., Beverley)
- Tadman, J., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, perfumer. (Brookbank and Co., Gray's-inn; Brown, Newcastle)
- Taylor, G., Old Bond-street, shoe-maker. (Bennett, Cannon-street)
- Thomas, W., Holborn, linen-draper. (Sole, Aldermanbury)
- Waller, E. H., Bristol, timber-merchant. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Short, Bristol)
- Wellington, R., Chard, carrier. (Tucker, Dean-street; East, Chard)
- Weller, A., Maresfield, victualler. (Palmer and Co., Bedford-row; Verral, Lewes)
- Wilkinson, R., Shrewsbury, draper. (Slaney, Gray's-inn; Cooper, Shrewsbury)
- Williams, R., Weobley, grocer. (Lloyd, Furnival's-inn; Herbert, Leominster)
- Westerby, R., Brotherton, lime-burner. (Lake, Cateaton-street)
- Yapp, R., and G. Yapp, Hopton, dealers. (Devereux, Bromyard; Hilliard and Co., Gray's-inn)

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. E. Bosanquet, to the Rectory of Ellisfield.—Rev. J. M. Colson, to the Rectory of Linkenholt.—Rev. W. T. Eyre, to the perpetual Curacy of Hillesden, Bucks.—Rev. W. Coward, to the perpetual Curacy of Westoe, Durham.—Rev. E. Hibgame, to the Vicarage of Fordham, Cambridge.—Rev. J. Davis, to be Chaplain to Episcopal Chapel for the port of London.—Rev. J. B. Tyrwhitt, to be Chaplain to Lord Belhaven.—Rev. J. R. Hopper, to the Rectory of Beddingfield, Suffolk.—Rev. F. Baring, to the Rectory of Abbotstone and Itchen Stoke.—Rev. G. Dewdney, to the Rectory of Gussage St. Michael, Dorset, together with the Rectory of Fovant, Wilts.—Rev. J. Sibley, to the Vicarage of Enstone, Oxford.—Rev. A. P. Clayton, to be Chaplain to Lord Melbourne.—Rev. W. Wyatt, to be Chaplain to Marquis Londonderry.—Rev. C. R. Ashfield, to the Vicarage of Leddon, Norfolk.—Rev. W. Baillie, to the Rectory of West Chillington, Sussex.—Rev. W. H. M. Roberson, to the Vicarage of Tytherington, Gloucester.—Rev. T. Tyrwhitt, to the Vicarages of Winterbourne, Whitechurch, and Turnworth, Dorset.—Rev. C. B. Trye, to the Rectory of Leckhampton, Gloucester.—Rev. J. Garbett, to the Curacy of St. George, Birmingham.—Rev. W. White, to be Head Master of Grammar School of Wolverhampton.—Rev. R. Jarratt, to be

Assistant Lecturer and Assistant Curate at Halifax parish church, York.—Rev. G. Bonnor, to the Curacy of St. James, Cheltenham.—Rev. P. Wilson, to the Rectory of Ilchester, Somerset.—Rev. H. Fox, to the Rectory of Pilsden, Dorset.—Rev. J. Wood, to the perpetual Curacy of Willis-ham, Suffolk.—Rev. Sir E. W. Sandys, to the Rectory of Winstone.—Rev. C. D. Wray, to be Fellow of Collegiate Church of Manchester.—Rev. E. Shuttleworth, to the perpetual Curacy of St. George, Chorley, Lancashire.—Right Rev. Father in God, Dr. C. Bethel, to be Bishop of Bangor.—Rev. M. Cooper, to be Second Master of Islington Proprietary Grammar School.—Rev. J. Stannus, to the Deanery of Ross.—Rev. M. Isaacs, to the Rectory of Shandrum, Cork.—Rev. J. Smith, to be Chaplain to Bishop of Derry.—Rev. H. Bellairs, to the Rectory of Bedworth, Warwick.—Rev. J. Shirley, to the Rectory of Frettenham, with Stanninghall, Norfolk.—Rev. W. B. Whitehead, to the Prebend of Ilton, Wells.—Rev. J. M. Echallaz, to the Rectory of Appleby, Lincoln.—Rev. and Venerable H. Lowe, to the Rectory of Yeovilton, Somerset.—Rev. J. Dolphin, to the Rectory of Antingham St. Mary, Norfolk.—Rev. J. Davies, to the vacant Prebendal Stall of Llandygwydd, Brecon.—Rev. J. Robinson, to the Rectory of St. Dennis, York, with Vicarage of St. George and Na-

burn annexed.—Rev. J. Holme, to perpetual Curacy of Low Harrowgate, York.—Rev. J. W. Dew, to perpetual Curacy of St. James, Halifax.—Rev. W. L. Townsend, to be Chaplain to Earl of Craven.—Rev. B. Vale, to perpetual Curacy of St.

Peter, Stoke-upon-Trent, Stafford.—Rev. M. Randall, to be Chaplain to Manchester Collegiate Church.—Rev. L. Ripley, to be Second Master of Durham Grammar School, and Rev. R. W. Kerby, Head Master of Wymondham Free Grammar School.

CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

Sept. 24. At a meeting of the Common Council of the city, a series of motions was made to congratulate the municipality of Paris and the French nation on the success of the late revolution, which were negatived by nearly two to one.

27. A meeting took place at Kennington Common, of the middle and working classes of London, for addressing the French people on their revolution, and to address his Majesty on the present distressed state of the country, when resolutions were passed for those purposes.

— The celebrated De Potter, who had been banished by the former government at Brussels for 8 years for a libel, returned there, and nominated one of the Provisional Government.

29. Alderman Key elected Lord Mayor of London.

30. Intelligence from Cassel states that the Elector, in compliance with the demands of his subjects, assembled in large bodies, has convoked the Estates for reviving the ancient free institutions of the Electorate.

Oct. 5. A meeting held in London, convoked by Mr. Owen, at which a resolution was passed to petition the King and Parliament for a repeal of all the taxes on the periodical press, and for every facility to the diffusion of opinions.

8. The punishment of death abolished in France by the Chamber of Deputies.

10. News arrived from America with information of the opening of the Welland Canal, by which the hitherto insurmountable barrier of the Niagara is overcome; "the Erie waters now mingle with those of Ontario, and to the 800 miles of coast which we had access, 1000 more are now added."—*American Papers*.

11. By the official statement of the Revenue of the past year and quarter, it appears that the deficiency on the latter, ended 10th October, 1830, as compared with the corresponding quarter of 1829, is 188,834*l*. On the year ended 10th October, 1830, as compared with the year ended 10th October, 1829, it is 943,756*l*.

13. By accounts laid before the French legislature, by the King, Oct. 9, "it appears," says his Majesty, "that more than 500 orphans, 300 widows, and more than 300 fathers, have been deprived of their parents, husbands, and children; more than

311 persons have been mutilated, and more than 3,564 wounded, in the recent revolution. The law settles a pension of 500 francs on the widows of citizens killed in the latter end of July. Their children under 7 years of age shall be entitled to a pension of 250 francs, and above 7 up to 18 they shall receive the advantages of a liberal education. The fathers and mothers above 60, who have lost their children, shall receive a pension of 300 francs. Those whose wounds render them incapable of continuing their professions shall be entitled to live at the Invalids, or to the pension of the Invalids. Those whose wounds will not prevent them from continuing their former labours, shall receive an indemnity."

16. Charles X. and suite left Lulworth Castle for Edinburgh.

18. Proclamation issued by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, for suppressing "The Irish Society for Legal and Legislative Relief, or the Anti-Union Association."

20. His Majesty Charles X., and the Duc de Bordeaux and suite, arrived at Edinburgh, and repaired to Holyrood House.

26. The Imperial Parliament assembled at Westminster.

MARRIAGES.

Captain Rowley, son of Sir W. Rowley, bart., to the Hon. Maria Louisa Vanneck, only daughter of Lord Huntingfield.—C. Chichester, esq., to Miss Caroline Manners Sutton, daughter of late Archbishop of Canterbury.—Lieut.-Col. Knollys, to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir J. St. Aubyn, bart.—Sir Codrington Edmund Carnington, M.P., to Mary Ann, daughter of J. Capel, esq., M.P.—Hon. Captain G. L. Vaughan, second son of Earl Lisburne, to Mary Josephine Roache, daughter of H. O'Shea, esq., Madrid.—W. J. Goodeve, esq., to Lady Frances Jemima Erskine, sister to Earl of Mar.—At St. Mary's, Bryanstone-square, the very Rev. Dr. W. Cockburn, Dean of York, to Margaret Emma, only daughter of late Col. Pearse of Kensington, and grand-daughter of late Rev. Dr. J. D. Thomas.—W. Webb Follett, esq., to Jane Mary, eldest daughter of late Sir Hardinge Giffard.

DEATHS.

The Duke of Atholl, 76.—Mary Cathe-

rine, Lady Thurlow, widow of the late Lord Thurlow, and formerly Miss Bolton, of Covent Garden theatre.—Hon. and Rev. R. Digby, brother to Earl Digby.—Miss C. A. T. Cunynghame, daughter of Sir D. Cunynghame, bart.—W. Hazlitt, esq., author of several works of celebrity.—Dowager Lady Knightley, widow of the late Rev. Sir J. Knightley, bart.—Hon. Eliza Harriet Ellis, only daughter of Lord Howard de Walden.—At Bodlewyddan, Sir John Williams, bart.—At Bristol, Mr. D. M. Dight, pen and quill manufacturer, of 106, Strand. He was the person who prevented the death of Geo. III. 32 years ago, by seizing the pistol from Hatfield after he had levelled it at the King from the pit of Drury-lane theatre.—Susanna, relict of the late Kingsmill Grove, esq., of Thornbury, and aunt to Mr. Alderman Key, Lord Mayor (elect) of London.—Julia, daughter of Right Hon. Sir Arthur Paget.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

Prince Albert of Prussia, to the Princess Mary of Orange.—At Pau, Sir Henry Bunbury, bart., M. P., to Miss Emily Napier.

DEATHS ABROAD.

Near Perugal, (state of the Holy See), Hypolyto Bendo, aged 124 years, 11 months, and 19 days! having been born April 9, 1706.—At Wisbaden, Augusta Mary de Gray, daughter of the late Lord Walsingham.—At Plescow, (Russia) Michofsky, a husbandman, 165; his mother lived to 117, and his sister to 112.—At Brussels, Lord Blantyre; he was shot in the neck as he was looking out of window in the recent revolution.—At Corunna, Ann, wife of R. Bartlett, esq., Consul.—At Paris, Harriet, wife of Sir Bellingham Graham, bart.—At Viana (Portugal), A. Norton, esq., the British Consul.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—Hagger-Leazes branch of the Stockton and Darlington railway, having been finally completed, by its extension to the Butterknowle and Copley collieries, this portion of the line was opened for public use October 2; when a deputation from the company, consisting of a part of the committee, the engineers, and others connected with the undertaking, travelled up the line from Darlington, and were received at its termination by the proprietor of those collieries, and a party of friends, amid the cordial cheers of the party assembled. The railway branch now completed will be an extensive benefit to the public; it opens a communication with the lead mine district, terminating at the road to Wolsingham, Middleton, &c., and actually on the great trap dyke which traverses the island, and from which an inexhaustible store of the best materials for the construction of roads may be sent down the line.

LANCASHIRE.—The second annual meeting of the Preston Institution has been recently held. The number of members is from 5 to 600. The number who actually paid last year was 551. The library contains 1,700 volumes. Various classes are formed, and forming, for the study of useful subjects. They have also a museum containing nearly 1000 specimens in natural history, &c. The success of this institution is attributable to the lowness of the charge, being only 6s. 6d. a year.

The revolution in business which the Manchester and Liverpool railway is producing exceeds any anticipation ever formed respecting it. Last week a Gentleman, who had transacted a forenoon's business in Liverpool, was seen at Dr. Raffles' chapel in the evening, and it was well known that

he had been busily engaged in Manchester for full two hours in the interim.—*Liverpool Mercury.*—We have heard this week of a gentleman who went to Liverpool, transacted business there for half an hour, and returned to Manchester to breakfast.—*Ed. Guard.*—Passengers' account from Friday, the 17th, to Saturday, the 25th ultimo:—The number was 6,104 passengers, averaging 763 per day; the money received, £2,034. 11s., or about £254. per day, (nearly £93,000. per year,) and the numbers increase every day.—The receipts of the late music meeting at Liverpool amount to £7,800, about £2,000 less than at the last festival.—Oct. 14. The first annual meeting of the Liverpool Agricultural Society took place. Aware as we are of the very great advantages which have been derived (and which are evident in all our markets) from the establishment of the Liverpool Horticultural Society, we confess ourselves highly gratified at witnessing the establishment of an Agricultural Society; we feel perfectly convinced that its good effects will soon be visible in our labourers' cottages, in our butchers' stalls, and in our larders. We hail, therefore, the commencement of this co-operation in creating motives to action, and this stimulus to competition in excellence of production; for we shall all be gainers by it, in the most personal and most extended sense of the word, as men and as countrymen.—*Liverpool Paper.*

YORKSHIRE.—It is our painful duty this day (says the Hull paper) to record the loss of 18 ships employed in the Davis's Straits fishery, six of which belong to Hull. We do not remember having ever witnessed a more melancholy sight than that which our streets this morning presented. Hun-

dreds of persons, particularly females, were assembled in groups, anxiously inquiring of each other the news from the fishery, as a report was fast gaining ground that some casualties had occurred, though no one could possibly form a correct idea of their extent. This was about nine in the morning, at which hour, or a little after, the Grimsby steamer arrived, amply confirming the previous rumours. The number of shipwrecked seamen on board of the different ships amounted to between 800 and 900.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—The total receipts at the late music meeting at Worcester amounted to £4,320—the collection for the charity we inserted in our last—the receipts for admission were £3,314. 6s. 6d., which is a diminution, as compared with the receipts in 1827, of £78. 2s. 10½d. for the charity, and £626. 10s. 6d. for the admissions.

Notice has been given of an application to Parliament for an Act which, among other things, will authorize the alteration in the road between Birmingham and Bromsgrove, by which the Lickey will be avoided.

WARWICKSHIRE.—The commissioners' accounts, from 24th June, 1829, to June 24th, 1830, for lighting, watching, cleansing, paving, &c. the town of Birmingham amount to the sum of £30,843. 15s. 2d.

At a grand public dinner given to the Duke of Wellington and Sir R. Peel, Sept. 23, by the High Bailiff, at Birmingham, Mr. Tennyson spoke on the absolute necessity of some change in the state of the representation, and that it was now become the universal impression of the country. "Circumstances," said he, "have lately thrown me into the society of various bodies of the community in different parts of the kingdom, and the uniform feeling is, that some change in the representation of the country is indispensable."

The members of the Birmingham Political Union have voted an address to his Majesty, in which they say, after enumerating the various calamities which now pervade the country, "We forbear to afflict your Majesty's paternal heart with any further description of the national distress. The expression that 'things cannot possibly go on in their present state' is now in every one's mouth who does not derive profit from the national distress; and we beg leave dutifully and loyally to express to your Majesty our firm conviction that the most fearful national results are to be anticipated, unless the wisdom of your Majesty devise the means of national relief."—At the dinner given by the Society in honour of the French Revolution no less than 3,700 persons sat down to table! It took place in Beardsworth's Repository. After the King's health, "God save the King" was sung by the whole auditory, and had a most extraordinary effect. Louis Philippe, King of the

French, was given as a toast, and the Marseillois Hymn followed.

Notice has been given that application is intended to be made to Parliament in the next Session for leave to bring in a bill for making and maintaining railways, with various branches, for the passage of coaches, chaises, waggons, carts, &c. for the conveyance of passengers and goods of every description from Birmingham to London.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—The issuing of a large number of discharges of his tenants, by the Marquis of Exeter, in consequence of exercising their right of voting for their favourite member at the last election, added to some other subjects of irritation, has produced so fearful a state of society in Stamford, that the magistrates have thought it necessary to require the presence of police-officers from London, who are now on duty in the town and about Burghley House. His Lordship, riding on horseback through the town, was assailed by the mob; he escaped without personal injury, but in a state of very visible agitation. At night the mob assembled, and broke many windows of the houses belonging to the Marquis's agents. None of the offenders were apprehended.

Last Friday some youths were condemned to be imprisoned in the stocks at Surfleet, for some petty offence. A number of persons, compassionating the youths, treated them with a quantity of ale: the constables very properly endeavoured to prevent this, upon which a great outcry was made, a crowd of 100 or 150 persons assembled, hoisted a tri-coloured flag, and having imbibed a quantity of ale, which gave them courage, liberated the youths. The ring-leaders were taken into custody, with their tri-coloured emblems.

SOMERSETSHIRE.—Prior Park, near Bath, surrounded with admirably arranged park-grounds, consisting of between 2 or 300 acres, was purchased about three months ago by Dr. Baynes, a Roman Catholic priest, the "Bishop" of this district; and he is now busily engaged in converting it into a Roman Catholic College! The chapel is already converted into a Roman Catholic chapel. The old pulpit has been removed, and, in its stead appears a "throne" for Bishop Baynes. The old altar-piece has disappeared, and a new marble one, surmounted by a tabernacle, is erected on its site. The whole is beautiful, and the alter-piece is exquisitely worked. The further wing of the building is the residence of Bishop Baynes. In the building a library is forming; and, at all events, "Prior Park College" seems likely to become an imposing and powerful Catholic seat of learning!—*Bath Paper.*

NORFOLK.—The recent music festival at Norwich was by no means so well attended as the last in 1827, there being a falling

off of about 1,960 tickets! Yet it is expected there will be a surplus of receipts above the expenditure of about £800 for the benefit of the hospital.—*Norfolk Chronicle*, Oct. 2.

Oct. 12. A meeting was held at Beccles of the inhabitants to consider of the steps taken by the corporation, to apply to Parliament for an act for rendering the river Waveney navigable for sea-borne vessels, when the following resolution passed unanimously: "That it is the decided opinion of this meeting that the making this Town a Port for Sea-borne Vessels, to and from the new Harbour at Lowestoft, would tend greatly to the utility and prosperity of the inhabitants of this place, and that consequently we entirely and cordially approve of the steps which the corporation have taken, and are about to take, to carry so desirable an object into complete effect."—*Norfolk Chronicle*.

SUSSEX.—The expenses for regulating, paving, improving, and managing the town of Brighthelmstone, and the Poor thereof, from Dec. 31, 1829, to June 30, 1830, amounted to £17,345. 18s. 4d.

KENT.—This county is in a very agitated state, and not without reason, on account of the organized system of stack-burning and machine-breaking, which appears to be established in several extensive districts. The farmers flattered themselves that the large reward (£500!) which has been offered would have the effect of inducing some of the incendiaries to betray their accomplices, but in this they have hitherto been disappointed. In this county, where agricultural distress has been proverbially less frequent and more transient than in any other, no alarming combination of the labourers has ever taken place without an adequate cause. And what is the cause of their present fearful proceedings? Truth must be told: they are in a state of unprecedented distress—they cannot obtain any thing like a fair compensation for their labour—they begin to despair of sufficient means of bare subsistence, except in a state of ignominious pauperism. There are, doubtless, exceptions to be found. In every assemblage of violent men there are some whose violence has no cause but in their love of riot and hope of plunder. But these evidently form no approach to the majority of the numbers who are now breaking the peace; by far the greater part of them are men whom want—desperate, reckless want—has goaded to acts of vindictive violence.—*Kentish Chronicle*.

STAFFORDSHIRE.—Application is intended to be made to Parliament in the ensuing sessions, for a Bill to authorise the construction of a Railway from Wolverhampton, through Dudley, to Birmingham, with branches, which will afford a quick and easy communication with all the places

forming the important mining and manufacturing districts of that part of the country.

SHROPSHIRE.—The new Salop Infirmary, the erection of which reflects much credit on the spirit and liberality of the nobility and gentry of the county, was opened Sept. 30. The expense of the erection is stated at £18,745. 18s. 10., which will be defrayed as follows: subscriptions for building £11,252, congregational collections £1,013, net receipts of the Ladies' Bazaar £1,078, leaving about £6000 to be paid out of the accumulated funds (which are ample) belonging to the Institution.

DEVONSHIRE.—Great rejoicings took place at Exeter, Sept. 29, on the occasion of opening the new Water Dock, which has been cut to prevent vessels losing time when the Canal is closed on account of the floods of the river. The extreme length of the basin is 917 feet, and its width 110 feet 6, over two-thirds of the length, and at the lower end, or entrance, 90 feet; its uniform depth is 18 feet, with commodious sites on its margin for the erection of suitable wharfs, &c. In this noble dock the largest traders may take in or discharge their cargoes. The Royal William ensign, the identical standard raised by William III. on his landing at Torbay, was hoisted at the foremast-head of the barge which was destined to enter the basin first. At six o'clock a party of about 240 gentlemen sat down to a most sumptuous dinner to celebrate the event.

OXFORD.—The expences for the county for last year (up to Trinity Sessions, 1830,) amount to £8,209. 15s. 8d.

CORNWALL.—The 17th annual meeting of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall was this year more numerously attended than on any former occasion: long before the business of the day commenced, the room was crowded to excess, and many persons who were particularly anxious to be present, and came rather late, were forced again to retire. The report was read and unanimously adopted. It contained an eulogium on George IV. for the patronage he accorded to the Society; and an address to William IV., soliciting his protection for the same purpose. The communications which have been made to the society since the publication of its third volume of Transactions, being quite sufficient to fill another volume, the council suggest that an immediate arrangement be made for the printing and publication of a fourth volume.

WALES.—In the transactions of the Natural History Society of Northumberland, Durham, and Newcastle, it is stated, that the quantity of iron annually manufactured in Wales is about 270,000 tons, of which about three-fourths is made into bars, and one-fourth sold as pigs and castings. The annual consumption of coals required by the iron-works is about 1,500,000 tons.

The quantity used in the melting of copper ore imported from Cornwall, in the manufacture of tin-plate, forging of iron for various purposes, and for domestic uses, may be calculated at 850,000 tons; which makes altogether the annual consumption of coal in Wales, 1,850,000 tons. The annual quantity of iron manufactured in Great Britain is 690,000 tons. Upwards of 4,000 tons of iron have been laid down in the double line of railway between Liverpool and Manchester, a distance of about thirty miles only.

The Annual Report, with an appendix, of the Commissioners for the Holyhead road, has just been printed. The result of the improvements made in the road is most favourably spoken of:—and in the Appendix a Report is given by Mr. Telford. The sums repaid to the Commissioners up to April 5, 1830, on account of advances made by them, amounted to £103,633, the total being formed from these items:—From additional postage on letters to Ireland passing over the Menai and Conway bridges £67,290; from tolls taken at the Menai and Conway bridges £1,103; from additional tolls levied on the road between London and Shrewsbury £32,721; from additional tolls levied on the road between London and Shrewsbury £2,512. The expenditure during the year, ending last April, amounted to £50,125. 3s. 2d. The building of the Menai bridge, and the new road across the Island of Anglesea, cost £273,826. 19s. 1d.

SCOTLAND.—The working classes of Glasgow recently held a public meeting for Parliamentary Reform. The whole proceedings were conducted with scrupulous propriety and good order. The petitions to the King and to Parliament were unanimously carried. There were 11,000 persons present at the meeting. The committee were received with the greatest cordiality by the Lord Provost, the Sheriff Substitute, and Captain Graham; and the chief magistrate not only sanctioned the meeting, but said, that they had as good a right to meet and discuss the evils under which they suffered as they (the magistrates) had. At the conclusion the committee were thanked for the orderly manner in which the proceedings had been conducted.—*Glasgow Chronicle*.

IRELAND.—There is nothing which we more condemn—nothing which we would be more remote from the practice of, than exciting unfounded alarm; but it does, indeed, appear to us that “We have fallen on evil tongues and evil days”—the one producing the other. It is in vain—it were criminal, to disguise from the friends of peace and good order—from those who would not hazard the essential civil and religious liberty which we yet possess for the delusive speculations of a wicked faction, that the country is in a dangerous state: the fears of the government declare it.

Troops are coming from England, and depots and magazines are shifting from places of lesser to those of greater security; and if yet, in the eleventh hour, vigorous measures be not adopted—measures excluding insult and persecution of old and tried loyalty, and favoritism of as old and proven disaffection—an attempt towards separation, under cover of a Repeal of the Union, will be made which will deluge the soil of Ireland with the blood of her children. “Horrible imagining!”—but more horrible that it is justified by facts.—*Dublin Warder*, Oct. 16.

A dinner has recently been given by the citizens of Cork to Mr. O’Connell, on the subject of the “Repeal of the Union”—upwards of 150 gentlemen sat down to table; after the toast of “O’Connell, and may the people ever stand by him as he stands by the people,” he rose and delivered his sentiments, which, at particular parts, were vociferously cheered. He said, “They say that all Ireland wants Repose. Good God! what do we want of repose while such evils exist that afflict us? Why, it was no later than yesterday that I saw, myself, in a miserable parish near Millstreet, upwards of 30l. levied—and for what?—to support a Church for the immense number of *fourteen* Protestants! Is, I would ask those quiet persons who talk so much of repose—is Repose any remedy for the odious and grinding monopoly of your beggarly Corporation? Is repose what will destroy—nay, prevent, their iniquitous exactions? Is repose what will dissolve that sacred junta which plot in private against your liberties and immunities as citizens—I mean the Friendly Club? If they want repose, let them give us rights as men—if they wish for calm, let them relieve us from the intolerable burthens which have hitherto (but which shall now no more!) prostrated our energies at the feet of our oppressors. In truth, there can be no greater impertinence imagined—no greater insult offered to your understandings—than to be told by a pampered Aristocrat, that you want Repose. He may want it, when he is filled to repletion with the riches wrung from the exertions of your country—but we want it not—we’ll have none of it. No, gentlemen, the want of Ireland is not Repose, but Agitation—quick, spirit-stirring and effective Agitation. It is by Agitation alone we have succeeded in wrenching from them what they have already reluctantly given—it is by Agitation alone that we can ever hope to obtain any thing like Redress!!!”—*Cork Chronicle*.

The Lord Lieutenant has also issued a proclamation, suppressing a newly-formed Society, calling itself “The Anti-Union Association,” a decisive measure which has caused an extraordinary sensation in Dublin; but the power and activity of the Agitators are such as to give rise to serious apprehension for the ultimate fate of the Protestant interests.



SON ALTESSE ROYALE
LA DUCHESSE DE BERRI.

Engraved by THOMPSON, from a drawing by SIR THOMAS LAW.

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